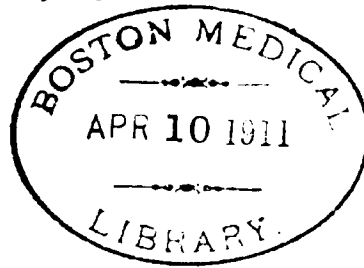


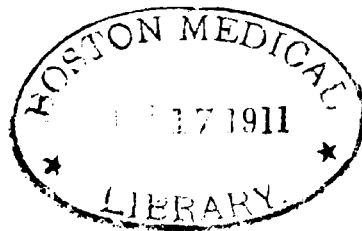
# MIND

VOL. XII

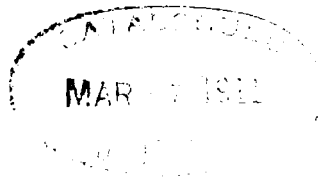
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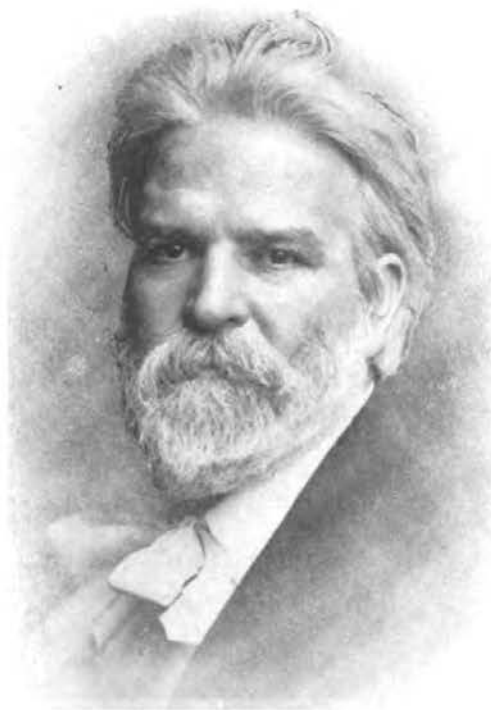
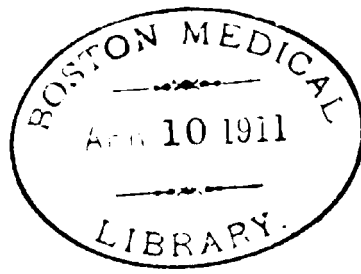


Photo by Hollinger.

EDWIN MARKHAM.



# MIND.

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 1.

## PEACE OVER AFRICA.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

### I.

O bugles, ripple and shine—  
Ripple and rapture down the wavering line.  
Praise! Praise! Praise!  
For the last of the desperate days.  
Shake out the lyrical notes  
From your cavernous silvern throats:  
Burst into joy-mad carols once again  
To herald the homing men.

O bugles, tell it to the opening sky,  
And go the roads of men with joyous cry.  
Peace on the wreathed and the wreathless head—  
Peace over England, over Africa—  
Peace on the living, quiet on the dead—  
Peace on the souls hurled downward from the day,  
Hurled down with bated breath,  
To join the old democracy of Death.

*MIND.*

## II.

The challenge of the bugle, and the glum  
Rejoinder of the drum,  
The neigh of startled stallions,  
The hurried rhythm of the hot battalions,  
The blown wild scent of crushed geranium,  
The parley of the howitzers, the shrill  
Grim colloquy of hill with hill—  
These had their fateful hour. But now, even now,  
A bird sings on a cannon-broken bough—  
Sings all the afternoon,  
And when the dark falls  
On the shot-torn walls,  
Frail wings will come to wander in the moon—  
Wander in long delight  
Through Africa's star-filled, delicious night.

## III.

War's bitter root, and yet so fair a flower!  
Sing, and be glad, O England, in this hour;  
But not as one who has no grief to bear,  
No memories, no burden, no despair.  
Be glad, but not as one who has no grief:  
The victor's laurel wears a wintry leaf.  
The clarions revel and the joy-bells rave;  
But what is all the glory and the gain  
To those wet eyes behind the misty pane—  
Whose Africa is crumpled to one grave,  
A lone grave at the mercy of the rain?

No; not the stern averment of the guns,  
Nor all our odes, nor all our orisons  
Can sweeten these intolerable tears,  
These silences that fall between the cheers.

In all the joy a memory cries and dwells,  
A heart-break of heroical farewells.

IV.

Let there be no more battles: field and flood  
Are sick of bright-shed blood.  
Lay the sad swords asleep:  
They have their fearful memories to keep.  
These swords that in the dark of battle burned—  
Burned upward with insufferable light—  
Lay them asleep: heroic rest is earned.  
And in their sleep will be a kinglier might  
Than ever flowered upon the front of fight.

And fold the flags: they weary of the day,  
Worn by their wild climb in the wind's wild way—  
Quiet the dauntless flags,  
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags. . . . .  
Look, where they startle and leap!  
Look, where they hollow and heap!  
Tremulous, undulant banners, flared and thinned,  
Living and dying momentarily in the wind!

And war's imperious bugles, let them rest—  
Bugles that cried through whirlwind their behest—  
Wild bugles that held council in the sky,  
They are aweary of the curdling cry  
That tells men how to die.

And cannons worn out with their work of hell,  
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—  
Let the shrewd spider lock them one by one,  
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;  
And let the throstle, in their empty throats,  
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.

## EDWIN MARKHAM: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852, on a day of presage for a poet—April 23d. His father was Samuel Markham, his mother Elizabeth Winchell Markham. The subject of our sketch is thus descended from two families known in American history almost since the beginning of things American: one representing Pennsylvania, and one New England. On his father's side he springs from Colonel William Markham, a first cousin of William Penn. Colonel Markham was Penn's secretary and acted as Governor during the absence of Penn. In 1691 he was made the first deputy-governor of Delaware, and later he became the associate of Lord Baltimore in important territorial matters. He was a staunch adherent of the Church of England, but like his Quaker cousin he believed in non-resistance and in the rights of the masses.

The William Markham known in English history, and mentioned in Peppy's Diary, was another of this family line. He was a graduate of Christ's College, head master of Westminster (where his body lies), Bishop of Chester, and tutor of the Prince of Wales. His reach of mind and profundity of knowledge were renowned. He was a friend of Burke's, and helped him correct the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," but quarreled with him over Warren Hastings, whose side Markham defended.

On his mother's side Edwin Markham represents the Winchells, who have a tradition of family descent reaching back to Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1293. This family line was of English or Welsh origin; the name goes back to the continental Saxon, represented by the Win-

kels, or Wunshcels. The English branch was one alert and troubled in Puritan times in England. One division fled to Holland, and one to America for conscience' sake. The Holland representatives came to America some generations later. The combined Winchell descendants, by actual registry, number over three thousand, scattered broadcast throughout the Union, but massed chiefly in Connecticut, New York, and the West Central States. The family everywhere has been a thinking and aggressive force, making for righteousness in Church and State. One of the earliest names in this group is down in colonial annals for a contribution to King Phillip's war. Twenty Winchells were in the Revolutionary struggle, seven in the war of 1812, and over sixty in the Civil War as privates, chaplains, and commanders.

The family has rendered distinguished service in religious and philanthropic movements. Robert Winchell is written in the most ancient Windsor church records as the first to pay for a seat in the body of the church, his son being appointed to beat the drum to call the congregation together. Many of this family have stood for extreme liberal views in social movements and church administration. Representatives have been graduated from every well-known college in the country; their names are known in legislative halls, in the pulpit, in college chairs, in letters, and in legal and medical practise. The family everywhere bears the marks of keen intelligence, large benevolence, and strong courage of conviction; so that one gets in the thought of it a quickened sense of the undying life of the spirit moving on through many agencies and through many generations.

Edwin Markham, the representative of these two great ancestral lines, shows a blending of their fervor and activity of

under a fine brow, are warmly brown, expanding, in intense moments, with a glow of inward fire.

He is entirely a product of the institutions of the Far West, being the youngest son of pioneer parents who at his birth had lately crossed the plains from Michigan. When about five years of age he was taken by his mother from Oregon to a wild, beautiful valley home in central California. Mr. Markham spent his romantic boyhood on a mountain ranch and cattle range, doing all the kinds of outdoor work known to young Westerners. Sometimes he went for three months in the winter to a rude country school; sometimes he spent weeks plowing and sowing the little valleys on the range; sometimes he spent months riding after the cattle on the long stretches of the hills. His home companions cast a singular influence on his life: one his mother, a stern and silent woman, the other his brother, a dumb and thoughtful boy. The mother was a woman of great force of character, tremendous silence, original expression. The young poet was thus fated to a romantic solitude—his companions a few books and the host of wooded hills. He read hungrily the few old volumes found in the closet—even pushing his way through old arithmetics and grammars, as other lads through tales of adventure. Two volumes of poetry made an epoch in his young life. Byron and Homer were his first masters, and a bold, ambitious poem, "A Dream of Chaos," touched with Byronic gloom, was at fifteen his first offering to the tragic muse.

Later Mr. Markham worked his way through the State Normal School at San Jose, and through the classical course in a college at Santa Rosa. He studied law for a time, but has never practised. As superintendent and principal of schools, the poet has rendered important service in the educational progress of the West. For ten years he was the head of the observation school of the University of California, in Oakland; but for the last four years he has been in the East devoting himself to poetry, criticism, editorial work, and lecturing.



While Mr. Markham is eclectic in his thought, and cannot be pigeon-holed in any school or church, he gravitates in philosophy toward Plato and Hegel, and in religion toward the social salvation of Jesus. He is of the fellowship of Ruskin and Mazzini. Dante, Carlyle, and Emerson have also been strong forces in his intellectual life.

Mr. Markham's poetry is considered by many to be the most significant poetic work yet produced west of the Rocky Mountains. It has the impress of the universal and the inevitable and an ethical spirit luminous with imaginative fire. His poems have appeared in the leading American magazines and have attracted the attention of the best contemporary critics. Mr. E. C. Stedman says of his work that "it is truly and exquisitely poetic." Ambrose Bierce, the best known critic of the West, declares that he is sure of Mr. Markham's "eventual primacy" among American poets. "A Lyric of the Dawn" is one of his loveliest creations. It is astir with melody, alive with light, and full of the mystery and the joy of life. "A Look Into the Gulf" is a fragment from a long, unfinished poem, designed to be the master-work of the poet's life. It has fine dramatic movement and power of brooding imagination. The glancing iridescence and fleeting glow of his fancy are seen in such lines as "The Fays" and "The Song of the Followers of Pan."

But the most remarkable, perhaps, of Mr. Markham's poems is "The Man with the Hoe," which leads and names his first volume. This poem was written after years of brooding over Millet's powerful picture of the same name. It is a passionate protest against the degradation of labor, and poured out in a rush of staccato blank verse, with the directness, dignity, and simplicity of a Scriptural psalm. It was published in January, 1899, in the San Francisco *Examiner*. It was caught at once from city to city, from town to town, from State to State, and across the ocean, until now it is the property of the

relative to the poem from all parts of the world. The doctrines expressed or implied in the lines have called out a great body of argument in the press. The poem has been the theme of discussion in debating clubs, on lecture platforms, and in literary societies; it has been the text of sermons in many pulpits, and the inspiration of answering poems of all degrees of merit.

Mr. Markham's second volume, "Lincoln, and Other Poems," was published two years ago. The initial poem, "Lincoln, the Man of the People," is probably the best known poem of his later work. A leading magazine says of it, "At last the adequate word upon Lincoln has been spoken." In it the characteristic attributes of this "greatest American" are caught up and fused in bold yet delicate symbols. The elemental and the heroic stand forth—the very soul of the woodsman-President rounded out in language as fine and high as the man's own lofty spirit.

An important poem, recently written to commemorate the declaration of peace with the Boers, is contributed to this issue of MIND. This utterance, in our judgment, is one of the elegies destined to rank with the "Ode" on the Duke of Wellington and with Lowell's "Commemoration Ode."

A cycle of Millet poems rounds out Mr. Markham's thought upon the great painter's interpretation of Labor—its degradation, its dignity, its faith and hope and deserts. "The Sower" and "The Angelus" are the last of this series.

Mr. Markham's poems touch the vaster issues of the ancient problem of God's relation to the world and of man's accountability to man. His poems of protest and prophecy will show the deeper drift of the poet's thought and the quicker passions of his heart—the Hebraic and religious as well as the Hellenic and lyrical side of his genius. They take up the burden of Shelley and William Morris; they long for the social fraternity of the people; they pray for the passing of the wolfish strife, the self-seeking passion; they hail the coming of

Christ's white day, when he that would be greatest of all will be the servant of all. They prophesy the coming of the Social Man. This new prophet of the West declares that unselfish service furnishes the only basis for regenerating the world. He calls on all men everywhere to subordinate their private interests to the Common Good.

There are many beautiful thoughts and ideals in Mr. Markham's two books, "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems," and "Lincoln, and Other Poems," published by McClure, Phillips & Co., of New York City.

In the poem entitled "The Joy of the Hills," Mr. Markham is in his element. There is a brightness and joyousness about it that shows the writer's innate love of natural beauty. There is something else, too—the thought of freedom runs throughout the poem: freedom from the clogging conventionalities of the every-day world; at one with Nature; in touch with the hills, the sunny banks, the humming of the bees, the wild poppies—a keen realization of the sweetness and joyousness of free life. I believe this poem beautifully illustrates Mr. Markham's own character, and that he puts his own spirit into it, so that he not only thinks but *feels* every word he writes:

"I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;  
I have found my life and am satisfied.  
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,  
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—  
Lightly I sweep  
From steep to steep:  
Over my head through the branches high  
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;  
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;  
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;  
A bee booms out of the scented grass;  
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

Of the chafing chain.  
 Grind on, O cities, grind:  
 I leave you a blur behind.  
 I am lifted elate—the skies expand:  
 Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.  
 Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:  
 I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing  
 Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!  
 The world is gone like an empty word:  
 My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!"

In the following quatrain, called "Two at a Fireside," he brings out clearly the thought of the Christ service—not for hope of hire or reward, but the afterglow that comes into the life because of one's having done a good deed:

"I built a chimney for a comrade old;  
 I did the service not for hope or hire;  
 And then I traveled on in winter's cold,  
 Yet all the day I glowed before the fire."

In these lines on "Poetry," too, it is plain that Mr. Markham regards poetry as the handmaiden of the most beautiful and idealistic thought. Poetry should portray the real soul life of man—his highest thoughts and aspirations should take the form of melodious verse:

"She comes like the hush and beauty of the night,  
 And sees too deep for laughter;  
 Her touch is a vibration and a light  
 From worlds before and after."



ONE thing is indisputable: the chronic mood of looking longingly at what we have not, or thankfully at what we have, realizes two very different types of character. And we certainly can encourage the one or the other.—*Lucy C. Smith.*



INTELLECT may give keenness of discernment: Love alone gives largeness to the nature, some share in the comprehensiveness of God.—*John Hamilton Thom.*

# THE SUN BOOK: AN ASTRO-METAPHYSICAL STUDY.

BY JOHN HAZELRIGG.

## I. BASIC PRINCIPLES.

The word "holy," on the authority of the Rev. Robert Taylor—acknowledged one of the best linguists of his day—is derived from the Greek *Helios*, the god who drove the chariot of the sun. He also traces its etymology to the Hebrew *el*, the sun, which, with the aspirate prefixed, gives "hel," the root of *helios*—from which he defines the title Holy Bible as the "Sun Book," a very rational interpretation when the similarity of its allegories to those of the Sabeen or Sun religion is duly considered.—"METAPHYSICAL ASTROLOGY."

God, from the viewpoint of personality, is a conception incidental to an era whose religious teachings are chiefly perversions of the ancient wisdom, abiding in the letter that killeth rather than the spirit of universal life. This idea, as incorporated in the doctrinal falsities, is necessarily one of limitation, whose logical ultimate is deific isolation rather than omnipresence. Yet, in a right apprehension of the real truth embodied in the cosmical teachings of the earlier civilizations, the conception of a Man-God is by no means an incongruity, for as therein typified He was the scintillant figure that constituted the sum and substance of the heavens, through whose complexities all truth was traced and all relationship deduced.

The episcopacy of ancient Chaldea, grave delvers in the arcane realms of Nature and possessed of the spirit of celestial wisdom, are said to have invented the allegories from which rose the superstructure of every subsequent religious and ethical system. As historical data these mythical accounts lack neither a comprehensive interest, a sensible motif, nor—in multiple instances—any rational credibility.

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literally\* is to constrain one's self to the belief that "the Divine power finds sport in the affairs of men." As astro-metaphysical studies, however, they become vested with importance and purpose, and such as no incidental chronology could possibly signify, because clothed with a comprehensiveness that stands for all Nature and for all time.

From the broader concepts of an Infinite Cause first came the idea of God as a man, but primarily a Being different from that of the current theologies. He was the *Man of the Zodiac*, so figured not only for a clearer demonstration of a majestic problem but because all Nature was apprehended as a unit: and as the human monad was an indivisible part of the whole he must therefore be an epitome of the universe, and the heavens in turn but a *facsimile* of man—convertible propositions expressed in the Hermetic maxim, "As it is above, so it is below; as on the earth, so in the sky."

Mystically, the Zodiac, or circle, is the symbol of life, the outward spiritual effluences streaming from the primal point or center (Sun) and polarizing in the circumference (states of sensation), or the constellations of the celestial firmament. And as there can be no point without a circumference, so can there be no Sun without its constellations, no Christ without his disciples, no heart in man without the twelve circumjacent planes of bodily expression.

This central point, or Christ-principle in manifestation, naturally suggests an antecedent power or intelligence of supernal importance by virtue of its priority. This is the paternal Unity, or projecting Cause, which moves outward from a condition of latency into active being by way of the point, or *mediator*, and is variously denominated God, Father, Creator, Supreme Intelligence, etc. Only a moment's reflec-

\* "We ought not to take literally that which is written in the story of the Creation, nor entertain the same ideas of it as are common with the vulgar. If it were otherwise, our ancient sages would not have taken so much pains to conceal the sense, and to keep before the eyes of the uninstructed the veil of allegory which conceals the truth it contains."—*Maimonides, concerning the Book of Genesis.*

tion is needful to perceive the logical identity or inseparableness between this Great First Cause and its manifesting point, and the full significance of the Christ enunciation, "I and my Father are one."

This *point* is the center of every circumference,\* whether it bound a geometrical figure, a human soul in its Cycle of Necessity, or the confines of a universe;—all governed by a law whose mathematical niceties are beyond human grasp except through the system of correspondences adopted by the ancient philosophers, and of which Astrology, based upon the geometrical value of angles, is the lawful expounder. And it is with this metaphysico-spiritual geometry that the Bible allegories deal, illustrated by cosmical concepts in which the Savior, or Sun, is the central figure about whom revolve those attendant satellites so essential to the completion of the grand story, the whole constituting the *Divine Man* with whom we are each as one—the God within ourselves whose throne is the central point of our being, and whence ever comes the injunction, "Look within!" As wrote the Abbe Constant, "Equilibrium is everywhere, and the central point, where the balance is suspended, may therefore be found everywhere."

All scriptural teachings, our own as well as those antecedent, are expositions of this basic idea, told in allegories of striking similarity in the various doctrines. The later religions are naturally but sequences to the earlier ones;\* and as the earlier ones are essentially cosmical it follows that modern dogma and creed, reduced to rational interpretations, must in-

\* "Are we to conclude that amid the numerous religions, varying their forms and degrees of elaboration, which have a common origin, there exists one which has a different origin? Are we to make an exception of the religion current among ourselves? If, in seeking an answer, we compare this supposed exceptional religion with the others, we do not find it so unlike them as to imply an unlike genesis. Contrariwise, it presents throughout remarkable likenesses to them. If the numerous parallelisms between the Christian religion and other religions, which the evidence shows, do not prove likeness of origin and development, then the implication is that a complete simulation of the natural by the supernatural has been deliberately devised to deceive those who examine critically what they are taught."—*Herbert Spencer*.

evitably resolve themselves into the astrological teachings of the early Mystics.

As an example of the allegorical method used in the elucidation of these mysteries, take, for example, the story of King Solomon, deemed a personage of some importance in Holy Writ, whose temple was "builded not with hands, neither with sound of iron or metal tool." Now, the word *Solomon* is a compound from three languages great in olden times,—Latin, *Sol* or *Solus*, sun; Sanskrit, *Aum* or *Om*, heat; and Ethiopic, *On*, being,—all pointing to the solar principle in manifestation: *Sol-om-on*, the personification of wisdom, and described in his songs as of "the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness." Solomon's Temple meant nothing more nor less than the temple or vault of the heavens, of which Sol is king, or center; and, being the body or constitution of the Grand Man, so must it correspond with the man of earth, for "as is the Macrocosm, so is the microcosm." As proof of this analogy, take this word, whose letters number seven, and place beneath each letter the seven digits in order, thus:

S	O	L	O	M	O	N
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Do you see anything strange or suggestive in this arrangement? Look closely; note the numerals beneath the consonants, 1357, which is the number of muscles in the human body; now the numerals beneath the vowels, 246, which is the number of bones in the human body. So have we the framework and the organs of motion in the lesser man. Also add together the vowel figures, 2+4+6, and behold the mystical 12, or signs of the Zodiac, which is the framework of the astral system. "And Solomon [Sun] had twelve officers [signs] over all Israel . . . each man his month in a year made provision" (I. Kings, iv. 7), as does the Sun enter and vitalize a new sign each month; while by adding together



the digits of the full number, 1234567, the twenty-eight mansions of the Moon are found expressed.

A further mystical interest attaches to this name because it represents the perfect scale of being, as expounded by the Hermetic doctrine, in which the four consonants, 1357, symbolize the involved potentialities of the four objective states—mineral, vegetable, animal, human; while the three vowels, 246, numerically comprehend the evolutionary activities belonging to the subjective states of embryonic being. And  $4 + 3 =$  the mystic 7, which is the sum of the trinity—the three alchemical principles: salt, sulphur, mercury—that encircles and interpenetrates the fundamental tetrad: fire, air, earth; water. In the central 4 is expressed the first mathematical power, which, as the number of the four elements of the Macrocosm and the divine quadrature of the Primal Essence, is significant of the generating virtue, or solar potency, without which there could be no manifestation. And, as the pivotal integer in the numerals of the Solomonic title, it likewise represents the inner sanctuary of every *templum* in Nature, whence proceeds the principle of diversity to be found indicated in the dyads that adjoin it on either side, as 3-5, 2-6, 1-7. The sum of each couplet is seen to be 8, the first cube and the square of the dyad. Thus we learn why microcosmic man, as the sum and substance of Nature's diversities, is said to be four-square and perfect.\*

Further to illustrate the astronomico-mystical method utilized by these ancient worthies in the inculcation of their Nature-doctrines, we will cite the story of the twelve tribes of Israel, of whom Abram was the father. Herein is again taught the principle of unity ramified throughout diversity, the action and interaction enforced as a mathematical necessity between the soul and the physical centers, as made manifest in

\*According to John Timbs, F.S.A., "Four is the significant number of many beautiful crystals, which show that numerals (as well as stars) have their geometry. Six is the proportional number of carbon. *Eight* is the definite number, in chemical composition, for oxygen—the most universal element in Nature."

the heavens. In this allegory is given a minute description of the twelve signs of the Zodiac and the divisional houses of the horoscope, the astrological import of which becomes evident in the etymology of the central character. "The Semitic name, Abraham," says Dr. Wilder, "appears to be made from the two words *Ab* and *Ram*, thus signifying 'The Father on high.' This, in astral theology, is a designation of the planet Saturn, or Kronos, and of the divinity bearing those names." In other words, *ab*, first, or father, and *ram*, elevation. Aries the ram is the first division in this Zodiac of twelve signs, or tribes, representing the eastern elevation. Hence, according to the Bible, Abram came from the east. As above intimated, his equivalent in Latin is *Saturn*; in Greek *Kronos*, meaning time.\* At this point of the Zodiac the Sun, or Ra, completes his annual revolution, and the old year is gathered into the bosom of Father Abraham, or Time, and regeneration begins anew.

Mystically, it takes us back to the *point*, the beginning of manifestation, or the projection of the Christ-Spirit and its twelve differentiations, or subsisting intelligences, upon the plane of physical existence; the operation of natural, fundamental law that governs Psyche and Matter, of which a central, luminous point is ever the mediating principle, whether vested in the Sun of the sidereal heavens or typified as the Krishna of the Hindus, the Buddha of the Brahmans, the Hebrew Messiah, or the Savior of the Christian Gospels. Each of these was regarded as the putative offspring of The Father. Now, the word *Father*, as qualifying the dignity of Abraham,

\*"But not only is the identity of the planet Saturn with the patriarch Abraham established in the physical significance of the name Abraham, or *Father of Elevation*, but the name of *God*, in relation to whom Abraham acquires the honor of being called the *friend of God*, that famous plural word *Ekzeim*, on which our orthodox divines infer their doctrine of plurality of persons in the Godhead, is none other than the very Chaldaic astronomical name of the five satellites of the planet Saturn, the *Cronians* of Saturn. . . . Where, then, shall we find the difference between the patriarch Abraham and the god Saturn? Saturn was the son of Terra, and Abraham was the son of Terah."—*Rev. Robert Taylor*.

has reference only to the sidereal godhead, as applied to Saturn, because that planet as then observed was the most remote of any in our system; and, as the other of the celestial bodies moved entirely within his orbit, his relation to them became that of a parent. "Our Father which art in heaven" was a direct prayer to this paternal principle, and for this reason Christ (Sun) is expressly denominated as the Son of Abraham, or *Son of the Father*, because the Sun is the center of a system about which Saturn describes an encompassing circle.

The interpretations thus accorded the Solomon and Abraham myths are so palpably rational from the view taken that one by similar deductions may reasonably assume the correctness of the claim that most if not all of the Bible tales are only cleverly constructed treatises on the general economy of Nature as revealed in the outworking of physical law, and that allegory is a purely mystical means in patristic literature of communicating these basic truths and ideas. That the mysteries of Being should be deemed more facile to the apprehension through a study of the celestial mechanism was most logical in both theory and practise, for therein alone is presented the one comprehensive scheme of the universal forces in Nature.

Other *excerpta* similarly confirmatory of the parabolic character of the sacred (secret) writings could be added, but the nominal references here made are quite sufficient at this point to suggest the correlative use of astronomical fact as a means of expounding the spiritual *modus operandi* through a proper knowledge of the natural operations in the physical cosmos, wherein every phenomenon is shown to be the orderly interaction of impinging forces, the lower being ever dependent upon the higher, and the latter

impingement, neither of which could be without the other. As movement is related to stability, consciousness to latency, so is REDEMPTION the logical sequence to CREATION. In this attraction of mutual opposites it therefore becomes a necessity for the form begotten of involution of spirit, or the immaculate conception,—the quickening of the virgin matter,—to seek its godhead through processes of evolution.

This evolution, or redemption, is the story of the travail of the human soul, and correspondentially of the soul of the universe, as illustrated respectively in the central figure of all religious creeds and by the Sun in the sidereal heavens, each of whom is identical and blesses through the mediation of his life-giving powers. The Nativity, the Betrayal, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection are but quarterly stages in the mystic journey, expressed as a geometrical ratio in natural physics—ever the same whether applied to the four quarters of the day, the four lunar phases, the four cardinal points or seasons in the solar revolution, or to the 6,480 years that constitute the quadrant of the Sun's grand climacteric, or precessional motion through the twelve signs of the Zodiac—the passage through each sign being the 1,260-year period mentioned in the book of Daniel: the one-fourth of the latter being the soli-lunar cycle in which the Sun and Moon return to the same point in the ecliptic.

The effort here made in this brief compass is to suggest the cosmical as the true basis of all religion,—which, as can be demonstrated, are but tractates of natural law,—and, with what will hereinafter follow, to establish the identity of the Sacred Narratives with the Bible of the Starry Heavens, and the obvious purpose of the former to teach thereby the constitution and destiny of all things sublunary. This is the true Wisdom of the East, to which Astrology of all the sciences alone holds the key.

*(To be continued.)*

## SPIRITUALISM AND ITS REPRESENTATIVES.\*

BY B. O. FLOWER.

As MIND represents the New Thought movement in its broader aspects, and as its readers are chiefly liberal minded and broadly cultured people who desire to be acquainted with the views and beliefs of all serious minded thinkers who are earnestly and fearlessly seeking the heights, I think a study of Dr. Peebles's new book on "What is Spiritualism, and Who are These Spiritualists?" will be interesting, even to those who are not themselves deeply interested in Spiritualism.

Dr. Peebles is not only a ripe scholar and, using the term in its highest significance, a deeply religious man, but he has during his four tours around the world made a special study of the religions of various peoples and has always approached the great theme in a sympathetic and open-hearted manner. He has, moreover, come in contact with most of the leading investigators of psychic phenomena the world over. Few men, therefore, are better qualified to define and discuss the subject of Spiritualism than this author.

Though, owing to the absence of creed, dogma, and confession of faith, it is impossible for any one to speak for all those who claim to be Spiritualists, I think it is quite within the bounds of fact to say that Dr. Peebles's views reflect the opinions and faith of the great majority of the most thoughtful who hold to the general tenets of Spiritualism; and this work is probably the clearest and most succinct exposition that has been made in many years.

The first part of the volume deals with Spiritualism—what

\* A study of "What is Spiritualism, and Who are These Spiritualists?" By J. M. Peebles, A.M., M.D. Cloth, 130 pp. Battle Creek, Mich.: The Peebles Print.

it is and what it is not; while the last part contains the views and conclusions of a great number of earth's greatest thinkers on the subject of spirit communication, and also a list of eminent men the world over who have expressed a conviction of the verity of the central claim of Modern Spiritualism—that of the existence of the soul after the change called death and the possibility of spirit communication under certain conditions. In the following lines Dr. Peebles clearly defines Spiritualism and notes the very important distinction between it and Spiritism:

Spiritualism is the philosophy of life—and the direct antithesis of materialism. If the illustrious Tyndall saw the "potency and promise" of all life in matter, Spiritualists, with all rationalistic idealists, see the potency and promise of all life and evolutionary unfoldment in Spirit, which Spirit permeates and energizes the matter of all the subordinate kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, and animal. . . .

Spiritualism must be differentiated from spiritism. The terminologies of the two words absolutely necessitate, as every scholar knows, entirely different meanings. Chinese, Indians, and Utah Mormons are spiritists, believing in present spirit communications. Most of the African tribes of the Dark Continent worship demons and believe in spirit converse, but certainly they are not intelligent, religious Spiritualists.

Spiritism is a science—a fact—a sort of modernized Babylonian necromancy. The baser portion of its devotees, hypnotized by the unembodied denizens of Hades, divine for dollars. It is a promiscuous spirit commerce with a high tariff. It is from the lower spheres and morally gravitates toward the dark. It has its legerdemain, its tricksters, frauds, and traveling tramps. They should be exposed and shunned as you would shun dens of adders. Spiritism, I repeat, is a fact; so is geology, so is mesmerism, so is telepathy, and so also is a rattlesnake's bite. Facts may be morally true or false. They may serve for purposes of good or direst ill. As an exhibition of wonders—as pabulum for skeptical atheists, who demand visible sight of the invisible infinite One, and insist upon a terrific clap of thunder to convince them of the existence of electricity—commercial spiritism with its seeking for gold-fields and hunting for "social affinities," with its attending shadowy hosts, manifesting in ill-ventilated séance rooms, may be a temporary necessity and to a degree useful, but it legitimately belongs, with such kindred subjects as mesmerism, to the category of the sciences.

But Spiritualism, originating in God who is Spirit, and grounded in man's moral nature, is a substantial fact, and infinitely more—a fact plus

reason and conscience; a fact relating to moral and religious culture—a sublime spiritual truth ultimating in consecration to the good, the beautiful, and the heavenly. . . .

Rightly translated, the direct words of Jesus are (John, iv. 24)—“Spirit is God.” The spiritual is the real and the substantial. The spiritually minded are reverential. They are religious. Their life is a prayer. “The fruit of the Spirit,” said the apostle to the Gentiles, “is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

And in these passages we have the best presentation of the quintessence of Spiritualism that I have ever read:

Spiritualism teaches salvation by character; or by the life, as did Paul in his higher inspired moments, who said—“Being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.” (Romans, v. 10.)

Spirit is God. And neither matter nor sea-slime nor protoplasm constitutes the basis of conscious life, but spirit—that is to say, spiritual or divine substance. Spirituality is the substantial reality. And man is a spirit now—a spirit living in a material body, which body bears something of the same relation to the real, conscious, invisible man that the husk bears to the corn—chaff to the wheat.

Evidently man is a trinity in unity, constituted of a physical body, a soul, or soul body, and a conscious, undying spirit—one uncompounded, indestructible divine substance—the Divine Ego. Advanced spirits are denominated angels. Spirits are but men and women divested of their mortal bodies. They have taken with them consciousness, memory, reason, sympathy, character. They walk by our side often, and yet unseen. Philosophically considered there is but one world, and that one world embraces the yesterdays, the to-days, and the innumerable to-morrows of eternity.

Spiritualism, with its signs, wonders, visions, and healing gift, was the religion of the apostles, of the post-apostolic fathers, and of the primitive Christians up to the reign of Constantine, the murderous Roman Emperor.

Spiritualism has not only positively demonstrated a future life, but it has explained the philosophy and psychic methods of spirit intercourse; it has greatly liberalized the religious mind; it has encouraged the philanthropic reforms of the age, and it has given us a revised geography of the heavens and the hells. Mortals enter the future world with as absolutely substantial bodies as we have here, only more refined and etherealized. There are different degrees of happiness there. Memory is the undying worm. There is intense mental suffering in those Cimmerian spheres. And yet God builds no hells; He burns no man's fingers there, damns no souls hereafter. Men are the architects of their own hells; they reap what they sow. Every child born into this world is a possible archangel or a possible demon—his head touching the world of light, his feet

the world of darkness. Man is a rational moral being and a responsible being, having the power of choice. Punishment follows sin, as cause and effect. There is no escape. Divine punishment is disciplinary in all worlds. Christ Jesus and other martyred reformers still preach to undeveloped imprisoned spirits. The angels call, and souls are constantly coming up through tribulation deep. The door of mercy is not shut; there is ever the opportunity of progress from darkness to light. God is love.

Modern Spiritualism—of which Swedenborg was the John the Baptist and that Christian people, the Shakers, the first organized body of men and women in America fully to realize the true meaning of the spiritual phenomena—has disclosed some of the unspeakable beauties awaiting us in the many-mansioned houses of the Father. These mansions—aural spheres, en zoning stars and planets—are real, substantial, and adaptively fitted for the abodes of spirits, angels, and archangels. These, aflame with love, are ever active in some educational or redemptive work. Heaven's "rest" is not idleness; the soul's activities are intensified by the transition. The future of life is a social life, a progressive life, a heavenly life of growth, of love, of wisdom, and of truth. . . .

When Spiritualism in its divinest aspects is literally practised, our country will be the universe, our home the world, our rest wherever a human heart beats in sympathy with our own, and the highest happiness of each will be altruism. Then, when this Christly Spiritualism abounds, will the soil be as free for all to cultivate as the air to breathe; gardens will blossom and bear fruit for the most humble; and orphans will find homes of tenderest sympathy in all houses. This is Spiritualism—pure, simple, and practical.

Interest in some of the pages of that part of the volume giving the views of eminent thinkers the world over is greatly enhanced by the personal reminiscences of the author, as for example in the following description of his meeting with Victor Hugo at a séance in Paris:

Victor Hugo, that eminent literary celebrity, with intellect so clear and radiant, and moral nature so highly developed, could not well avoid being a Spiritualist. Upon my second voyage around the world I met him in Paris in a séance of the literati, Mrs. Hollis-Billings being the medium. Hugo wept in gratitude when his risen son gave him a most satisfactory communication in written French, when she, an American, could neither speak nor write a line of French.

Probably few of the tens of thousands of persons who for many years past have eagerly read the Sunday sermon that was



long one of the most important editorial features of the New York Sunday *Herald* knew that the author, the Rev. George H. Hepworth, was a firm believer in Spiritualism; yet such was the case, and in referring to this fact Dr. Peebles says:

It gave me great pleasure while recently in New York to have a most interesting interview with Mrs. Hepworth, wife of the late Mr. George Hepworth, writer of those very excellent Sunday sermons appearing in the New York *Herald*. He was for seventeen years on the staff of this great New York daily, and seven years a member of the council. It was well known in journalistic circles that he was a Spiritualist. Mrs. Hepworth assured me during our conversation that he was conscious of the presence of invisible helpers when preparing his Sunday sermons for the *Herald*. It gave him great pleasure to converse with the heavenly intelligences that inspired and influenced Mrs. Dearborn, of Brooklyn—a very estimable woman.

One very interesting recent public testimony was delivered by the Rev. J. Campbell, A.M., of Christchurch, New Zealand, on April 13 of last year, and is in part as follows:

"The spiritual world is coextensive with matter, extending right through the solar system; and we know the spirit can pass through solid substances just as easily as through the air. A man who is a thousand feet below the surface of the earth in a mine, and is suddenly crushed by a fall of earth—his spirit is not held there: it passes into the spirit world, and is not hindered in the least degree by the tons' weight which may be upon the body. It makes no difference—just as the ether passes through the earth, so spirit passes through the earth. The spirit world interpenetrates the natural world. You and I are in the spirit world at the present moment. We are in the lowest stage, and shall remain there as long as we are anchored down by the body. After that we pass to another sphere, just that one we are fitted for by our sojourn here. We used to be taught (at least I was) that there were only two places where the departed went—heaven and hell. Nothing was said about an intermediate state, and yet the Bible is full of such teaching. . . .

"It is about those who are dead (as we say) that I wish to speak. I said just now that they are not dead—we must not regard them as dead. 'God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.' There they are, in the spirit world; some in 'sunny Paradise,' yet not so very far away from us. To some it is even permitted to visit this earth again. They have under certain circumstances appeared to those upon earth in physical form. It was so in the days of the prophets, it was so in the days of Christ, and it is so now."

Among the eminent scientists whose outspoken views are given are Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, Camille Flammarion, Professor De Morgan, Professor Challis, and a score of scientists almost equally eminent who during the last half century have been led through personal investigations to accept the Spiritualistic hypothesis. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in speaking of this subject says:

"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism, in their entirety, do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences. . . .

"Up to the time when I first became acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism I was a confirmed philosophical skeptic, rejoicing in the works of Voltaire, Strauss, and Carl Vogt, and an ardent admirer—as I am still—of Herbert Spencer. I was so thorough and confirmed a materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence or for any other agencies in the universe than matter and force. Facts, however, are stubborn things. . . . The facts beat me. They compelled me to accept them as facts long before I could accept the spiritual explanation of them. . . . Those who believe as I do—that spiritual beings can and do (subject to general laws and for certain purposes) communicate with us—must see in the steady advance of inquiry the assurance that, so far as their beliefs are logical deductions from the phenomena they have witnessed, those beliefs will at no distant date be accepted by all truth-seeking inquirers."

Of eminent statesmen and jurists there is an array almost as notable as that of the scientists, among whom appears M. Thiers, ex-President of the French Republic, who said: "I am a Spiritualist, and an impassioned one, and I am anxious to confound Materialism in the name of science and good sense."

Also M. Leon Favre, Consul-General of France and brother of Jules Favre, the great French statesman, who says:

"I have long, carefully, and conscientiously studied spiritual phenomena. Not only am I convinced of their irrefutable reality, but I have also a profound assurance that they are produced by the spirits of those who have left earth; and further, that they only could produce them. I believe in the existence of an invisible world corresponding to the world around us. I believe that the denizens of that world were formerly residents on this earth, and I believe in the possibility of intercommunion between the two worlds."

Among leading clergymen who are cited are the Rev. Minot J. Savage, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Bishop John P. Newman, the Rev. W. H. Thomas of Chicago, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, and Canon Wilberforce. Mr. Savage observes:

"The result of my investigation leads me to believe that the spirits of the dead communicate with us. I have received communications from people whom I know to have lived on earth. If anybody can offer some other hypothesis than spiritual communication I shall be glad to investigate it; but I have never heard of one. It is a great question to the Christian Church to-day."

The late Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., who was for many years the pastor of the poet Tennyson, and who is widely known as the author of "Music and Morals" and "My Musical Life," said:

"I am putting in a plea for the harmony of Spiritualism with Scripture, in order that the clergy shall recognize how much they are indebted to Spiritualism. . . I say that Spiritualism has finally taken away from us the capricious, fanciful, irrational kind of God who is supposed to judge His creatures in a way that would be a disgrace to a common magistrate, without intelligence, pity, sympathy, or knowledge; such a God as has revolted so many sensible religious people; and Spiritualism has done away with him. Spiritualism has pointed us to One who judges righteously, One who does not change, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, loving man through all, bringing him back by slow degrees, back to the diviner self; One whose policy can never alter, because He can never alter. Spiritualism has told us of this remedial world beyond.

"Yes, it leads us to the center and source of life; it reveals to us the bright galaxy of ministering spirits, the Jacob's ladder which reaches from earth to heaven and upon which the angels of God are ascending and descending. Spiritualism has given us back our Bible, given us back our Christ, given us back our immortality, and given us back our God."

The following interesting description of the last moments of the Rev. Dwight L. Moody constitutes one of a great number of experiences that have been reported from time to time through the ages, in which it has been given to those who are about to pass from this life to see around them the friends who have gone before:

"Earth is receding, heaven is approaching. God and His holy angels are calling me. . . If this is death, there is no valley. This is glorious.

I have been within the gates, and I have seen the children, Dwight and Irene." These were his two grandchildren who had passed to spirit life.

Now, then, did this dying evangelist Moody tell the truth? If so, he had already been "within the gates," he had heard "the angels calling him," he had seen his spirit grandchildren, Irene and Dwight. And further, if his dying testimony be true, then Spiritualism is true.

Space renders it impossible for me even to mention by name the great array of educators, poets, philosophers, dramatists, actors, editors, and men and women eminent in all lines of work and research who are here cited as among those who through investigation have been forced to the conclusion that there is another life and that the spirits of those who have passed beyond not infrequently become guardian angels to those who remain.

Here is an interesting incident from the life of Chopin :

Chopin's music rendered his name on earth immortal. He was a spiritual medium from his earliest childhood, as the following proves: "One night when about five years old, the nurse, hearing a noise, rose from her bed just in time to see Fritz-Frycek, as this child was called, marching downstairs into the drawing-room in his long white night-dress. Following him, she saw him, to her amazement, a few minutes later, standing and playing upon the piano, playing the very pieces that had been played in the previous portion of the evening. Hastening back to the master and mistress of the house, she told them that their child was 'either mad or possessed by an evil spirit;' for surely no child could play like that. Madame Chopin soon appeared, and, listening in the doorway for a few moments to the marvelous melody that his fingers evoked from the piano, was as charmed as surprised, and with motherly love she threw her shawl around him and taking him back to his room said, 'Sleep now, my dear child, and you shall play the piano to-morrow all you desire!'" The mother of Chopin was a magnificent pianist, and here was a genius, a sensitive, with an inherited tendency for music; and musical spirits from the higher spheres, seeing it, influenced him to discourse or evoke those sweet and heavenly strains of music. In after years he had visions, and entered a mental state generally denominated ecstasy.

In his closing chapter Dr. Peebles says :

Spiritualism is the higher naturalism, and spiritual law, like life, is everywhere. The supernatural is the natural upon the spiritual plane of existence. . . . Personally, I know that the dead are alive—know that friends departed live and manifest to us still—know by careful observa-

tion and patient experience, in connection with reason and my best judgment, that the angels of God are about us and minister to us. It is knowledge. And I can rejoicingly say with the apostle, "For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



FRAGMENT.

And when you have attained a high estate,  
 Look you not down in pomp on those below ;  
 For they like you are fighting Life and Fate.  
 They may be "scum" ; but, man, you once were so !  
 If there were none in such array as these,  
 The height which you now hold would lose its worth.  
 Lean down, and lend a hand, nor cant or tease,  
 But help to lift them to their right by birth.

JAC LOWELL



HOW OFTEN we find ourselves spending time and money on scenic performances utterly worthless, while neglecting Nature's grand dramatic and operatic exhibitions, which, with all their sublime and soul-elevating pathos, are nevertheless gratuitous and within the reach of the poorest ! "We often wonder at what men suffer, but seldom at what they lose." Nature is grateful ; for every feeling of admiration we tender her, she responds by sharpening our comprehension, elevating our ideals, and consecrating our efforts. She is in league and reciprocity with every department of human intelligence and virtue, paying back, in terms of living, practical knowledge, every attention shown her by an appreciation of her beauty and loveliness.—*Dr. Axel Emil Gibson.*



I WILL not hold one a prisoner in my affection. I will hasten to speed him who wishes to depart. I have no room for unwilling guests. My own will abide.—*Muriel Strode.*

## THE HIGHER PHILANTHROPY.

BY J. H. A. MARSHALL.

The questions referring to the general reformation of men and morals that have been agitated for centuries seem to be in a fair way to settle themselves, and that after a manner unexpected and as yet scarcely recognized. It is doubtful whether the schemes and labors of the various classes of philanthropists have accomplished as much as has been commonly supposed. In the light of the new recognitions into which the world is slowly and cautiously entering,—revealing definite but broad ethics as the only possible, the only scientific basis for human advance,—modes of operation very different from the accepted ones must be adopted.

First and last we need to consider the revelations of that subtle and exact science which indicates the inevitable interaction between mind and matter. The postulation that mind and matter may be but the two opposing aspects of one and the same thing scarcely needs to be considered here. What we have to do with is the direct working of that law which obtains between the positive and the negative in all cases. In this case Mind, as the positive aspect, surpasses the physical limit of operation in that it is self-conscious—is the living, omnipotent Will, with the supreme endowment of the power of transfiguration. In the scale of creation this power of Will is proportionally dominant as it runs up from the blurred borderline that divides the inert from the sentient.

In the dim stirrings of the almost breathless protococcus begins the indefinable individualization of the Will that rises increasingly through the ascendent kingdoms until it is lost to mortal ken in the unguessed possibilities of the deific. In the protococcus such individualization is developed only suffi-

ciently to enable the creature blindly to seek to obey the universal law of self-preservation. In the next higher rank of manifested life it may be endowed with some power of distinction, some definite instinct. And so it expands as it grows. But only in the higher animals and the lower man does this individualization begin to actuate as a moral force, as a perceiver and doer of right and wrong, with a sense of responsibility.

In these lower minds, as inapt vehicles, the old instinctual habit still prevails and tries to force the evolutionary progress of the being along sharply drawn lines. Prescribed doctrines and moral ruts are followed. The critical faculty is developed, and it is only with great difficulty and after sorrowful struggles that the growing ego escapes its bonds and finds liberty in the relativity of all things, and the unity of being. Once emancipated he discovers his place in the order of creation, and looking about him perceives that the loftier the ideal that leads a soul the wider will be its view and the broader its conceptions. And among these conceptions is the clear one of the inherent brotherhood not only of man but of all things.

Hitherto benevolence has been hardly more than an instinct, feeling its way and frequently mistaking it. So it has come to pass that in its name vast charities that have fed, clothed, and educated thousands have also proved to be training-schools for the active promulgation of vanity, hypocrisy, and dishonesty. Moreover, of the countless beneficiaries who owe their material well-being to solicitous sentimentalism, few appear to have felt incumbent the obligation to pass on the good work of succor of the weak and unprotected. And these facts, considered in the light of the law that like produces like, suggest that somewhere in the hidden source of causes a mistaken beginning has been made.

That evil can and does come from seeming good has always been a paralyzing proposition in the history of ethical progress. Yet such painful realizations do not argue that we do less in the way of charity.

The only available explanation of such difficulties lies beyond the commonly recognized basis of moral action, and this explanation refers directly to *motive* as the propelling force.

A motive is not a secret power in human operations, as is generally understood. It is a self-declaring force that pushes its way determinately, and, like water, it always seeks its level. Its medium and its modus are in dependent accord with the law of action and reaction—a law beginning to be faintly discerned as operative in the more subtle planes of substance as well as in the grossly objective. When man is able to tabulate these planes in their ascendent sequence, he will be able definitely to calculate the resultant powers of his every thought and impulse; and until he is so able to calculate the order of the world will remain a chaos.

The sword of knowledge only may cleave the Gordian knot wherein good and evil are tied together; and that knowledge will discover how these two qualifications are mere relative aspects of one thing, manifesting an inevitable duality.

Popular understanding is, through the spread of metaphysical literature and psychical investigations, being slowly brought forward to the comprehension of the tremendous potencies that prevail in the unseen universe of which the material universe is, as it were, the bottom, the precipitated dregs of the creative processes. But, "dregs" though we be in ourselves and in our sphere, still we retain inherently the divine potentialities of our origin; and before the processes referred to may be completed, all such "dregs," including men and the planets on which they dwell, must be sublimated even to the primitive power. Hence, because of the arousing of the divine potentiality in him, man is the directly responsible factor in the order of physical being. Man's thoughts flowing forth, amenable to the Will in him, which may lean to either earth or heaven, stir through the infinite strata of substance both gross and tenuous, and awaken vibrations of quality similar to their own.

The power of thought and the interaction of minds we may



prove to ourselves by every-day observations. Persons of average development are sensitive to the intangible influence of the presence of any unknown person of well-developed characteristics who may be thrust on their association. If those characteristics are of evil type, a degree of uneasiness more or less marked will manifest itself among the others. If noble, the general tone will tend toward exaltation. A man of decided character may live in a community and affect its general trend of thought without expressing his sentiments by either precept or example. This has often occurred. Frequently the presence of a hidden person has been detected by that undefinable sense of presence which is commonly experienced by many persons and occasionally by animals.

The possibilities of the interaction of minds are more perfectly understood by those familiar with experiments in direct thought-transference. These slight and too often unheeded indications symbolize the vast power of human thought, which in its full unfoldment will at last roll heaven and earth into one—uplifting, individualizing, and spiritualizing not only humanity but eventually all creation through the tremendous processes of an ultimate evolution.

To go back to the embryonic tendencies of present times, which are important as demonstrating the incipient recognition of that mutual interdependence of mankind which when fully awakened will make each man the keeper of his brother: it is shown by the increasing number of charities of all kinds that the impulse of brotherhood has begun to stir in the hearts of the people. But as yet its faint, irregular, and often counter-acting pulsations are due to little more than sentimentalism. A man may be urged to build or endow hospitals and asylums by many motives other than the love of his kind. He may thus

the motive that inspired his labor will tincture its fruits. If he build falsely, he makes a stronghold for deception. If he build from love and pity he makes a tower of strength and a refuge to shield the weak. His secret motive thrills in the infinite spaces, and the law of reaction gathers its potencies for good or evil in the place whence they have sprung; for Mind is a positive and Matter a negative agent, and as the first vibrates the latter will respond.

No one thing may be really accomplished save for itself alone. Good must be loved and lived for the sake of good only, in order to be effective. Little avails it to do; little avails it to say; but much avails it to *be*, since we are as we *think*.

Sentimentalizing—either in words or in fanciful feelings that are routed when put to the test in the balance with sacrifice, or in acts that are dependent on some secret selfishness, be that worldly gain or spiritual salvation—is of no service. The personal quality of a life and its effect is a matter of being; and, whatever our degree, our life and its quality are lived in the infinities of Space and Time. The true philanthropy, in this recognition, will do away with all need of asylums and earthly refuges.

A little thought on the revealing lines of our individual place in creation, however insignificant and powerless that place may seem, will show that self-ennoblement must be the only means to real philanthropy. Narrowness, adhering to straight lines, will not help. The old limitations that were necessary for guidance in the infancy of human understanding must be left behind. The mind must learn to stand alone, free from the opinions of others,—to walk unaided,—before it can make its rightful way through the unhindered realms of an emancipated existence. It must be very strong in its purity, therefore fearless and untempted, to be unharmed. The level of its new path will be so high that it will be able to understand that the gross is a deterrent to real liberty; that joy is the primeval impulse in creation, and is keener in proportion to the spiritualization of

its vehicle (which spiritualization can be accomplished only through the mind), since the cruder forms of matter differentiate and impede the powers of perception and sensation.

We cannot be loving, or merciful, or happy until we comprehend that as *we* choose to be so will be all else; that the unity expressed in diversity cannot be violated; that because of that unity which pervades and binds together spirit and substance (although the latter is nothing more than the expression of the former) man may not so much as dream without affecting the entire universe, sending forth a qualifying vibration that shall quiver through the unfigured spaces and touch into response the corresponding molding powers. When this fact is more generally understood there will be a rallying effort for self-purification, of which the reaction will urge forward a universal uplifting of conditions. Limitations will have become needless; fanaticisms will fade out; each human being will find that the power of good depends only on his own will—never in the least degree on circumstances.

\* \* \* \*

One sat apart and wept; and the Master saw, and spoke because her tears were sincere though foolish.

“Why weepest thou, poor soul?” He asked.

“Because the children and the creatures are helpless; evil prevails against them. They are starved and beaten, and cast forth to the cold, and I may not help them.”

“Listen. Thy tears serve not. Thy sighs are as idle wind. Look up, and I will tell thee how to aid them. Whenever thou yieldest to a base impulse, or permittest a selfish thought to fill thy heart, thou givest strength to the evil that exists through human ignorance, and the creatures suffer in proportion. Whenever thou quellest the sordid and passionate egotism that

## MIND AS A FACTOR IN SUCCESS.

BY JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

The foundations of success are formed early. There are many lives long passed into the middle stage that are disorganized and dissipated because principle has been warped. In such cases only the most resolute effort can retrieve what is lost. Those determined to be definitely successful at some time in their lives will sooner or later have to learn this lesson. Let us begin early, therefore, to guard impulse and action and build character.

The first success in the life of every young person is that of efficient preparation. Taking the word "efficient" for what it really means, we readily comprehend that the person is thus equipped with that rare and splendid art of living and getting on in a peaceable, helpful manner with all with whom he or she may come in contact. After all, there is only one element that tends to genuine success, and that element is charged with the ability to command either the respect or friendship, or both, of every one whose life touches yours. To do this requires more than brutal "business" abilities—more than "shrewd" qualities. It requires that refinement of nature which comes only with the right kind of mental and moral discipline.

Success is much sought after to-day, and in the search we instinctively turn to those who have achieved it in an effort to discern that in them which carried them above the rest of the race. True, there have been many successes that must be admitted of slight consequence in the general pattern of character; but the *real* successes—what made them? Mind, invariably: clean, powerful, self-possessed mind.

Possibly the next question from those interested in the attainment of the mentality requisite for scaling the heights will

be: How was this "mind" attained? That is, indeed, the question. Youths compelled to go out into the world before they are capable of forming a comprehensive opinion of it should be calm and careful and begin to learn from the first day the value of presence of mind: the art of doing and saying the right thing at the right time. The majority of boys have much to contend with in the making of themselves. Perhaps first of all is "bad temper." How many rich opportunities have been wrecked by temper! The person that would succeed must learn to control and overcome this weakness or it will one day bring ruin. Do not go in the way of its temptation; if you recognize that your temper is as yet too strong for you to master, do not fall into its snares. Avoid the people and incidents that are apt to make you fall.

Be sincere of heart. Do not delude yourself with the idea that hypocritical assumption of knowledge and experience you do not possess will do as well as sincere purpose. A good impression is one of the factors that help you to move successfully and forcefully among men. Be good, and you will make a good impression.

Remember to watch what comes out of your mouth. Language reveals the state of the mind. A man of point and purpose is not apt to engage a person whose talk is loose and weak, because he would justly infer that the tongue spoke the best there was behind it.

Above all things, be truthful. Do not harbor even the "whitest" of falsehoods. You may say, of course, that your employer or those with whom you have to do are not truthful with *you*; but that matters not. Do your duty down to the last item on the list, and there will be no cause for falsehood. If more is expected of you than you can perform, speak your thoughts fearlessly and make no doubtful excuses that may only involve you further. If your employer or associate does not the more respect you for the attitude, he is not worthy your time or service. Do not let people tell you that too much truth-

fulness is detrimental to big business and large gains. Would you get these dishonestly? Truth alone is a rock of success.

Learn to speak clearly, openly, intelligently, and only when necessary. Many a tongue has utterly destroyed every prospect of life. Avoid slang; it is unbecoming. Speak the best English you know.

Remember what the apostle James said about the tongue. If you can rule your tongue you can rule yourself. A bad temper and an ungovernable tongue are the most serious of handicaps. If you cannot overcome your temper, then turn your attention to your tongue and strive to bring it into subjection. If when tempted with anger and rage you can curb your tongue and keep your speech within soft bounds, you are safe. Self-government is the beginning of all government.

Remember that politeness is almost as essential as industry. Do not be surly; you cannot be disagreeable and be self-respectful. If it is a habit, abandon it. There are plenty who will help you.

It is not necessary here to emphasize courtesy, for great men have given you this precept. The writer only wishes to add his testimony—the result of experience: that it *pays*. But do not practise it for that reason alone, for that would be selfish and insincere. Doors closed to multitudes of ambitious but often thoughtless and rude young men will open wide to gentle and agreeable manners.

Permanent achievement must be built upon a moral basis—more, upon a brotherly and spiritual basis. Mind is the source of all these fine qualities—the creative power that shapes all desire and destiny.



THE man who spends his years on earth in shallow enjoyment or selfish ease, careless of the world's sorrow and indifferent to its sin, blind to its finest beauties and most thrilling tragedies, moved by no great love, actuated by no high hope, stirred by no holy enthusiasm, is ignorant of all true life.—*C. J. Perry*.

## CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The two words that head this article are among the commonest now in use among students of psychic problems; but, though their respective meanings are distinctly obvious,—clear sight and clear hearing,—the question of their naturalness and of their usefulness is by no means so definitely established. Wherever psychical research is encouraged there is more or less of mystery and vagueness attending it, and this is due not so much to the character of the study itself as to the hazy notions that have long prevailed as to the constitution of human beings. Leadbeater and other popular writers on Theosophy draw largely upon clairvoyance to illustrate their theories of man visible and invisible; and although their conclusions seem rational and more satisfactory than the views of those who repudiate Theosophy, yet it remains an open question among the bulk of inquirers how we can verify for ourselves the statements of clairvoyants.

Clairvoyance is of several varieties. In its simplest form it only implies unusual extension of the ordinary field of sensuous vision, but when we attempt to deal with it on the “astral” plane we are at once confronted with many mysterious problems concerning realms of existence other than the material world. Purely physical science indorses clairvoyance and cultivates it in its most external form, but to the materialistic investigator of Nature there are no other planes to investigate than those amenable and obvious to outward sense. Because of this arbitrary limitation in idea we find even university professors so self-stultified as to be incapable of conducting any department of psychic investigation. But there is no reason why physical

and this is clearly proved by the public confession of some distinguished naturalists.

Clairvoyance is the possession of many an artless child, whose unsophisticated intellect does not work to deny away evidence of the super-terrestrial; and it is from the testimonies of innocent and healthy children that we often receive the most convincing proofs of spiritual discernment. Children who live much alone, or spend their time chiefly among adults who do not contribute much to their amusement, are usually the best clairvoyants—largely because they have little to distract their attention from that inner world in the delights and scenes of which they revel.

“Imagination” is a convenient and broadly inclusive word to apply to all clairvoyant revelations; but imagination must be a highly useful faculty if it brings to light important facts that are revealed through no other agency. Imagination is literally *mental imagery*, and without it romance and all the higher forms of original or creative art would be impossible. A typical clairvoyant is a sensitive individual of vivid nervous temperament, but he can enjoy excellent health and need not suffer from any neurotic derangement.

In the Orient, where mental contemplation and introspection are encouraged to an extent quite foreign to all Western customs, clairvoyance is the heritage of multitudes, and the faculty of telepathy is equally prominent; indeed, the two are so closely allied as to be virtually inseparable. For the successful conduct of the Indian Secret Service it is necessary that two trained clairvoyants or telepathists be stationed respectively at sending and receiving centers, and both must live so quietly and keep their individual aura in such tranquil state that they can demonstrate the psychic aspects of wireless telegraphy.

The professional clairvoyant in Europe or America, who receives “sitters” of all sorts constantly, and who either uses cards, tea-leaves, or a crystal to induce clairvoyance, is not always a humbug; but the environment of such a person is



rarely so refined as to make clear and trustworthy psychic vision probable.

A clairvoyant is a beholder of pictures in the astral light, or universal ether; in other words, he is one who reads from the atmosphere pervading an apartment or surrounding an individual the impressions made thereon by the action of thought and the results of feeling. It is now demonstrated in scientific circles that every emotion affects the body and also exerts an influence upon the surrounding atmosphere. We all know what it is to feel the tranquil air of a quiet home and the disturbed atmosphere of a place where mental perturbation is continuous. What most of us *feel*, the clairvoyant also *sees* and the clairaudient also *hears*. To appreciate fine music it is necessary to have a tranquil environment. There must be no passing in and out, no movement of hands or feet, no whispering, no garish light, and no exciting draughts. All must be serene in the concert chamber, or the full beauty of a classical recital cannot be experienced. In such a room the best conditions are furnished for exercising psychic susceptibilities, and it is in precisely such surroundings that the most conclusive evidences are forthcoming in the retreats of those modern seers who require as much retirement from the rougher world as did the ancient sibyls.

For the easiest practise of clairvoyance a comfortable, plain apartment, preferably on the top floor of the house, should be set apart for meditation. Violet glass should admit daylight, and electric light may also be admitted through the same material. The most sensitive member of the family should enter that room alone, at regular convenient intervals, and give himself up to complete repose. If sleep or entrancement occur in the pure atmosphere of such a sanctuary no danger is immi-

interrupted while giving forth an account of whatever he may be told. No one is obliged to credit any declaration, but whatever is given should be noted; and it is well to keep records of what is revealed—that future events may confirm the accuracy of descriptions and predictions when such have proved trustworthy.

There are several distinct sources whence clairvoyant revelations may proceed, among which direct communion with absent friends plays an important part. Retrospective clairvoyance is easily accounted for if we admit the memory of the earth or the great astral atmosphere on which everything is transcribed by the universal photographer—the astral light. Denton, Buchanan, and other students of psychometry found, with the assistance of specially-trained “sensitives,” that a faithful record is preserved of every event; and, as planetary records are faithfully kept and are all decipherable by clairvoyance, so is individual history recorded in the astral zone or atmospheric belt that encircles every human being. The successful palmist is often largely indebted to clairvoyance for his delineations of past events, which he cannot explain by recourse to the degree of chiromancy he has already mastered; and, as this subtle faculty is often exercised semi-consciously, it is not easy at all times to trace the exact limits of its operation. Clairvoyance pertaining to the immediate present, which often seems like predicting the future, is also accounted for in part through the agency of telepathy, when extension of the field of one's own vision is inadequate to account for the higher phases of such phenomena. We have only to remember that a letter posted in Australia may take four, five, or even six weeks to reach a certain part of Europe or America to perceive that there is nothing miraculous, if we grant *telepathy*, in the prophecy that a missive will arrive from a certain place and person a month hence.

But, beyond such prophecies as may be explained in the light of telepathy and increased ordinary vision, there is a more intricate variety of clairvoyance—that which deals with fore-

telling a future that cannot be reasoned out in the simple manner already mentioned. Maeterlinck's philosophy is helping some students to fathom a profound mystery, and Flammarion long ago suggested a scientific theory connected with the transit of light that has sufficed to clear away some difficulties; but, despite all hypotheses, the question is not easy to answer—How do coming events cast their shadows before them? In this connection the following considerations are worthy of attention: Mental action precedes physical action; thoughts are prior to deeds; we think out, plan, or design a work before we execute it.

The writer, on one occasion, when traveling in a thinly-settled western district of America, saw a beautiful church with two spires. It was handsomely finished within and without, and was located in the middle of a waste piece of ground where there was not a material building of any sort in sight. The church was gothic and cruciform, and appeared large enough to accommodate at least a thousand persons. On hearing the description of such a church in that neighborhood, the natives were amused and pronounced the erection of such a structure highly improbable, as the district was by no means wealthy and the small wooden Catholic church that had been long in use seemed adequate to supply the wants of the scanty population. Business improved rapidly, however, in that vicinity, and two years later plans were drawn up for the erection of just such a church on that identical site; and five years later the building was consecrated, after being fitted up internally precisely as it had been foreseen in vision. There are two plausible explanations of such a phenomenon: First, it is credible that the bishop of the diocese may have consulted with an architect and proposed the drawing up of plans for such an edifice, and the thoughts of these men may have been unconsciously directed to the spot in which they were interested and taken form in the astral region there; second, it is presumable that some one in the spirit-life foresaw the growth of the neigh-

borhood, and the very building may have been sketched out in the "other world" before its architectural plan reached the consciousness of those on earth.

Clairaudience, which is closely akin to clairvoyance, seems to be simply an appeal to hearing instead of to sight; for precisely the same kind of information is thus conveyed, and both methods are frequently utilized for the conveyance of facts of value far transcending merely phenomenal experiences.

The writer, when in California a good many years ago, was saved by clairaudience from missing an important lecture engagement and putting a large number of people to serious inconvenience. A voice spoke as distinctly as if it were an ordinary human voice: "Change your ticket; go by train; the boat will not reach San Pedro till Monday." This message was repeated with such emphasis that it made a very striking impression on the hearer's mind, so much so that the only rational course seemed to be to act upon it. The ticket agent was quite sure that the boat would arrive by noon on Saturday and declared that the boats were never late at that season of the year. The mysterious voice, however, sounded again, saying: "No danger, but delay—accident to propeller; will put back for repairs." These words sounded as if they came through an unseen telephone and were uttered with uncompromising certainty. Facts verified every detail of the communication, and the writer, who was billed to lecture twice in a Los Angeles theater on the following Sunday, took a train on Friday from San Francisco and met passengers on the Thursday's boat as they arrived in the city (two days late) the following Monday morning.

Facts are abundant to establish the reality of clairvoyance and clairaudience, but there are obstacles in the way of utilizing these agencies universally, as all psychic students find in connection with telepathy. We are no doubt at times more sensitive than at average periods, and when we are in our most receptive state we receive evidences such as the foregoing; and it

appears from long-continued investigation that it is essential to be entirely open to receive communications in some interior manner, or they are received but hazily.

It is always feasible to adopt a few good rules for psychic development, provided we wish to become clairvoyant or clairaudient. Among necessary directions the following must take prominent place: Let us accustom ourselves to visualize a mental picture, say of an absent friend or distant place, with great distinctness, and keep that picture within our field of vision as long as we desire without permitting it to fade out or another scene to be substituted; then take note of any additions to the picture that may spontaneously appear, for often such will prove to be the present surroundings of our friend, or events occurring in the place at which we are gazing. Let us pay heed to any sounds we hear at such times and carefully tabulate their import, allowing events as they may subsequently occur to confirm these revelations. We must become like persons awaiting the arrival of a spectacle, and prejudice or special hope that we may see things as we might wish them to be must not be tolerated while these exercises are in progress. Simple diet—abstinence, but not fasting—is desirable, and our general habits of life must be healthy and reposeful, if we are to develop psychic endowments normally and beneficially. Lucidity of any pure type is compatible with excellent health, but it goes with sensitiveness and refinement of organization. Whatever visions or voices are seen or heard they should be respectfully noticed; but we must let facts speak for themselves, and not be rash either to accept or to discard what may appear or travel to us.

One hour each day given to sequestration will be found of great help in the development of these faculties. When climate

sensitive. It is often helpful to place a globe filled with clear water on a stand within easy range of vision, and to look steadily into it till either a picture appears in or near the water or the eyes naturally close and we begin to experience something on a more interior plane. In the conduct of all such experiments no discord in thought must be permitted. Whenever we feel agitated we must conquer agitation before retiring into our sanctuary; and the more we cultivate general tranquillity, but not idleness, in our mode of life the sooner shall we find our psychic endowments asserting themselves usefully.



EMERSON says, "Though ministers of justice and power fail, yet justice and power fail never." That is to say, those who endeavor to interpret justice and power, to define the truth, may fail in their interpretations, err in their definitions; yet justice, power, and truth, the eternal trinity of God, fail never. They remain the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Here is strength for many days.—*W. D. Little.*



THE poorest outward condition will do nothing to obliterate the solemnity from life. Nay, of nothing may we be more sure than this: that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other. Our heaven and our Almighty Father are there or nowhere.—*James Martineau.*



ONE can go through his work well or shirk it. One can consider his neighbor or neglect him. One can repress the fever-fit of impatience or give it wild way. And the perpetual presence of such a choice leaves no hour without guidance.—*George S. Merriam.*



THE subject [of the New Thought] is worth considering, for the "Metaphysical Movement" is reaching very many minds, and is a phase of a new religious development which seems likely to distinguish this century.—*New York Sun.*

## THINKING GOD'S THOUGHTS.

BY ISABEL GOODHUE.

The great majority of human beings spend their lives in thinking man's thoughts after him. Every thoughtful person will own that there is a great yearning in the hearts of men and women of to-day for more wholesome, sincere, and satisfying experiences and for more of the freshness and simple joy of life. Any suggestion that promises to aid even indirectly in bringing about these better conditions is worthy of consideration. The one I have to offer is for a more universal acquaintance with the features of Nature near us and for frequent and direct contact with her.

In our efforts to lift the mind above the disintegrating effects of grief and anxiety, let us also remember that constant dwelling in thought upon lifeless things, however ingenious, and upon conventionalities and business custom is exhausting to brain and nerve. The Spirit of the Ideal is moving in and irradiating everything that has life. It fills the elements. The "God-push" is felt through all the universe of expression. The march of life is ever toward higher manifestation. He who comes in close touch with Nature partakes of this subtle beauty and power. Did you ever return from a mountain climb or lonely country ramble without feeling this uplift and refreshment of soul? Have you not often caught from such an outing an inspiration for your work that sent into it the very individuality and charm that you had been seeking? This is a very real experience. Your mind, being freed to a certain degree from the lower, heavier thought-current, responded readily to the Infinite Force.

Maurice Thompson says: "Thought-gathering is like berry-gathering: one must go to the wild vines for the racy-

flavored fruit." That the trend of interest has set strongly in this direction, the increasing number of popular books on birds, trees, flowers, and kindred phases of outdoor life is proof. It is said upon good authority that of the thousands of such books published in the last ten years not one has been a complete failure, financially. If the daily papers and illustrated magazines reflect the popular demand, the constant publication of Nature-articles shows an increasing interest in these subjects. Also, an enlightened intelligence is redeeming the primitive energy within us from the savage instinct that destroys for the pleasure of feeling power and skill to destroy, and that on the other hand encourages the destruction of happy lives for the gratification of vanity.

As we know more of the life-stories of the beautiful and interesting creatures about us, which are so dependent upon our power, the tide of good-will wells spontaneously within us and we ourselves are enriched by its broader flow. As each expression of life becomes precious to us, we are more easily assured that, whatever its experiences on the upward way, "not one is forgotten" by the Infinite Love and Intelligence. Every child should be taught to know and love the common birds, animals, trees, and flowers of his or her locality, and have the attention called, directly or indirectly, to such beauties as form and color, light and shade, and rhythmic motion. Much depends, of course, upon the teacher's realization of the possibilities of the study. Surely a love for the beautiful in Nature and a sympathetic interest in all forms of life cannot be awakened by teaching children the *diseases* of trees and in dissecting and studying the structure of the dead form! Let the teacher arouse appreciation and love for life and beauty fresh from the Creator's thought, the awakening of a noble protectiveness, and the opening to the child of a door to wholesome pleasure—a door that, once opened, can never be closed. Early youth is a period when the sensuous and emotional natures must be considered.



The association of boys and girls in hearty out-of-door exercise, tours of discovery into the woods and fields, and, under wise guidance, a study of the beauty, purity, and true meaning of all natural forces, will do much to satisfy and render unattractive the overstimulation of many so-called pleasures. This is an interest in which people, at all periods of life, may find equal enjoyment, and in it families may find common ground of companionship. The soothing and refreshing power of Nature is universally conceded, and in the degree of our oneness with the Source of all life do we rejoice in her great, sweet harmonies and freedom from discordant thought.

I have in mind a grand woman, the principal of a college preparatory school, who had been reared in a family of Nature-lovers. After rising early and accomplishing a marvelous amount of educational and literary work, she would often take a five or ten mile walk, alone with the sweet out-of-doors, and return, as she said, "completely rested and ready to work until midnight." That woman was filled with the strength and merry comradeship of Nature. Most of the boys in her school prized her companionship for a tramp more than that of their playfellows. She was their friend and confidante. Can you not picture the vigor and fresh naturalness of the girls who were long under her influence?

A well-known naturalist says, in a delightful book about birds:

"To appreciate the beauty of form and plumage of birds, their grace of motion and musical powers, we must know them. Then, too, we will be attracted by their high mental development, or what I have elsewhere spoken of as their human attributes. Man exhibits hardly a trait which he will not find reflected in the life of a bird. The sight of a bird or the sound of its voice is at all times an event of such significance to me, a source of such unfailing pleasure, that when I go afield with those to whom birds are strangers I am deeply impressed by the comparative barrenness of their world; for they are in ignorance of the great store of enjoyment which might be theirs for the asking, . . . and here lies the secret of youth in age which every venerable naturalist I have ever met has convincingly illustrated. I could name nearly a dozen, living and

dead, whom it has been my valued privilege to know. All had passed the allotted threescore-and-ten, and some were over fourscore. The friends and associates of their earlier days had passed away, and one might imagine that they had no interest in life and were waiting for the end. But these veterans were old in years only. Their hearts were young. The earth was fair; plants still bloomed, and birds sang, for them. There was no idle waiting here; the days were all too short; . . . so I say to you, if you would reap the purest pleasures of youth, manhood, and old age, go to the birds, and through them be brought within the ennobling influences of Nature."

When one has even a general appreciation of the beauties around him, he enjoys much; but it is when he learns to recognize from the plane of friendship the particular birds, trees, and flowers that he discovers a hundred new beauties and wonders and comes to have innumerable experiences, exquisite or amusing as the case may be. Such a one finds the pleasures of travel and vacation times doubled, and many a period of difficulty lightened. Though a certain amount of change is beneficial to the mind, and therefore to the body, life in the country need never be commonplace or devoid of interest to one whose eyes are opened to the wonders about him, and who learns to read the Divine Thoughts of beauty, power, and opulence written everywhere.

However, it is the busy dwellers in our cities who need especially to be helped back to Nature in thought. The city parks offer many opportunities for observation at all seasons of the year to one who knows where to look, and long quiet rides to the farthest suburbs give one a breadth of outlook and an expansion of sky at least. A little enterprise will usually discover a number of delightful country nooks within easy reach of any city. Why may not Nature and out-of-door clubs become more common than euchre clubs? Let us speed the day when Nature-study classes shall be formed at all of our summer resorts, and in our cities and towns where mothers, teachers, and adults from all walks of life, as well as children, may, with the aid of competent instructors, become familiar with the natural features of the locality in which they live and

be easily started on the road to independent discovery. Is there not here a new and delightful avenue for teachers? To the pupils such study will inevitably serve as a means of recreation and open a world of living symbolism full of spiritual significance, much of which will be felt even if not intellectually analyzed.

The greatest Master of truth lived much in the out-of-doors. When in need of rest, notably after having been drawn upon by crowds of ignorant and unhappy men and women, he would retire to some lonely mountain-side, and in that primitive freshness and purity receive renewed realization of the Divine Presence.

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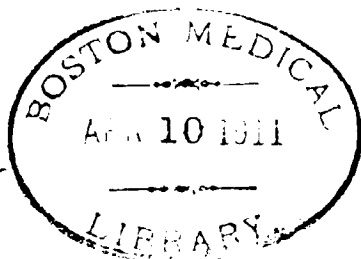
It is a pitiable desecration of such a nature as ours to give it up to the world. Some baser thing might have been given without regret; but to bow down reason and conscience, to bind them to the clods of earth, to contract those faculties that spread themselves out beyond the world, even to infinity,—to contract them to worldly trifles,—it is pitiable, it is something to mourn and to weep over.—*Orville Dewey.*

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It is vain to think that we can love the Master more than he has been loved in olden times; but that love can become more intelligent with the progress of our race, and it can be kindled in an ever-widening circle of pure and gentle souls. To fulfil this possibility should be the aim of the Christian Church, as it is our best hope of the spiritual welfare of mankind.—*Howard N. Brown.*

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To ME it seems that the soul, in all its higher actions, in original thought, in the creations of genius, in the soarings of imagination, in its love of beauty and grandeur, in its aspirations after a pure and unknown joy, and especially in disinterestedness, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and in enlightened devotion, has a character of infinity.—*C. G. Ames.*



## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LETTERS.

BY BERTRAM SPARHAWK, F.S.S.

### (II.)

*E* is the second vowel and fifth letter of our alphabet. Its nature is found to be feminine, moist, fruitful, like water; it is impregnated with an impelling vital element for generation, in this respect representing the life principle manifest in the growth of all vegetable and animal existence, and is therefore strenuous and adapted to conform to conditions and circumstances. It is general in its scope, like *A*, and is lymphatic, emotional, constructive, ambitious—possessing the elements of leadership. Its corresponding number is 4, and its point of the compass north.

The words *Eve*, *genesis*, and *generation* indicate its generic feminine nature. As a rule, when it is the only vowel in a word it may be considered feminine. When *E* precedes *A* it is of the nutritive creative principle, containing the masculine and feminine, which act together—as in *create*, *creation*; also in *meat*, which stands in a general sense for all foods. *Death* shows a combination of the two principles in a translation to a new sphere of existence. *Sleep* is of the feminine, negative, revitalizing process. *Water* contains two elements, the masculine in this case first acting directly on the feminine, resulting in productiveness. *Make* is another word of somewhat similar nature, denoting construction. *Feet* is a word indicating “that which serves.”

In Sanskrit the sound of this letter was that of an aspiration, like a soft *H*, and its name in the Phenician was *He*. It gives a soft sound to *C* and *G* when following them, and a long sound generally to a preceding vowel, as in *pine*, *take*, *note*, etc.

*E* is used more frequently than any other letter of our alphabet. It is the fifth of the Dominican letters, the fifth key on the piano, and is the key-note of the major key of four sharps and the minor key of one sharp. It is combined with *A* in the word *East*, where the sun rises, arousing all Nature from sleep to life and activity.

*I* is the third vowel and ninth letter of our alphabet. The Phenician character resembled the consonant *y*. By the Greeks it was made a vowel. It corresponds to the sign of the "balance" in the Zodiac, the symbol for which is a long horizontal line, above which is a similar line with a semi-circular bulge upward in the center. Our *I* is the lower line in a perpendicular position, and above it a dot to represent the bulge of the other line, the dot being a point on which the "balance" pivots.

The nature of the letter *I* is active, combining both the masculine and feminine elements; it is particular rather than general in its scope, and the words *into*, *inside*, *incision*, *injury*, *infliction*, and many others indicate a peculiar, penetrating, incisive activity differing from both *A* and *E*. Discrimination, poise, fineness, balance, inquisitive search, mature reflection, and accumulation of experience or wealth are some of its characteristics. Its numeral is 7, and its point of the heavens west.

Many of the above qualities correspond to the sign of the "balance;" and as the sun reaches this sign in the fall (which word indicates the "fall" of the sun from the northern to the southern hemisphere), when the fruits of man's labors for the year are mature and the crops are gathered, so the letter stands for the accumulation of wealth. And it may be noted in this connection that in all large cities the east side, corresponding to the sign of the "balance," is the most valuable and the most densely populated.

It is an important letter, as representing the person in the pronoun I. *I Am* indicates Jehovah, being, life, and Almighty Eternal Power. As representing the life principle, the ego, or spirit, it is of the nature of air, or breath, aspiring with an ambition lofty and sublime.

*Omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, and omnivorous* show in their construction two words balanced on *I* in the center.

*O* is the fourth vowel and fifteenth letter of our alphabet. Its corresponding numeral is 10. It is the particular negative, its correspondent being *E*, the general negative. The numeral corresponding to *E* is 4, and *O* is the fourth vowel. *E* is the fifth letter. Five added to ten (the numeral of *O*) gives fifteen, the place of *O* in our alphabet.

The character of *O* is feminine-masculine. It is of the prosperous business type and pertains to large matters, the shape of the letter being that of the comprehensive circle. It is naturally of an ambitious type, very tenacious, steady, and firm, and possesses both mental and spiritual power—also decided character. It is a symbol of omnipotence; also of the earth, of zero, and of oxygen in chemistry; and an accent naturally falls on it in any word in which it occurs. It may be likened to a full-grown tree, from its inception in the East, aided by the vitalizing element of which *E* is a symbol; and its fruitage is in the West, which is the reason why "westward the course of empire takes its way."

After considering what has been said of *E* and *O*, the name *Theodore Roosevelt* will be found very interesting. *Abraham Lincoln*, with all his *A* nature, was not at all like Mr. Roosevelt, being lank and thin, with dry, yellow skin, while President Roosevelt is of a full habit, with plenty of vitality. He was not born to poverty and the struggle of Lincoln; yet, having so much of the *E* and *O* elements in him, he is strenuous, and from *E* would come quick impulses, from *O* determination, steadiness, and pertinacity in the pursuit of an ideal or

desired end—also comprehensive plans and large mental vision; while from both *E* and *O* will result flourishing growth and prosperity.

*John D. Rockefeller* is another significant name. The *O* coming first in both names gives a different nature from that indicated by the prominence of *E*. *Andrew Carnegie* goes naturally with iron and steel. *George Washington* shows more elements for a rounded character from the presence in this name of four vowels.

As to places, *New York* and *Brooklyn* are illustrations of flourishing prosperity, yet *Albany* is capital of the State. *Augusta* is capital of *Maine*, in spite of *Portland* and other large cities. *Boston* is very different in the nature of its people and business methods from *New York*, one having double *O* and the other *E* and *O*. The great names, *Asia*, *Africa*, *America*, and *Europe*, present vast fields for thought and speculation.

It must be evident that the names given to magazines, newspapers, books, and companies all possess their peculiar significance, showing the nature or spirit of the enterprise and its chances and possibilities, which—taken in connection with their location, specific quality, and time of conception or birth—would furnish data for an insight into the future and an understanding of the matter as a whole not at present available. It follows that, as being among the elements of success, these matters should be considered and acted on.

The whole subject is so broad, even as related only to the significance of letters and their practical exemplification in the names of persons and places, that unless considerable study be given to it confusion might arise. For instance, *London* has a double *O* element, like *Boston*, and both cities are near water. Why, then, is *Boston* not a larger city? Because it is on the eastern side of a continent, while *London* is on the west. One is in *Massachusetts*, *America* (a great *A* element), and the other in *England*—the *E* and *A*.

## SIMPLICITY IN LIVING.

BY ADALIN M. GLEASON.

It is the earnest desire of every person that longs to live a harmonious and consistent life to be emancipated from the complications of the daily routine of petty demands and time-exhausting detail. It is the desire especially of those who have become interested in the New Thought, and who are progressing along the lines of spiritual advancement, to be released from too much thought concerning what we shall eat, wherewithal we shall be clothed, and how we can best use our forces to become healthful, joyous, and wise.

How can we release ourselves from the minor perplexities that engross and divert us from the higher claims upon thought and action? This is perhaps one of the most important problems we have to-day to solve—how to bring external things into perfect accord with inner requirements. It is of no avail, however, for us to strive to be direct and simple in our daily living until we have become simple and direct in our methods of thought; and how can this be done if we are constantly turning from one system of philosophy to another? How can we clearly follow the direct and simple truth through a tangle of conflicting theories, however interesting, and a jumble of opposing creeds? Let us, then, first of all determine *what* we think, *what* we believe, and just *what* we desire to attain in our efforts to reach a higher plane of living. When this has been clearly defined and determined, then let us hold steadfastly to the single truth and the single purpose that shall make us free—first of all from the demands of a complicated or inappropriate system of thought or theology, remembering always the command of the Master to serve “the Lord *thy* God”: not the God of thy neighbor, not the God of the East, the West,



nor of any Pope whatsoever, but simply the God of individual consciousness.

Then, again, let us free ourselves from all the complications and exactions of an artificial code of social obligations. Let us above all things be *honest*, and drop out of the daily routine all that is meaningless and unprofitable. Let us be *sincere*, and clear our thought, our speech, and our action from all pretenses, holding simply to that which is real and truthful. Let us put from us empty formalities, and be *natural*. Let us give up tiresome conventionalities, and be *spontaneous*. Thus shall our relations with all about us become simple and harmonious, and we ourselves be emancipated from many disturbing elements that crowd our lives with useless friction and waste our forces. To attain simplicity in living, therefore, we must have direct thinking, honest speech, and sincere action.

As the race advances and becomes finer and finer in quality, more delicate in its appreciation of whatsoever is lovely, it naturally becomes more and more sensitive to the inharmonies and vulgarities of a complex life. As it rises from the lower plane of physical desire and sensuous enjoyment, the attractions of that plane pall upon desire and become a weariness to the mind as well as to the flesh. It is then that we begin to long for the expression of refinement on every plane in our daily lives. First, perhaps, we turn with weariness from the complicated *menus* that in times past have been the necessity of a variegated appetite. And so we come to the modern fads of no breakfasts, no suppers, uncooked foods, and simple diets in great variety. It is, however, to us not so much a matter of *not* eating, or of *what* we eat, as of *how* we eat.

The good old fashion of three meals a day has so many points to recommend it that it is not to be too lightly thrust aside. The average physical system seems to require a moderate amount of fuel, so to speak, at such intervals as elapse between breakfast, luncheon, and dinner; and, since an empty stomach may be the root of much evil, it does not seem quite

advisable to begin the day with no break to the long night's fast. In the same way there are arguments against most of the new ideas that have been thrust upon our notice during the last few years. The really desirable thing is not *fewer* meals but *lighter* and more simple ones. A moment's consideration of the formal dinner of the day cannot fail to leave an impression of more or less vulgarity with its many courses, heavy and light, viands and flavors so arranged and combined as to tempt and lead on an already satisfied appetite; and we cannot fail to see that dining under these circumstances, from a pleasing social function, becomes a mere preparatory school in gluttony. Culinary writers, influenced by the demand of the times, spring into existence on every hand and cater to the public taste by advertising new dishes until we can scarcely glance at a daily newspaper that has not its elaborate *menus*, often enough of so complex and ill-assorted a nature as to make the stoutest digestion quail. All this has its influence and tends toward making life complex and difficult. Even the young housekeeper, living quietly, feels that she must bring her table up to the standard of her neighbors, and thus incurs needless expense, wastes valuable time, and incidentally does her little part toward aggravating an already unhappy problem of domestic service.

On the question of the time required in planning and preparing elaborate meals, there can be no doubt that it, like the amount of energy expended in the same direction, is out of all proportion to the needs of the case. Schools of cookery, instead of exercising ingenuity in producing new and more involved dishes, should direct their attention to the best methods of preparing wholesome and digestible foods.

The great point, then, that must recommend itself to all thinkers is that the table shall express refinement above all else, both in its furnishings and in the food that is put upon it. Many of the attempts at table decoration seem absurdly out of place. Ribbons and flowers are pretty things in themselves

(and a few of the latter wisely chosen add a dainty attraction to the table), but when used to excess, as is often the case, the table is likely to give a suggestion of millinery, which is in poor taste and quite opposed to the simplicity at which we should aim.

When our tables are supplied with few viands instead of many, good food (which is a physical necessity) will become so important that careless and ignorant cookery will be out of the question. In a long-drawn-out meal a number of courses may seem to atone for their indifferent quality. But we must all acknowledge a few simple foods in abundance, deliciously prepared and daintily served, are as much more in accordance with the requirements of the spirit as in every way more beneficial and acceptable to external demands.

And in this matter of "wherewithal we shall be clothed," let us also seek greater simplicity, and instead of multiplying costumes for the day and for the hour let us seek to adorn ourselves with fewer things better adapted to our individual taste, character, and environment. Let us study to adopt that color, that line, that form which shall best express our own thought of beauty, which shall best emphasize our single purpose in life; and this certainly is *not* to make of ourselves show-windows of many costumes and fabrics. So let us have few garments, rare in quality and of finer adaptability to individual characteristics.

How often we lose sight of a lovely face and beauty of expression in a demand upon our attention by a display of showy millinery! How often a beautiful curve or line is lost in an ugly fashion, which we adopt because it is "the fashion"; and how many times the entire expression of a characteristic hand is hidden and distorted by the vulgar display of a multiplicity of jewels, each detracting from the other its own specific beauty and value! Let us be more simple and sincere in our adornments as well as in our diets, thereby conserving hours and moments as well as spiritual forces. Jewels are beautiful pos-



## SELF-EXPRESSION.

BY ELIZABETH BOGART.

Ever and anon the question of Life's *purpose* confronts us with its sphinx-like attitude. Only the Infinite can weigh the years and the centuries as we would weigh the seconds and minutes. Looking through the vista of years we

"Doubt not through the ages one unceasing purpose runs."

History teaches that great reformers are the result of a long trend of evolutionary reactions. Adown the ages mankind has had leaders who have striven to make its meaning plain. They have passed into history as beautiful dreamers, the years marching on in cycles, furnishing successors to these "dreamers." All of these have tried to instil love—the essence of the great universal brotherhood—into the mind and heart of man. These strong hearts, in their yearnings for broader understanding, carefully planted seed—to lie dormant, while they disappeared as the petals of a flower die and fall away ere the oncoming harvest can grow and ripen. The world seemed to have made little progress.

Out of these dim ages has been evolved the civilization of the present day. Prehistoric man was but a few steps in advance of his brothers of the lower creation, his spiritual growth being retarded by the more highly developed brute force of his nature. Life itself, which placed him in the highest rank in its dawning, served to develop and strengthen his intellect, will, and feeling. His path led through long, tortuous windings, where pestilence, want, and blackest horrors buffeted him. Yet this experience held in abeyance the brutish instinct that created these conditions. His crying needs produced the desire for their supply, finally inducing the effort by which they were met.

Then man began to receive the first glints of his divine nature, realizing his duality and discriminating between good and evil. *Good* and *evil* being relative terms, the good of his day may have been equivalent to a rank "evil" of to-day. Sages and prophets developed from these strenuous times into glowing lights for the coming man. It being true that the rare and beautiful ever spring from the decay of preëxisting conditions, we find man no exception to the rule. The harsh environment of the times served to throw into sharper relief these greater ones.

Man yielded to the pressure of environment unconsciously. The process of fitting caused much friction, often seeming to be an injury, for bright lights were sometimes darkened. Still, life became brighter and more able to reflect its light down the ages. To-day, with its vastly different conditions, presents at times the necessity of the sacrifice of an individual for the progress of the many.

From his first awakening, man had caught the idea of a divine purpose for him, and he struggled blindly to express it. In his zeal he rushed into wild excesses that debilitated and eventually destroyed him. His successors would avoid these evils, and they adopted others, which were in turn cured by the misery they inflicted. Natural law, which is but a part of divine law, has provided that evil, which is but perverted good, will bring about its own cure.

The divine plan was slowly and surely unfolding, despite what would appear to us as insurmountable hindrances. Man grew ever upward. He began to grasp the truth that might does not always make right. Then it was that the great Beneficence sent the one perfect expression of Manhood to indicate the divine conception. This Teacher gave the law that *right makes might*; that right is love; that unquestioning obedience is the first law of liberty, laws being the outgrowth of the highest liberty.

The long struggle of the ages had given man a hunger for

rest, and the Christ showed him that resistance to law brings weariness and leads to the ills from which the law would shield him. This new light on the path, showing him the possibility of attaining immeasurable heights, filled man with great hope.

Since the beginning of the Christian era, the struggle has gone on, and man in the new light has tried to express the great Purpose. Many, after vainly trying to express their nobility, have faltered and gone down to ignominious defeat.

Life is full of misunderstandings because souls are but partially developed, and are unable to understand that which is unlike themselves. Through this lack of interpretation, the spark of divinity with which each of us is endowed is too often darkened, retarding soul expansion.

Life has oscillated from one extreme to another, but, like the pendulum that is suddenly set in motion, each oscillation describes a shorter arc, and the extremes are not as far removed. This has led man, in veering away from animal life, to become grotesque, as the dervish and other extremists. In the name of all that is gentlest and best, he often commits atrocities that are naught but the most brutal. Both physical life and spiritual being are necessary to the rounded-out man. Both are God-given, and evil only comes when either is perverted.

In the physical world we find that it is not always the sunshiny days that develop the strongest growth. The dark days of spring force the roots to strike into the soil more deeply. The spiritual world yields to the same law.

Man has always looked upon evil as something from which he must escape. With the advent of Christ his hope blossomed, giving as fruitage sublime faith in His wonderful teachings.

As various natures have various needs, there have arisen a multiplicity of creeds; but the great underlying truth of Omnipotent Love gives form to them all. In proportion as man

develops the power of love to God and man will grow his ability to solve the life question and to find fitting form to express his inner self with no fear of ambiguity.

"God is Love the snowflakes whisper  
As they linger in the air;  
God is Love the breezes murmur  
As they meet us everywhere;  
God is Love, God is Love,  
All things tell us God is Love."



If the chosen soul could never be alone  
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,  
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;  
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;  
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

—Lowell.



"THE poorest, most wayworn and passion-tossed wanderers cannot escape from their brotherhood with the saints of God. A family tie can never be broken. As we can never cease to be brothers of our brothers, we can never be other than brethren of the noblest of the noble. Their Father is our Father."



THE words of the Bible are of far less importance than its thoughts, and its thoughts are infinitely less important than the spirit that prompted them. Hence, words and thoughts are comparatively useless unless they bring us to the living spirit.—*W. W. Fenn.*



HE that suffers willingly suffers not even that which is necessary to be suffered. The lesser the soul minds the body, the lesser she adheres to sensibility, she is by so much the more capable of divinity and her own nature.—*Nieremberg [Vaughan].*



HE alone is poor who neither inspires nor yet provokes love.—*W. S. Maverick.*



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### TELEPATHY IN HEALING AND IN HYPNOTISM.

SOME months ago we published in MIND an editorial entitled "A New York 'Svengali,'" in which some of the dangers of hypnotism were pointed out and the principles and theories that underlie the teaching and practise of that school were considered in the light of true metaphysical science. Somewhat to our surprise, the article attracted a much wider degree of attention than is usually accorded the modest views that find utterance in this Department. Attempts to "answer" it were made by a few beneficiaries of the system whose means of revenue were seemingly menaced, and some practitioners of suggestive therapeutics were moved to defend their calling against an imaginary attack. On the other hand, many letters of congratulation were received by the writer from victims of hypnotic "academies" as well as from friends of mental freedom who felt an instinctive aversion to the practise described after witnessing the wretched effects of certain hypnotic "experiments."

But in the short article referred to we did not assume to state the whole case for the opponents of hypnotism; neither did we submit a "brief" on behalf of those principles of Spiritual Science which in our judgment and experience embody the natural and therefore superior method of effecting mental readjustments—and

"I have been hoping to see some discussion in MIND of the statement so clearly expressed by Kenneth Ripley Forbes in the January number :

" 'This mental treatment, of which we are hearing so much to-day, is based on the fact of *telepathy*. The healer, realizing what quality of thinking his patient needs, sends to him continually and repeatedly, with the utmost concentration, strong, positive, constructive thoughts. These thoughts the patient's mind *unconsciously* receives and incorporates within itself. Thus, gradually, are his former ideas replaced,—crowded out, as it were,—and his physical body, true to its nature as a reflector of the mind, begins steadily to express the health and harmony that are its natural right.'

"Surely nothing could be more clearly or more completely stated. Here is the claim of the invading power of 'telepathy,' when impelled by a strongly concentrated mind, that some of us have proved beyond all peradventure; and here is plainly stated the fact that there are in existence even *good* intentioned people who consider themselves quite competent to decide what 'quality of thinking' another person needs, to assume control of that other person's thinking machine, and forcibly to inject their own thinking into his *unconsciously* receptive mind—crowding out, as it were, his own ideas and replacing them with their own. Here is vivisection—and inoculation—in an organism infinitely more delicate, more susceptible to injury, and more necessary to personality than is the physical body. Has MIND, which stirred our souls a few months ago by uttering editorially its ringing protest against hypnotic inspiration, nothing to say now? If so, is it silent merely because the process then referred to as 'hypnotic' is here given the equally futile designation of 'telepathic'?"

Truth is never in need of even the apology of "silence." MIND is always glad to present its reasons for its faith and to have the principles for which it stands submitted to the closest analysis. In fact, this method of getting at the truth is by far the most congenial to us; we do not relish the rôle of critic, and find no pleasure in denunciation of even that which we least approve. We prefer to affirm the true rather than to deny the false; but as the above

Effective mental healing is dependent upon certain conditions, one of which is *receptivity* on the part of the patient. His essential coöperation with the healer is analogous to that subsisting between pupil and teacher. The cure is effected by rousing into normal activity soul powers lying dormant *within*, and *not* through the arbitrary imposition of any influence from *without*. The patient is not deceived—truth alone is presented to his mind, and when this reaches the plane of soul consciousness it is immediately recognized, accepted, and applied. All genuine healing, therefore, in the last analysis, is *self-healing*. A sick person is one lacking in self-knowledge; yet this quality *inheres* in the soul, and the simple office of the healer is to bring it above the threshold of consciousness—to render the potential actual.

This is accomplished through the operation of the great principle of Telepathy—the direct transference of thought from mind to mind without the aid of a material conductor; and herein lies, as our correspondent suggests, the only analogy that can be traced between mental healing and hypnotism. Yet in the latter this is not always sufficient, for certain objective motions or manipulations are necessary to the process when “control” of the “subject’s” will is the purpose in view. The mental healer does *not* “assume control of” another’s “thinking machine;” he presents a true mental picture to the mind of the patient dominated by a false one, and it is this presentation that does the “crowding out,” precisely as light dispels darkness. He “forces” nothing upon the consciousness: he *educes* that which is latent within. The process is not in any sense “vivisection”: it is rather *unification*—an emphasizing of the oneness of God and man. Neither is it “inoculation”: it is rather *self-radiation* through perception of one or more of the eternal verities that every awakened soul recognizes

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A "mental *suggestion*" may sometimes benefit a patient who has not yielded the control of his will and other faculties to another ; but a full, plain *statement* of the truth is always better. A fact should be expressed in its entirety, not merely hinted at.

An operator who chooses to withstand the reactionary consequences of perverted law may employ telepathy to some extent in the accomplishment of a nefarious purpose ; but no truly awakened soul need fear its surreptitious use. The soul is impregnable to such assaults so long as it retains the power of its individual will and volition and refuses to abdicate the supreme authority in its spiritual household.

A hypnotist causes his patient to *imagine* certain things—and the false and the true are equally acceptable to the victim of hypnosis. He will act the part of an angel or an ass, as the operator may be pleased to "suggest." A metaphysician, on the other hand, would teach him to *realize the power of truth*—untrue mental pictures are ineffective. While the hypnotist seeks to appropriate or subordinate the will, the mental healer would educate and ennoble it. While the former is exercising his right to "control" his "subject," the latter would seek to augment his patient's *self-control*. And when once healed he remains so until new causes are set in operation ; whereas the hypnotic subject will inevitably return to his original condition as soon as the "spell" wears off, because the effect was artificially produced.

The easiest and best way to accomplish anything is always the natural and simple way. To hypnotize a man in order to cure his headache is like employing a sledge-hammer to kill a mosquito.

J. E. M.



I SHOULD say that perfection of mind, like that of the body, consists of two elements—of strength and beauty ; that it consists of firmness and mildness, of force and tenderness, of vigor and grace.—*W. E. Channing*.

## THE NATURAL LIFE.

The perfect life is the natural life; and if we would attain thereto we must—in thought at least, if not in action—return to natural and rational ways, before we shall be fitted to look upon the pure beauty and chaste simplicity that are alone to be found in God and Nature. It is given to few properly to estimate and understand the importance of Nature and Nature's laws as applied to man and his social life. Man has the happy faculty of applying the laws of Nature to all things, but while so doing he strives to make an exception in his own favor. He seems to think that he, as ruler of the world, is above and beyond all such laws; that he is divine and wise enough to be a law unto himself alone. And the natural consequences of such a false position are to be seen on all sides in the artificial, untrue, and often immoral (though legalized) life that our society lives and countenances.

Say what you will in defense of modern social life, you cannot hide the fact that such life is far from true or natural, and, being so, it cannot be happy or holy. Glamour, excitement, display, luxury, pride, and all that goes to make a worldly success of the social man are very captivating, but they do not constitute a true, noble, or upright life. It is time that a halt were called to the unhealthy and unnatural existence led by most of our people—quite time that truth and justice in all their purity and wholesomeness should once more rule in the mind and heart of man.

Man has strayed too far from the path of sweetness and light; he has forgotten, or rather chooses to put behind him, all the ennobling lessons of history and of life; he has been deluded and led astray by the false god of avarice—and to-day we see the pitiful spectacle of brother striving against brother, seeking to win the false success, so prized to-day, of money greatness, even though such success be gained by the loss of all sense of truth, justice, and self-respect. We are entering a dangerous era when man no

live the truth, and if need be to die for the truth. The demand of the hour is for men who are content to go about doing good. What suffices greatness if we gain it through the tears of the starving and forlorn? Of what good the applause of our fellows if we know in our own hearts that such applause is from the surface—forced and artificial? Why cannot man realize that he has come into this world with a duty to perform and a work to accomplish? This duty and this work should be for the betterment, peace, and happiness of mankind. Let us remember that it is better far to bring forth laughter than to cause tears; that it is nobler to lift up than to tear down. Man should try to put from him the desires of Mammon, for true wealth can only be found in the worthy, upright, honorable, and natural life.

Let us seek the heights of simplicity, and there rest in perfect peace, in purity of heart, and in sincerity of purpose. Let us learn to cast aside the sham and hypocrisy of the artificial life, and in its stead be at all times true, simple, and natural. Let us be as children in our truth, in our thoughts, in our actions, and in our sympathies; and above all let us be true to Nature.

FOLGER BARKER.



## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Happiness is as a shining star sending its light into the dim and perilous pathway of life. For us the world is beautiful with shade and sunshine, fruits and flowers, birds and brooklets. Mother Earth gives of her best to encourage us to display the happy natures God intended.

Discontent is the mother of sorrow. We should be satisfied with our lot, whether it be in gilded palace or poor man's hut. Every day brings blessings to a thankful heart. At night remember the pleasure the day has given. Forget all else. Cling to the joy that is yours rather than brood over trouble, real or imaginary. When sorrow comes, the remembrance of past pleasure will cast its rays of comfort over the present.

We should harbor no morbid fancies. Shadow not the present with clouds of the past. Mar not to-day's happiness with fears

as to the future. We should cherish no gloomy thoughts. Let us ever remember how beautiful the blue sky is, how fragrant the flowers, how sweet the song of birds. How out of harmony with this bright world is a peevish, ungrateful nature!

Let us allow no trivial incidents to anger us. By so doing we save the best part of our energy and are stronger to cope with the next temptation. Events go wrong because there is wrong within us. Our thoughts make and mold our nature, and our thoughts as well as our words influence other people. Mirth is contagious.

Trifling incidents often destroy our happiness. A lost collar-button may make a man irritable for hours. A woman burns her finger and generally everything "goes wrong" the remainder of the day. The stream of life ever has pebbles in its course; yet they are *but* pebbles. Though a day dawns with clouds it may have a glorious sunset. If not, the morrow will be all the brighter for the gloom of to-day. What appear to us as stumbling-blocks are but stepping-stones in the formation of our characters. It lies within us to make the steps lead down or heavenward. Perfection is easy without temptation. Only noble natures are good and happy amid provocation. And so let us rejoice in the lessons sorrow gives, instead of grieving.

Self-renunciation means growth in holiness and happiness. Let us cease thinking of self and think of others. Humanity lives for humanity: why should we live for self? We are our brother's keeper. Let us take heed lest our mission fail, and do our duty to self and humanity. That being done, our lives will be so filled with beauty and joy, holiness and love, that happiness will be ours.

We can be happy if we seek happiness in the right way. We may be masters of our moods. There is no excuse for ill humor. It lies within us to conquer circumstances, and not allow them to conquer us. Faith and perseverance result not in failure. Perseverance is the pathway to heaven. Heaven is happiness.

EDNA SMITH-DE RAN.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE PARENTS.

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## QUERIES.

"I am a young stepmother. I have two lovely boys of eight and twelve. They are very different in disposition, and each has very promising traits; but each also has certain qualities with which I do not know exactly how to deal. The elder is studious—wants to study and read all the time. He is not interested in anything else, and apparently forgets whatever he is told to do. The other one is the jolliest, happiest little fellow that could be found; but he *will* run away, he *will* rummage in drawers, he *will* tell lies. What shall I do with them?"

In the first place, you must make a very careful study of their respective temperaments, and find out exactly how you can come close to them. I perceive at once that you have the true motherhood spirit; therefore, you do not need to be told that this alone is the promise of your final success. You are interested in them; you love them. Because of this, you can be patient in studying and helping them.

The elder needs to be awakened to the interests that boys have in general. He needs more physical life. Can you not find some way of awakening this interest by having certain physical exercises or games in which the whole family might participate: a time, for example, in which every one could have certain competitive feats, either in ball playing, trapeze climbing, or something that would really awaken or put into activity those physical energies with which every child should overflow? .

Then, since he is so fond of reading, select such books as would appeal to his sense of humor—such books as would make



him love and enjoy and imagine the scenes and characters presented in the book. If he likes to read books of travel, encourage him to tell you about the countries and the people—everything that pertains to the activities of life; encourage him to express himself, in talking and portraying his ideas. You can easily perceive that this means companionship. It means that that would cause him to come out of himself, as it were. He is living too much the subjective life. Such natures are inclined to become morbid and entirely oblivious of the interests of others. This is why he is forgetful.

And now a point as to the memory. You will find a great aid in teaching him how to remember by giving him certain tasks to perform at certain times—and seeing that he does them. Perhaps you will have to watch him for a time, in order to remind him; but it will only be for a time, for, undoubtedly, he will soon begin to take the responsibility of a memory, and will seek to do his duties without having to be reminded. In every way put before him the ideal of what he is to become. Teach him that responsibility and thoughtfulness in attending to his duties, as well as consideration for others, are the main elements in a noble character. As soon as you have really awakened his own mind to see wherein he needs correction and remodeling, he will begin to do the work himself.

The other boy must be very carefully dealt with, especially in regard to the correction for lying. There were other things that you mentioned, which I have not quoted in the question concerning this habit and your great anxiety about it, which cause me to emphasize this: *viz.*, that you *must not be severe with him*. Some children seem so generous and universal in their ideas and feelings that they make use of other people's property, and thus violate the sacredness of individual ownership, not because they mean to intrude or do wrong but because their innate feeling of interest in everything causes them to feel a sense of ownership and that overweening interest which ignores personal rights. There is one thing that you must not do; that is, whip or physically punish for this fault. It may be a matter of time and patience, but such is the nature and importance of the problem that you will have to *give* time and patience. The loving, motherly spirit,

however, will devise ways and means that will in the end surely be successful.

It goes without saying that you will have to spend a great deal of time in talking and playing and in every way associating yourself and your interests with this boy as well as the other. They are so different that it will be well for you to give time to each, as well as time to both when they are together. With the younger one, who has this habit of running away, rummaging, etc., you must seek to show him the effect of his thoughtlessness upon you and others of the family. You might devise methods by which he would have to suffer through the carelessness of some one else. This would teach him to know exactly how he would like to have people treat him, and would make an impression that would cause him to remember in time to avoid his fault. If he is late to a meal, as is frequently the case, doubtless, when he runs away, it is well to have him go without it and possibly to *eat the next meal alone*.

Whatever you do, do thoroughly—do it in the right spirit; and, above all things, *be patient*. It is the soul, even of little children, that must be awakened; and this, when aroused and properly nurtured, will do more to correct and mold character than all the mental and physical discipline that might be administered. So, in dealing with your children, remember above all else to consider them as *intelligent souls*, and little by little they will be awakened to their privileges and responsibilities as independent beings, and under your loving guidance and association will become what you desire.

Do not neglect to use all the ideals and methods for suggestion that are embodied in the New Thought principles. Give to each of these boys some suitable sentence to hold in his mind and repeat whenever he especially *needs it*, as well as at regular times. It is always a good plan, not only to tell them what to say, but to say it with them, and teach them the power of the words they speak and the effect it will have in helping them to do what they *ought* to do and what they *want* to do. Have them go to sleep at night with the thought in their minds that they *will be what they ought to be*, and that they *can be what they desire to be*.

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

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"O wind, where have you been  
That you blow so sweet?  
'Among the violets  
Which blossom at your feet.

"The honeysuckle waits  
For summer and for heat,  
But violets in the chilly spring  
Make the turf so sweet!"

—Christina G. Rosetti.



THE CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.

Rise, children, rise—  
Wipe the slumber from your eyes.  
The day is here with play and cheer,  
The morning breeze sways through the trees,  
The sun just peeps above the hill;  
All Nature wakens with a thrill,  
And dew-kissed little flowers  
Spring up in fragrant showers.  
Come out into this paradise  
That just beneath your window lies,  
And listen what the birdies sing,  
On wing, out in the blossoming:  
"Wake up, you little sleepy-head;  
The hour for dreams is o'er. Instead  
Of curling up in bed,  
Come out and help me sing  
My gladsome song of Spring—  
*Tiuwit—Tiuwit—Tiuwit—*  
I'll chirp for you a bit.  
If you can't sing, just whistle it.  
Now, listen!—*Tiewee-le-ree-le-ree*;  
It's very easy—don't you see?—  
*Tiewee-le-ree-le-ree! Tiuwit—tiuwit!"*

ELISE TRAUT.

## THE GOOD FAIRIES' WORK.

*(Part I.)*

It was one of those days that we so often have in the summer, when the grass and clover are at their best, and the children like to roam and romp in it to the disgust of the farmer who has to mow it. It was on one of these afternoons that Nurse Gilbert wanted to take the children for a walk through the fields and down by the babbling brook that ran through Farmer Jones's land. Nurse Gilbert looked and called in vain for Master Lawrence and Laura. At last little Laura was found in one corner of the nursery playing with a white kitten and trying to teach it to lie still and go to sleep. Having at last succeeded she stole softly out, telling the nurse to be very quiet or she would wake her "baby."

"Are you going to take us for a walk, Nurse?" eagerly asked Laura. "Yes," answered Nurse Gilbert, "if we can find Master Lawrence."

Upon a second look Lawrence was found at the back of the play-house with one of Laura's white kittens; but, unlike Laura, instead of trying to put it to sleep, there was Master Lawrence with both hands full of dirt trying to make the poor kitten's face anything but white. He was so content with a dirty face that he disliked seeing any one else's clean.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" exclaimed the nurse, as Laura ran ahead and saved the kitten from that terrible fate. She picked up the kitten, and gently stroked its soft fur so as to be sure there was no dirt in its coat.

"Please, Nurse, wait a moment until I put my poor kitty upstairs with the other one; then I will come right down so we can take a walk."

Away ran Laura with her kitten, while her brother was rubbing his dirty hands on his clean face and nice white

that ordeal, away sprang Lawrence, saying, "I know where you are going—down to the brook; and I don't want any water on me till I get there;" and away he started.

By the time Laura came back he was across the field and half through the meadow.

"Where is Lawrence?" said Laura, not seeing her brother anywhere.

"He ran on ahead," answered Nurse, "when I wanted to wash his hands and face; he is a dirty little boy, and boys who go about with soiled hands and faces generally get punished." Laura, looking up in the nurse's face, asked how bad boys were punished. In reply to her question the nurse repeated to her that old fairy tale we have heard so often, of the fairies who gave a party for the rich and poor:

"They came to the edge of the woods where the fairies met their queen; then they went two by two through a beautiful park that led to the fairies' home. Now, all the bad boys with dirty faces were picked out and kept on one side until all the good clean children went down the path. Then came other fairies and led the dirty boys in through the woods by another path that was rough and very long. By the time the fairies with the dirty boys arrived at their home, all the clean children were seated at a long table with everything nice before them. On seeing all the good things, the dirty boys made a spring to get at them, but found that each one of them had a rope round his waist and was fastened to a tree just far enough away so he could not reach the table.

"After the feast was over the children all went to another spot to play; then the fairies told the bad boys if they had been good and let their nurses wash their faces and hands they might have enjoyed the feast also; but as it was they could only look on. Then a large basin was brought and each boy had to have his face and hands washed. As they were taken, one by one, the others looked on in wonder; for, as each boy took his turn, it made him cry bitterly, but when their time came they found

"After the washing was finished the boys were again tied to the trees. By that time it was dusk and the tables were being laid for supper. The children were soon seated, but as it was growing dark a fairy touched one of the stars with her magic wand, and soon the whole wood was lighted up. The fairy queen was expected to talk to the children after they had finished feasting. In a few moments she came, with six little elves holding her train. The children were so delighted that they could hardly keep still, but the fairy queen soon quieted them by telling them it was her birthday they were celebrating. But she was very sorry to see so many boys in disgrace, and if they would promise to be good and clean she would let them come to the table with the rest of the children. The boys almost in one voice promised to be so.

"The fairy queen, with one wave of her magic wand, broke all the ropes, and the boys soon reached the tables. They felt very sorry that they did not have their faces washed before. After they had feasted on all the good things, they started for home, each boy carrying tiny stars to light the way. Upon their arrival home the boys all told their nurses that they could wash their faces any time they wanted to, for if they did not have their faces clean they could never go to another fairy party."

ARTHUR LESLIE SMITH.



#### TO THE FIRST ROBIN.

Thou sweet and cheery songster,  
 Blessèd harbinger of spring,  
 Thy joyous matins waken me—  
 I list to hear thee sing.  
 Thy plumage is less beautiful  
 Than many birds so free,  
 Yet thy gleeful, gladsome lilting  
 Thrills me with ecstasy!

FANNY L. FANCHER.



YOUR teachers are not masters, but helpers.—*B. W.*

A CHILD'S EASTER-SONG.

O flowers so sweet, upspringing  
From out the cold dark ground,  
Your joyous bells are sending  
Their music all around!

I hear them softly singing—  
My little voice sings too—  
With joy my heart is bounding,  
And I give praise with you.

The sky bends gently downward;  
I'm sure the Lord can hear,  
Just as though He were standing  
Right by us, close and near.

For angels watched beside Him,—  
Angels tell true, you know,—  
And saw the dear Christ Jesus  
Out from the darkness go.

And then He went to Heaven—  
Up there, up in the sky,  
And not one child or flower  
Is hidden from His eye.

So ring your bells for Easter,  
To Him glad praises bring;  
I have not much to give Him,  
But every child can sing!

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.



AT THE HEART OF THINGS.

Elsie certainly seemed to be afraid of dogs. Every time she saw a dog, great or small, Newfoundland or tiny spaniel, she would either run away or else would hide her face on Mama's arm, and exclaim, "O-o-e-ee! A dog, a *dog!*"

When Elsie was six years old, she and Mama went South to visit Grandma. Now, Uncle Dick had a fine watch-dog,—Rover by name,—and when he went to the station to meet Elsie and

Mama, Rover went too. The dog was in high good humor at sight of the little girl, and promptly decided to make a playmate of her. But every time Rover came bounding toward her Elsie would close her eyes and call out helplessly, "O-o-e-ee! A dog, a dog!"

Well, the little girl stayed South for two months. She and Uncle Dick were the dearest of friends, and, as it was impossible to keep Rover out of the charmed circle, Elsie learned to love Rover, too.

When the little girl returned to her Northern home, Mama made the announcement that Elsie had overcome her fear of dogs. And it really seemed for a time as if she had.

After a while, however, the thought of Uncle Dick and Rover went into the background of Elsie's mind, and the little girl began once more to cross the road if she saw a dog coming.

One day Auntie was with Elsie, and they were walking along the street together when, lo and behold, on the other side trotted a brisk little dog!

"Bow-wow!" said the little dog, as friendly as you please.

"O-o-e-ee!" gasped Elsie, seizing hold of Auntie's hand.

"Surely, Elsie is not afraid of a little dog!" said Auntie.

"Not afraid of a very, *very* little dog," answered Elsie.

The brisk little dog crossed the street, and trotted by the side of Elsie and Auntie. Auntie was casting sidelong glances at her little niece.

Suddenly the child turned to her aunt, with shining eyes.

"No," said she, positively, "no; I am not afraid of the little dog!"

"Why not, dearie?" asked Auntie.

"Because he's got a heart in him!" said Elsie.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.



### LOVE.

God feels and cares for you,  
No matter what you do.  
He holds you in His arms,  
And shields you from all harms.

FAY PEASE.



## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE GAME OF LIFE. By Bolton Hall. 230 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. A. Wessels Company, publishers, New York.

The well-known son of a famous Presbyterian clergyman presents in this book a collection of parables that are in many instances unique in treatment as well as in concept. Mr. Hall is most felicitous in the use of this quaint literary form, and has made of it a field peculiarly his own. In a dozen lines he often says as much as a conventional essayist would say in an elaborate treatise. All the parables are pungent, some are most ingenious, and many have a subtle element of delicious humor. But the moral is obvious in every case,—frequently before the conclusion is reached,—and it is uniformly serious, sensible, and ennobling. Many of the shams, fads, follies, and fallacies of the day are punctured parabolically with an effectiveness scarcely possible to prosy argument; but Mr. Hall is most clever in satirizing the evils of militarism, land monopoly, and religious cant. The sophistries of some modern expounders of theology, political economy, social ethics, jurisprudence, and the healing art are exposed with irresistible logic, while the book as a whole fairly bristles with "points" that will be found suggestive to all thinkers. A portrait and biographic sketch of this author will appear in an early issue of MIND.

MILLIONAIRE HOUSEHOLDS. By Mary Elizabeth Carter. 303 pp. Cloth, \$1.40 net; postage, 14 cents. D. Appleton and Company, publishers, New York.

The author of this exquisite specimen of book-making is a valued contributor to MIND, and in recent years has done much excellent work in the ranks of the New Thought movement. She formerly acted as superintending housekeeper in one of the Vanderbilt families, and has had other experience that amply qualifies her to write authoritatively on the subject of this volume—the "domestic economy of millionaire households, with hints upon fine living." The work cannot fail to prove absorbingly interesting and instructive to readers in any walk of life, for it has much sound ethical teaching and valuable advice on a variety of topics.

The precepts and principles of character-building are expounded in a way that suggests that "fine living" is really the "higher life," in which the spiritual is the vital element, as taught by true metaphysicians. Much information concerning the lives led by many over-rich individuals, presented as the result of Miss Carter's observations, is calculated to inspire all lovers of justice and equality of opportunity with a desire to reëxamine the fundamentals of our ethics and economics. It will not increase the optimism of the sincere student of life's problems, but the work is an important contribution to popular education.

J. E. M.



#### *OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

ZETETIC SERMON. By J. H. Dundas. Paper, 37 pages.  
(Publisher's name, price, and author's address omitted.)

A VISION OF THE SAXON RACE. Book IX. of "The Dual Image." By Wm. Sharpe, M.D. Revised edition, in verse. Paper, 16 pp. Hy. A. Copley, publisher, Canning Town, London, England.

NIAGARA AND KHANDALLA—and Other Poems. By Wm. Sharpe, M.D. In verse. Paper, 40 pp. Hy. A. Copley, publisher, Canning Town, London, England.

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION; or, The Order of Creation. By Alma Gillen. 24 pp. Paper, sixpence. W. Isacke, publisher, London W., England.

THE CRITERION. By J. J. M. Miller. Paper, 69 pp. Published by the author at Philadelphia.

EXPANSION OF SELF. By Swami Ram. Paper, 45 pp.  
(Author's address and price omitted.)

VACCINATION A GIGANTIC FRAUD. By Dr. M. W. Wilcox. 18 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author at Ellinwood, Kan.





A. P. BARTON.

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## POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY A. P. BARTON.

That there is a quiet revolution in progress—a renovation and reversing of thought methods and conclusions, a crucial testing of old dogmas and rituals and creeds—there can be no question. This movement has been in progress now for almost twenty years.

The changes wrought and demanded were at first confined chiefly to religious and therapeutic doctrines and practise. Orthodoxy in both theological and medical doctrines fell into disrepute soon after the people began to think for themselves along these lines and to form their own conclusions. Priests, dogmatists, and medical despots had long held the public under fear, so that radical changes in all departments of life were avoided as heterodox and dangerous. The leaders feared investigation because this would destroy authority. In order to maintain authority for themselves and their sacred books, they must keep the people in ignorance, discourage independent thinking, and hold them in fear of direful results that would follow any disregard for the divine right of “bosses” and their tenets.

Thinking annuls dogmatic authority. The thinker doubts the ancient stories of superhuman deeds and disregards the threats of destruction to follow disobedience to commandments. In the course of events one arose who dared to say, “There is

no place of eternal torment for the souls of men in all the Universe." The superstitious looked for the earth to open and swallow him up, or a bolt of wrath from heaven to strike him down, after the manner in which they had read about a man and his wife being stricken on account of a "fib" they told relating to a real estate deal. But he lived on and said it again, and more, and then others began to believe him correct. Another said, "There is no personal God on a throne in a distant mystic city, wrathful, terrible, and full of vengeance." And neither did he fall a victim to "divine wrath."

In the course of time some began to say that drugs do not heal the sick, and proved it, so that thousands quit using drugs and the business of doctors and druggists fell off fearfully. So they rushed into the courts and before legislatures and attempted to compel the people to patronize them and die in the good old orthodox way. But they failed. The thinker was in every community and the New Thought had taken deep root. The old crusts of custom and superstition were rapidly broken up, and those in authority were dethroned. A quiet, deep-flowing rebellion was on, a revolt against authority founded on antiquity and the edict of dead men. Live issues began to come to the front in all the departments of life. Old creeds that had been considered as sacredly immutable as "holy writ" began to be questioned and revised. Many dogmas were set aside and medical doctrines repealed. Thus a great change has been wrought in theology and medicine by what we have called the New Thought movement. And the end is not yet. The multitude has been set a-thinking, and we may not yet predict what the outcome will be.

"Bosses" lose their power over those whose credulity has been disturbed by a few independent thoughts. Slaves must be held in ignorance; otherwise their bondage cannot be perpetuated. When independent thought is encouraged, the business of "bosses" and despots is spoiled.

What is the meaning of the New Thought movement? In

what is it founded? The answer to these questions is found in the renovated lives and methods of living observed in many thousands of people in all civilized countries to-day. It may be epitomized in one sentence: A greater power and independence of thought, resulting in a larger freedom of conscience and conduct. And it is founded in the individual consciousness of the divine supremacy of the ego.

What may be the political significance of this emancipation of the individual? In this new freedom power has been unfolded to a wonderful degree—power to will, to reason, and to do things; power to aspire and improve personal conditions; power to perceive the right through the wrong; power to control environment. How will all this affect politics?

Here, as in other things, men have been largely led and dominated by “bosses” and herded within the confines of party affiliations by the party lash. Platforms, the edicts of conventions controlled by the “bosses,” are supposed to embody the infallible principles by and through which the country is to be saved from its enemy—the other party. The masses array themselves on sides accordingly. “I am a Democrat,” or “I am a Republican,” has been supposed to express what every good man ought to be politically. It really means, “My party leaders, the politicians, have formulated for me my political creed. To this I subscribe.” In most cases the voter cannot tell you the difference between the party platforms, nor give you an intelligent answer to the question, “Why are you a Democrat, or a Republican?”

When the time comes to vote, the proud possessor of the franchise takes a ballot furnished him at the polls, sees that his adopted party name is at the head of it, and hands it in as his will respecting who should fill the offices. As he turns

I once knew an old lady who was a fervent Baptist. She devoutly believed the Baptist creed to be the only Scriptural one in existence. One day a friend said to her, "Sister J., what is your opinion about foreordination?" The good woman was nonplussed for a moment; then she answered, brightly, "You go and ask Bro. W. [her pastor] about that. I think just like he does about it." In like manner is based the political faith of most men in their party leaders.

But this state of things is rapidly changing, thanks to the great modern renaissance. People are becoming less and less subservient to the dominant influence of party and clique, custom and creed. This is a result of their greater freedom and independence of thought, about matters of State as well as of theology and therapeutics. There is more independent voting than ever before. The voter begins to ask, "*Who is he?*" instead of "To what party does he belong?" before favoring a candidate with his vote.

And, as to principles: The wealth-producers are formulating ideas that were never written into any political platform nor uttered by a stump speaker. And they are daring to talk these ideas out aloud, regardless of charges of infidelity to the party creed.

As this new thought-infiltration spreads and increases in power, the old lines will give way. Old wine-skins will not hold new wine. The common people will eventually have their personal rights vindicated at the polls and in the halls of legislation.

At a municipal election in one of our large cities a year ago we were greatly refreshed to witness an uprising of the people—a wholesome, quiet expression of the popular will at the polls, without regard to previous partizan alliance. The mayor incumbent was seeking election for a second term. During his first term he had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the big corporations and trusts, and their henchmen in office, by bravely contending against odds in the city council



for the rights of the citizen at home. So they combined to "down him." Every newspaper in the city, with a single exception, was procured to oppose him. They fought him bitterly, slandered him outrageously, and money was used by the barrel to beat the man who had forced the wealthy combines to pay their just proportion of taxes.

But it all failed. When election day came, the people, who had said little but thought much, went quietly to the polls and elected their man by an overwhelming majority. The heads of the defeated corruptionists have not yet gotten over the daze it caused them. They are yet trying to ascertain "where they are at." And in this city the ratio of New Thought people is greater, I believe, than in any other city in the world.

One of these bright days there will be a popular uprising all over the nation, and the intelligent will of the yeomanry of industry shall be asserted, regardless of old party affiliations. As people grow into a larger conception of the rights of the whole and the birthright privileges of the individual, they become more and more self-assertive and free in the expression of their inborn convictions. The New Thought certainly means this.

As I go out among men every day, I am saying to them, "The land, the surface of the earth, ought to be as free as the air and sunshine, every man, woman and child being secure in the possession of only as much as can be used for a living—it must yet be so;" or, "All public utilities must be owned by the people. It is the only solution to the trust question and the strike troubles;" or, "Coöperation must take the place of competition in all business relations among men." And I do not find one person in ten who disagrees with me on these subjects. I am convinced that if one or all of these propositions were submitted to an open, fair, free vote of the people of the United States to-day—the women being allowed to vote, too (why should they not?), my sentiments as herein expressed would carry by a much greater than two-thirds majority.

Then why not have it so? Why not let the people vote on it and have their will carried out? As yet the "bosses" will not permit it. The people cannot have their way about what they know to be best for them. These subjects cannot now get before the denizens of labor and founders of our homes, whom Jesus called "the salt of the earth," for a decision upon their merits. The land barons and holders of the circulating medium will not permit it. They know too well that the verdict would be against the present system, which is so favorable to their greed.

But it will not always be so. I see the handwriting of public opinion upon the wall of the prison-house of oppression: "Weighed in the balance of Justice and found wanting."

If the old system of things is not best for the multitude, in the end it is not best for the few; although they may fatten and flourish for a time under the régime of oppression, it cannot continue so.

The New Thought movement breathes silently upon the brain and hearts of men, awakening as never before the spirit of liberty and individualism. The sons of God are becoming less and less gregarious and sectarian, and the yoke of feudal authority and ignorant selfishness galls the neck of the nominally free man more and more. He will one day throw it off, in the light of the new intelligence, quietly, peacefully, majestically.

For the new teaching holds the man to be divine, not depraved; powerful, not a weakling dependent upon the grace of an absent deity; free, not a servile cringer under the lash of authority; a sovereign inheritor of the earth, not a singleproused beggar at the gate of Dives having his sores dressed by dogs. He does not wish to win a place in Abraham's bosom in that way. He will take a part of the good things of *this* world, if you please.

This ideal of manhood grows and spreads rapidly. We see its outcroppings even among those who oppose the New

Thought. It is in the air, and no one who lives at all can avoid breathing it. It bubbles up in the sermons of the churches, glows in the prayers of the members, flashes forth in the oratory of public lecturers, sweetens the spirit of social relations and awakens the consciousness of divine sonship and warms the heart of true brotherhood in all.

It will erase old sectarian lines in both politics and religion, formed in prejudice and selfishness for the elevation and enrichment of the few, and draw up a new code of principles for the good of all. It is a process of education that will ultimately reform all abuses and lift up the fallen among men, as the old rules of fear, obedience to commandments, and hope of *post-mortem* rewards never did and never could do. It is a code of conduct and character founded upon unfoldment of the within through the inspiration of Truth—not secured by the repression of fear or the mercenary quest for harps and crowns in a city with gold-brick pavement.

It will surely purify the ballot and render its operation intelligent and untrammelled. Until this is done there can be no true reform of this vaunted "bulwark of our liberty." The salvation of both the nation and the race is in education,—the drawing out of the powers of the within,—and not in armies and navies, nor in the pledges of reformatory, fear-enforced resolutions. These are all based in terror and must fail.

The New Thought dispels fear, ennobles manhood and womanhood, exalts trueness to Truth, and reforms the depraved in conduct by unfolding the real powers of the spiritual self.

In this direction, therefore, may we look confidently for political revolution out of corruption and oppression into a form of government really and truly by the people and for the people. Subservience to unreasoning authority dwarfs men's souls and brain; intelligent thinking and self-government render them in reality lords of creation and arbiters of their own destiny.

## A. P. BARTON: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The subject of our sketch this month was born in Platte Co., Mo. He is of Scotch, English, and German descent, and there is also a tinge of Cherokee blood in his veins. When a boy, Mr. Barton spent the greater part of his time on a farm. He was educated in the common schools, and finally in the University of Missouri. He is the recipient of two diplomas from that institution and also of the Master's degree.

For seven years Mr. Barton was principal of a western high school. He is a fine Latin and German scholar, and has a fair knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and French. From 1882 to 1896 he practised law in Kansas City.

For the last ten years Mr. Barton has devoted most of his time to editorial work. His metaphysical journal, *Life*, which is issued monthly, first appeared in April, 1894. It has a large circulation.

Mr. Barton has written and published several books. They are as follows: "The Bible," a historical and critical study; "The A B C of Truth," a lesson book; "The Bible and Eternal Punishment;" "Faith's Fruition," and "Why Are We Here?" He is also a lecturer, and teaches classes at home and abroad in the Science of Life.

Mr. Barton is a clear, vigorous writer. He knows what he wants to say and how it should be said. He is frank and fearless. His position regarding *materia medica* is perhaps best summed up in a quotation from an article in a late number of *Life*, entitled "The Passing of Materia Medica." It reads as follows:

"How does the doctor cool a fever? By having the patient swallow a poison that renders the heart too weak to beat so fast, and, of course, the

pulse gets slower. A bigger dose of the drug would stop the heart altogether, as has been done many times.

"What is there in medication anyhow? Is there any healing principle? There are only six physical effects of drugs on the human system, and it can easily be shown that not one of them is healing. A cathartic may relieve the effects of constipation temporarily, but no one claims that it ever heals the disease. It only renders the functions of the internal organs less efficient and the natural operation of the life principle in the viscera less active. The pill or drug benumbs and cripples natural action so that it will be more and more imperative to resort to it again. It sets up an artificial in place of the natural method of action. The same is true of pepsin, which is intended to help digestion. Stimulants and sedatives are followed by a reaction that more than counteracts the apparently good effect of the drug.

"Any drug is a poison, and the effort of Nature to throw it out when taken into the system we call 'the drug acting.' In some instances the stomach can throw it off better, in others the kidneys, and in others the bowels or other secretory portion of the body. There is no action in drugs of themselves at all.

"Anything that cannot be digested and assimilated into the body is a poison. If an article is taken into the digestive machinery that is not of the elements or constituencies of the physical body, is foreign to those elements, or not homogeneous in composition, it cannot be assimilated, and is therefore a poison, and Nature begins at once to try to throw it off. . . .

"We are gradually but surely growing out of and above the use of medicines of all kinds. The day is not far distant when medication will be a thing of the past, and the healer will study the human body and mind and health instead of disease and chemicals. And when he graduates he will go out to teach people how to be well; how to utilize the air, the sunshine, exercise, water, and food; how to think good, pure, wholesome, fearless thoughts, so as to keep the body alive and well and active."

We are in decided accord with Mr. Barton when we read the following from his little book entitled, "Why Are We Here?"—

"That the individual, though always unfolding, can never fully comprehend or absorb the universal, is not to be deplored. Man has within him infinite potentialities with eternity for unfoldment. There must, then, be progression, education, the showing forth of understanding, *ad infinitum*. There never can be a point reached where all is attained by the self-conscious personality, and a consequent state of stagnation and desuetude arrived at; for both it and the principle which involves it in form are infinite, and identical in being.

"Now we are beginning to unfold through understanding and volition.

Now have we received a hint of the power of the Word—the thought, or formulated idea—in the process. Only now do we begin consciously, intelligently, to set about the work which this incarnation means, and for which the body and the physical universe are prepared, to wit: the development of an indestructible, self-conscious, free-willing individuality."

In another work of Mr. Barton's, entitled "Faith's Fruition," the author gives simple but clear directions as to how the physical body should be kept well through the recognition of the inner selfhood. The following quotation will briefly convey his thought:

"Is it health of body you seek? Your real body, the body God made, is already sound and well in every part. A perfect maker could make no other. You 'live and move and have your being' in God, and there is no sickness in Him. Declare this truth in the light of faith, and it will manifest itself in the external body of yourself, or of others for whom you make this 'prayer of faith.' You thus awake to the full apprehension of your God-given greatness and perfectness, and not until you do this can you 'see the kingdom of God.'

"And this is true of any other desire of the heart. Know that the thing desired is already yours in the real, and but awaits the formulating power of the word, that prayer 'believing ye have received' (which you have), to externalize it. This is faith. It is the eye of the Spirit—the eye that is 'single,' and which sees in itself that all things are yours, and nerves and directs the arm of power, which is the Word, so that it may bring them to pass in the actual."

Again, his thought in regard to inspiration is thoroughly sound, and in accord with the most advanced ideas of the day concerning that subject. In a book entitled "The Bible," he writes as follows:

"He who is true to the law of his being is inspired. His life becomes a channel through which the tide of unceasing Expression flows into manifestation. He is attuned into accord with Nature's symphony, and becomes a part of her music. He is thrilled with the vibrating ripples of Truth's shimmering beams of light, and is illuminated with her fulness. So what he says is true, or in accord with Truth. His utterances find wings, and favoring currents, and sustenance, and breath in the Omnipresence, so that their mission is accomplished, and their work sure, and their life sustained; and they set up a vibrating response in the element or substance of Being, which goes on forever and forever. No life is quite so dark, no animal quite so ferocious, no serpent quite so venomous, no weed quite so poisonous, after a true word has been sent forth to create the attuning in-

fluence in the Essence of Being, as it would have been without it. Thus is the gospel preached to every creature.

"Let us view the Bible in a spiritual light and discern its lessons by spiritual understanding, always applying the search-light of reason unsparingly with the X-rays of the heart. It is worse than unwise to talk about discarding, or abandoning, the Bible. Its precepts, its hopes, its promises, its examples, its prophecies, its inspiration of truth—all are so intricately and fundamentally and inextricably interwoven in the lives, the morals, the religion, the literature of the people that such a thing would simply be impossible. Let us only be honest with it and use it aright, without idolatry or superstition."

Mr. Barton's writings appeal to one's common sense as being thoroughly sincere and straightforward. In his magazine, *Life*, there is always plenty of food for thought. He is ably assisted in his work by his wife, C. Josephine Barton, who is favorably known throughout the country as an able exponent of the New Thought, both as a lecturer and a practitioner of metaphysical healing.



EVERY young man should do at least one thing every day which helps somebody else and from which he cannot possibly reap any profit or advantage. Let him do one thing every day that cannot possibly yield him any tangible reward directly or indirectly, now or ever. I know of no discipline of character equal to this. After a while this subtle change will come over your nature. You come to understand the practical value of the words of the Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There comes to you an acquisition of power. Your influence, by a process which escapes any human analysis, reaches out over your associates, over all humanity. A man cannot select a surer road to ruin than to have a selfish motive back of every action. To do all of your deeds, or most of them, with the thought of the advantage they will bring you will result in paralysis of character, as surely as certain drugs introduced into the nerves for a long period of time will result in physical paralysis. I do not think that there can be a more valuable suggestion made to a young man facing the world and desiring to increase his power than to practise unself

## FEAR IN CHILDREN.

BY DOCTOR LINO FERRIANI.\*

In several of my books on criminal psychology, especially those in which I dealt with precocious crime and gave facts and figures, I had frequent occasion to study the psychical phenomenon of *fear*. Our great Manzoni devoted some fine pages to this in his novel, "The Betrothed." Fear is a special characteristic of certain criminals in whom the lack of courage is fully compensated for by refined cunning. On account of the very nature of these studies, my attention and my investigations were particularly concerned with abnormal subjects, but while working at it I collected some valuable material in regard to fear in normal subjects, and, above all, in children. I allude briefly to this in "The Infant World" (Milan, 1899), but the researches I compiled for a prominent American magazine have met with so favorable a reception by those interested in infantile psychology and physiology that I am impelled to put my data in order and present them to the readers of this excellent periodical. They will find these phenomena worthy of their attention, for they are such as the advanced educator cannot afford to pass by.

It is only too frequently the case that children's lives are embittered by mistakes due to the psychological ignorance of teachers. The evil resulting may be mended with great difficulty, and it may never be mended at all. Thus, when the child becomes a man (and this must always be kept in mind) he finds himself the slave of a feeling that is the negation of human dignity. In his "Lives," Laertio correctly observes:



"Battle of Benevento," declares that "fear is a sure sign that there is something wrong with the mind." In fact, I have demonstrated elsewhere that anonymous letters are almost always written by pusillanimous persons. Therefore, if we care for the child's future happiness, if we wish him in due time to confront the problems of life not fretfully but with a clear head, cool determination, and fitting dignity, then we must cure this disease of fear, which is so disturbing an element in child-life; and to that end we must employ wise, persistent, and loving psychical therapeutics.

Let us recall here La Fontaine's words: "The strongest passion is fear; it conquers aversion; it overmasters love sometimes, and sometimes is overmastered by love." Segar says: "Fear and superstition upset our reason like wine." "The timid man," says Richter, "is afraid of danger before it comes, the coward when it comes, and the brave man after it is past." L. Boerne holds that "true courage is not only a balloon that carries us aloft, but a parachute in case of accident." Hence, the educational problem, all alive as it is with these rational physico-psychical questions, cannot leave out of account that ethical depression, that physiological weakness, which gives rise to fear in the child; for the hardest and most humiliating rebuffs in life are reserved for the weak—and the weak nearly all belong to that unhappy class who are the victims of fear. Balzac's "men-shrubs" are members of this family.

The disastrous effects of fear upon the child were illustrated years ago by Desauret in his excellent work, "The Medicine of the Passions." Weak beings—weak for physiological reasons, such as their age and surroundings (women and children specifically)—are, generally speaking, subject to fear. It happens occasionally, however, that one child exhibits the feeling in a much less marked degree than another of the same age; he may even show it in an imperceptible way with the characteristics of reasoning caution rather than genuine fear. Now, such a child, who distinguishes himself from his com-

panions and approximates the courageous (not to be confounded, bear in mind, with the impulsive or foolhardy), can be easily led into the path of real courage if we impart to him a rational physico-psychical education, such as flourishes so creditably in America. Instead of that, unfortunately, in the families of the Latin race, as a rule, a false system of education extinguishes courage and facilitates the rank overgrowth of fear. The blind love of many mothers makes them see perils everywhere. If perils do not exist, they imagine them and create them. If they do exist, but are of such a nature as to be overcome by a child properly brought up both physically and morally, they magnify them in Don Quixote style—and, lo! our little “human sponge” begins straightway to absorb drop by drop the poison of fear. This puts him on the road to pusillanimity, *i. e.*, the deadening of all healthy energy, of generous impulses, and of all sense of his obligations.

And this is not all. In many families, the story and the fable (in themselves excellent educational factors) completely miss their mark so far as education is concerned, because the leading characters in them are devils, witches, “bogey-men,” and savage policemen, who eat up the naughty boys or take them off to jail. And people think that with this rank, unscientific, pedagogical system (rather let us call it medieval twaddle) they can correct their children’s faults! By this system children develop excessive timidity—the honest through fear of the devil and the policeman, while the little ones who merely affect fear personify the immortal “Tartuffe” of Molière in later life. Fables ought to be composed in an entirely different spirit; they ought to form the child’s character, as is taught by Sully, Ardigo, Lubbock, Mac Cunn-Finn, Spencer, Herbart, Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, and other well-known educators. Let the fables be supplemented by facts drawn from real life, and by plays written expressly for children. Assuredly children should not go to the ordinary theaters, because either they fall asleep or what

they understand is at the expense of their nervous system and of their psycho-intellectual faculties. The mischievous drain on these is due to blind love and to the unthinking parents' ignorance of the psychology of childhood. Fables of this kind, as well as certain plays, develop the emotion of fear and extinguish every spark of courageous reaction.

Out of two hundred children of different social conditions, fear exerted its influence as follows: 125 through exaggerated maternal love, 75 as a result of bad bringing up, and 25 from hereditary causes. Among the last twenty-five, morbid fears (known as "phobias") controlled ten children, in the following forms: 2 of hæmatophobia, or fear of blood; 1 of agoraphobia, or fear of open spaces; 1 of thanatophobia, or fear of death; 1 of siderodophobia, or fear of railroads; 1 of phobophobia, or fear of being frightened; 2 of anthropophobia, or fear of crowds; 2 of monophobia, or fear of being alone.

It is needless to say that these morbid fears require nothing more than intelligent treatment. But there are ignorant parents who undertake to cure them by whipping and sometimes by severe punishment, such as shutting up the child in a dark closet. The effect of such measures is to aggravate the malady and to injure both physically and morally the unfortunate little one. Let parents who have children subject to "phobias" remember what Geliman wrote: "A sudden, irresistible agonizing terror that comes on under certain conditions and surroundings, and that causes an emotion so deep as to paralyze will and reason—those useful pilots that help us to triumph over ordinary fears."

Here, divided into ten groups, are characteristic answers given by one hundred children to the question, "Why are you afraid?"—

1. "We are afraid because it is so dark at night."
2. "We are afraid because when it thunders the devil is driving around in his chariot."
3. "We are afraid because we are so little."

4. "We are afraid because when it is stormy weather the wind whistles like a man."

5. "We are afraid because the bogey-man eats up the naughty children."

6. "We are afraid because the devil knows whether we are studying our lessons or not."

7. "We are afraid to sleep because the bad spirits go around at night-time."

8. "We are afraid of the policemen because they put in jail the children that dirty their aprons."

9. "We are afraid of the soldiers because they eat up the children that don't behave in school."

10. "We are afraid of ugly old women, because they bite the children that will not study their lessons."

The replies of these children, although not uniform, could be classified substantially as above. Unquestionably they all reveal a system of fables and pernicious education, for they show how stupidly fear is resorted to as an agency for making children good, studious, and well behaved. Worst of all, there is even an attempt to inspire them with an aversion toward the *aged*, whereas a feeling of respect for such is precisely what ought to be cultivated in children. Instead, a poor, unfortunate, ugly old woman, toward whom the child should be taught to extend the hand of pity and charity, becomes in his eyes an object of terror and loathing. Thus the sacred feeling of altruism is driven away and fear broods over selfishness in its most repulsive and anti-social forms.

Two hundred and fifty children were examined, partly by myself and partly by coadjutors, and in the course of this patient and difficult investigation special questions were put to the little ones to ascertain how they defined "fear." I select the most characteristic answers—those that best reflect the mental and psychical status of the child interrogated, and the home and school atmosphere in which he lives:

1. "Fear is a trembling all over the body."

2. "Fear is an ugly, ill-clothed, swearing man."
3. "Fear is Grandma when she threatens to send me to school."
4. "Fear is the teacher when he threatens to have me arrested by a policeman."

(It is needless to note here how utterly opposed to all sound notions of correction these threats are, being based on stupid lies and incapable of ever being carried into effect. The child will be scared for a while, then he will pretend to be scared and will laugh at the simplicity of the instructor who imagines he can accomplish his purpose by such puerile methods. Conclusion: first a scared child, then a hypocritical child, always an ill-bred child.)

5. "Fear is thunder."
6. "Fear is a policeman."
7. "Fear is pain in the legs and a fluttering in the heart."
8. "Fear is a cold, as if it were winter; I seem to be naked in the street and all covered with snow."
9. "Fear is a shuddering in the breast."
10. "Fear is the need of running away when something frightens me."
11. "Fear is the devil's daughter."
12. "Fear is the *jettatura* ["evil eye"] of somebody that wants to hurt me." (This was a Neapolitan child.)
13. "Fear is the pain of little children like me."
14. "Fear is the devil's mama."
15. "Fear is the wind whistling across the mountains."
16. "Fear is a woman all dressed in black with big feet."
17. "Fear is a bad man that cannot be seen, but goes around at night in rooms where there are naughty children."
18. "Fear is *fear*; you have to feel it to understand."
19. "Fear is a tail that catches hold of you by the throat or by the legs and makes you tremble."
20. "Fear is what soldiers have when they go to war. Oh, I shall never be a soldier!"

21. "Fear is a sort of fever that gives me the headache."
22. "Fear is the need of hiding yourself under the bed."
23. "Fear is—is—not having any courage."
24. "What is fear? I don't know, but I know it is a hateful thing and I don't like to have it."

In these definitions, too,—many of which reveal an awakened mind,—we can see the mistaken educational trend of many families, which invoke the aid of a base feeling under the impression that they can derive salutary effects from it, whereas what they really accomplish is simply a psycho-physical disaster. How can manly characters ever be formed in that way? Compayrè, in his "Course of Pedagogy," says: "Character consists not in the sum total of our habits and our tastes, but in the possession of a firm will—a will that is cultivated, guided in the right direction, and capable of resisting events. This conception of character is the ideal of moral education."

Only too often the creation of a family takes place in as inconsiderate a way as the planning of a picnic; that is to say, without the parents having any lucid idea of their delicate social and family duties. Children are born, and their elders are wholly unprepared to bring them up. They instil in their minds the superstitions and mistakes that they themselves inherited from a vitiated educational atmosphere, and thus with their own bungling hands they manufacture future unhappiness for their offspring.

For more than twenty years I have made a study of criminal psychology and of infantile psychology. Thousands of times I have been compelled to recognize the sad fact that at least eighty-eight per cent. of morbidly timid children could have been cured and saved in time by means of common-sense principles of psychical and physiological hygiene, in which the main factor is suggestion inspired by wholesome courage. The jargon borrowed from fear must be banished from the family circle; the domain of prudence must be kept separate and dis-

tinct from that which borders on cowardice; language that is authoritative and stern must be backed up by examples, and softened by readings such as will stimulate the child's moral nature. Illustrated newspapers making a specialty of crime; tales of murders, brigandage, and tragic suicides; blood-and-thunder stories in general—all these exert a mischievous influence on the child mind: and the more so (this is a noteworthy phenomenon) because such reading has a special fascination for the *little* reader. He is scared, he trembles, he cries, he can scarcely sleep at night on account of bad dreams; yet he is attracted by that kind of reading which is the source of his woes, for the very reason (this is well known to those who make a scientific study of crime) that evil as commonly presented is far more "attractive" than good and a terrifying impression produces vastly more effect upon a child than a gentle one. Facts demonstrate this most eloquently, and they ought to arouse in certain parents that "good sense" which, according to Goethe, should guide human actions.

Out of 250 children examined, 220 confessed to a strong preference for "sensational" reading, in which devils and witches play the leading rôles, with criminal intrigues and diabolic sorcery. In these tales vulgar superstition, silly popular beliefs, and morbid inventions are all so combined as to react in a most sinister manner upon the childish imagination; therefore, fear is developed—which means that all ethical awakening is blighted.

I might enlarge considerably on this subject, with an abundant mass of illustrations, but I would have to go outside the limits laid down in this brief study. I venture the opinion that the hints here given may prove useful and helpful to all who devote themselves to children's education. To them I cannot too strongly recommend a careful study of infant psychology in its bearings on individualism. And let them bear in mind that only with the aid of this study will they ever be able to overcome *fear*—the great enemy of healthy child life.

## SOMNAMBULISM AND THE SOMNAMBULE.

BY A. C. HALPHIDE, M.D.

The mind perceives and knows that it perceives; it feels and knows that it feels; it wills and knows that it wills: and this power of the mind to recognize itself as acting is called *consciousness*. Recent psychical research has led us far toward an understanding of consciousness and related states of mind. Consciousness is the mind's awareness of its own activities, and it unifies the mind as the connective tissue does the body. We may therefore define consciousness as an active state of mind—wakefulness, or awareness—as contrasted with a passive state—sleep, somnambulism, or trance. This conception of consciousness has rendered it necessary to introduce terms to represent the states of mind not included under consciousness; and so we find in the recent literature upon this subject the words *subconscious* and *superconscious*. They are practically synonymous, however, as it is impossible to say certainly whether the phenomena in question are above or below consciousness; indeed, it is probable that they are neither. In general, therefore, we may assume that we have two groups of mental states, conscious and subconscious, and among the latter we find our subject, Somnambulism and the Somnambule.

Somnambulism belongs to the phenomena of sleep, and is a mental state causing or favoring the performance during sleep of actions peculiar to the waking state—as walking, talking, working, and the like. The term was primarily limited in its application to sleep-walking, but its extension has been enlarged to include certain other similar states of mind occurring in morbid processes and induced by artificial means. There are, therefore, three types of somnambulism depending on as many occasions or causes of their production; namely, natural



somnambulism occurring in normal sleep, morbid somnambulism occurring in the course of certain diseases, and artificial somnambulism occurring in profound hypnosis. It will be expedient to consider briefly these types separately in the order mentioned.

Natural somnambulism, sometimes called spontaneous somnambulism, occurs during natural sleep; that is to say, it is preceded and followed by normal sleep, and is the condition commonly known as sleep-walking—for the somnambule during sleep arises from his bed, leaves the house by a window or a door, and goes out upon some errand or performs some supposed duty. Natural somnambulism may be defined as a spontaneous mental condition, occurring during natural sleep, similar to dreaming in which the dreams are carried into action. The dreaming and acting are so intimately associated in the mind of the somnambule that to him, if he has any memory of them at all (which is unusual), they are blended into an ordinary dream. The rule in all somnambulic experiences is absolute forgetfulness, or amnesia, as it is technically known; and he knows of his subconscious exploits only from the testimony of others, together with the evidences that remain of his performances. The somnambule is limited in his performances only by his powers of mind and body, and it appears that he accomplishes feats in his subconscious state impossible to him in normal consciousness.

An interesting case of somnambulism came to the writer's notice recently—that of a young lady who has done considerable story-writing in her sleep. The quality of the writing done in the subconscious state is much superior to any she can do in her waking state. She attempted, the other day, to write a story while awake, working faithfully at it during the afternoon and evening, but utterly failed, and, discouraged by her failure, went to bed and to sleep. In the morning she arose at the usual hour and was surprised to find the story completed, neatly written in her own handwriting. In the night she had

arisen from her bed and accomplished what she had been unable to do while awake. Not the slightest memory is retained of her night exploits, and often while working at night she mislays or hides things so that she is unable to find them when awake. The presence of others in the room is apparently unnoticed and does not interfere with the work of this somnambule, and she does not respond when spoken to.

Abercrombie relates the experience of a young nobleman, living in the citadel of Breslau, who arose from his bed, wrapped himself in his cloak, and climbed out of the window to the roof of the adjoining building. There he tore a magpie's nest to pieces, wrapped the young magpies in his cloak, and returned to his room and went to bed. He would not believe that he had left his bed or his room until he was shown the young magpies in his cloak by his brother, who shared the room with him and had observed the somnambule's perilous feat.

A lady who has been a sleep-walker from childhood arose from her bed one warm night last summer and prepared to go out upon the street. At the street door she was intercepted and asked where she was going. "I am too warm and am going out for a walk," she promptly replied. She was led back to her room and informed that she was not dressed properly for going out, as she was in her night clothing and with bare feet. She insisted upon going, declaring that she would dress, and when informed that she was asleep she became quite indignant and said she thought that she had sense enough to know when she was awake. Her appearance and conversation were wakeful, but on the following morning she had no memory of the somnambulic experience.

Any number of cases might be cited, but the above typical examples will suffice to illustrate the phenomena of natural somnambulism.

The somnambule is dominated by an idea, probably an auto-suggestion, and he uses all of his mental and physical powers

to accomplish his purpose. The notion that only a few of the senses are active at the same time in somnambulism is probably incorrect, for in many instances *all* the senses are unusually active. The sense activity seems to depend upon the demand of the particular work undertaken. When the feat is simple only a few are required, but when intricate all of them are pressed into service. The economical use of the senses and the concentration of the attention upon them account for apparent unconsciousness of the somnambule to his surroundings. Concentration is always attended by the same results in and out of somnambulism, but this is no proof of unconsciousness; it is rather a proof of inattention to other things. The persistence of the idea dominating the mind of the somnambule is well illustrated by one of the examples just given; indeed, the idea often recurs night after night if the occasion for it is not removed. Any unusual condition of mind or body, as weariness or anxiety, is sufficient to start the somnambule off on one of his night undertakings. The writer has had the opportunity of experimenting with several sleep-walkers and has found them all readily responsive to suggestion. The dominating idea was modified or removed at will, and the person easily awakened by the methods employed for dehypnotizing. Most of these persons may be relieved of their somnambulic habits by suggestive treatments.

The unusual mental and physical power, the forgetfulness, and the double consciousness involved in the examples cited will be considered after morbid somnambulism has been defined and illustrated, in order to avoid needless repetitions.

Morbid somnambulism is a pathological state almost identical with natural somnambulism, from which it differs chiefly in not being immediately preceded and followed by normal sleep. It is an exalted state of mind, occurring spontaneously, in which the soul stimulates the organism weakened by disease into unusual activities. Ideas take possession of the mind, as in natural somnambulism, causing dreams that are carried into

action if the patient is not restrained. The exaltation of mind resembles that which precedes certain forms of insanity. The hallucinations are very persistent, sometimes lasting for weeks, with lucid intervals. Unusual keenness of perception is the rule, and, as in other forms of somnambulism, remarkable feats both physical and mental are performed. A single example will suffice for illustration.

Unable to remember how he reached his destination, or when he had begun his midnight journey, a student in an academy near Chicago, who retired to his bed in the dormitory with rheumatism Friday afternoon, awoke Saturday morning to find himself sixteen miles distant wrapped in blankets lying in a carriage at his home. It was learned later that he had spent fifteen cents, presumably for carfare, and walked the remainder of the distance, several miles. The president of the university said: "The strange actions of the student have caused considerable excitement among the members of the faculty. There is no doubt that he walked to his home in a semi-conscious condition. It is my opinion that it was a peculiar case of somnambulism, although he had been sick and may have been brought to an unconscious [subconscious] state on this account."

Many classical cases of pathological double personality are on record in which the somnambulic experiences are much more clearly defined than in the case of this student. They occur most often in hysterical patients. It is not uncommon for them to assume different personalities, each one marked by a different moral character as well as a distinct train of memory. They often adopt new names, have to be introduced to their relatives and friends anew, and engage in different occupations. They are to all intents and purposes different persons, if character and memory constitute personality. Upon returning to normal consciousness they lose all memory of the new personality; however, it is perfectly remembered in a sub-

sequent state of somnambulism. These hysterical subjects have been found to be highly suggestible.

The physical feats of somnambules are marvelous to contemplate. They climb to dizzy heights and walk with certain steps if undisturbed. Concentration of effort probably accounts for the unusual strength exhibited by these somnambules. The exalted mental powers are not so easily explained; they at least suggest the existence of the supersensuous action of mind. Clairvoyance and telepathy, which they seem to exhibit, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by sense perceptions, be they ever so refined. It is possible that writing poetry, solving difficult problems, making speeches, and the performance of other functions impossible when awake may be due to exaltation of the senses, but it is incredible that messages sent from soul to soul across the ocean without material means can be so explained. Experience and experiments render it most probable that we have barely opened the door of the possibilities in this wealth of soul phenomena.

The lapse of memory of somnambulic experiences common to somnambules is due to a segregation of mind, and not, as Porter suggests, to the abrupt and complete transition from one state of mind to the other. The transition is rather and more exactly from one plane of *consciousness* to another. The numerous instances of double personality are inexplicable if the mind is not segregated into planes of consciousness. Persons are known to have lived for many years in alternating states of consciousness, being equally capable in both; but in neither personality were they aware of the occurrences of the other. Memory is retained only of conscious mental actions, and since both personalities have their trains of memory it seems necessary to conclude that they are both conscious states. The somnambule remembers his previous experiences in renewed somnambulic states, so what is true of pathological double personality must be equally true of him; namely, the separate trains of memory exist in different planes of consciousness.

The somnambulic experiences are occasionally vaguely remembered as indistinct dreams by reason of their occurrence while passing from one state into the other. A reference to the phenomena of sleep and dreams will make this plain.

The performances of somnambulism are not always so orderly and rational as might be supposed from what has been said. The hallucinations that dominate the somnambule sometimes compel him to commit deeds of violence upon unsuspecting friends. Not long ago a young man choked his mother to death under the hallucination that she was a serpent. Others under the hallucination that they have been wronged have accused innocent persons, who have sometimes found it difficult to clear themselves on account of the apparent honesty and persistence of the accusers. The marvelous feats of the somnambules are not always performed with precision and without harm to themselves. Quite recently in Chicago a sleep-walker who had climbed upon the roof of a building fell through the sky-light and seriously injured himself.

Artificial somnambulism, now commonly known as hypnotic somnambulism, is a peculiar mental state, induced by one person in another, closely resembling the spontaneous types of somnambulism. It differs from natural somnambulism in that it is not immediately preceded and followed by natural sleep; from morbid somnambulism in that it is independent of pathological conditions, and from both in that it is not spontaneous but an *induced* state of mind. The induction of artificial somnambulism has been variously called hypnotizing, psychologizing, mesmerizing, magnetizing, and so on. The state is the same, however it is induced; but not every state induced by these means is artificial somnambulism. Hypnosis, for example, may or may not mean somnambulism. It depends upon the character of the person hypnotized; for a somnambule only will go into a somnambulic state.

Artificial somnambulism may, therefore, be defined as an induced state of mind similar to sleep in which the somnam-

bule is dominated by suggested ideas. Some deny its similarity to natural sleep, probably because they have not carefully compared the two states, for the likeness is most striking. The somnambule in artificial somnambulism tends to fall into a relaxed somnolent condition if undisturbed, and if left long usually goes into a natural sleep from which he awakens as from an ordinary nap. Likewise, persons in deep natural sleep can, not infrequently, be transferred to somnambulic states and returned to sleep without waking them. Moreover, persons in natural somnambulism, which is known to be closely allied to sleep, are also readily changed into the artificial state and then returned to normal sleep. The only difference between deep sleep and artificial somnambulism seems to be the existence of *rapport* in the latter. The sleeper is dominated by auto-suggestion, and the somnambule by hetero-suggestion.

The existence of an artificial somnambulism worthy to be classed with natural and morbid somnambulism is doubted by a few, but this involves the stigmatizing of all the learned psychologists and doctors who have advocated it, from Mesmer's time to the present, as incompetent observers, and is too absurd for serious consideration. A glance at the abundant evidence should convince any one. Not all of Mesmer's and Braid's somnambules could have successfully simulated, and it is incredible that Charcot, the most learned neurologist of his day, should have been mistaken in so many cases in which failure would be inexcusable in a mere tyro. There is no occasion for doubt, even if we neglect the wealth of evidence left by the investigators of the past, for a few careful experiments carefully conducted by any unprejudiced person will convince him of the verity of artificial somnambulism. A venerable teacher used to say to his classes, "Young gentlemen, be careful or you will find what you are looking for." Let us look for and find the truth; in the end it will be best, although it may knock over some of our pet theories. Artificial somnambulism not only exists, but is marked by the characteristics

of its two allies of natural and morbid states; that is to say, the subject passes into a subconscious state, in which he performs feats peculiar to the state of wakefulness, and is forgetful of his experiences after returning to ordinary consciousness. These characteristics will be illustrated and discussed presently, and the term *somnambule* when used hereinafter will refer to the artificial type unless otherwise designated.

The somnambule is dominated by ideas suggested not by the dream consciousness nor by a pathological condition of mind or body, but by the person that induced the somnambulism, with whom he is *en rapport* and to whom alone he pays attention. The hetero-suggestions lay hold of him just as tenaciously and dominate him just as powerfully as the auto-suggestions do his two spontaneous allies. The suggested hallucinations are just as persistent and the exaltation of his mental and physical powers fully as pronounced. It is not difficult to demonstrate these facts by a little experimentation with a somnambule, but it should be borne in mind that not every hypnotic subject is a somnambule. Much confusion has arisen by reason of a lack of discrimination at this point. Suggestion is operative in every state and condition of mind from the cradle to the grave, and possibly beyond; it is a matter of cause and effect in which the suggested idea is the cause. The stream of ideas flowing through the mind ever broadens as it proceeds. It is an endless stream, arising in the past, flowing through the present, and going on into the future. Therefore, one may not disregard his past, for it determines the character of his present; nor can he be careless of the present, for the ideas introduced into it by suggestion or otherwise will fashion his future. Suggestion is the means by which ideas are introduced into the somnambule's mind and made to dominate him.

A male somnambule, after receiving the suggestion that he could do so, improvised musical compositions that were impossible to him under other conditions. He also repeatedly determined the owner of a glove by the sense of smell, passing



along the line formed of the persons present and smelling the hand of each in turn. A woman somnambule was told that the spirit of her dead father would appear to her and that she might converse with him. The hallucination was realized, and she held a long conversation with him in German—a language with which she had never been familiar. The conversation was interrupted by frequent fits of weeping. She likewise made a speech, upon receiving the suggestion that she was a well-known orator, which for excellence of matter and elegance of style was far beyond her normal powers. This lady, by suggestion, was enabled to remember her conversation with her father and expressed herself as greatly amazed at the revelations she had apparently received from him. Whence did the information come? Another male somnambule was told that he was a champion wrestler, and thereafter easily and quickly threw a friend who usually was able to throw him. There was no doubt of his increased physical power, for he was tested repeatedly. When under the hallucination that the house was on fire he climbed out of the window and down the fire escape, from which he dropped about fifteen feet to the ground.

The above examples not only illustrate what has been said, but also involve other ideas, such as amnesia, unconsciousness, the limitations of the power of suggestion, and the exaltation of the powers of mind, which deserve further consideration.

Amnesia, the somnambule's forgetfulness of his experiences, is the rule; none of the somnambules mentioned could remember any of his experiments, although they desired and strenuously tried to do so, except when definite suggestions were given that they *would* remember them. No persuasion or commands on my part could alter the results. The only time when such commands could have any effect, in my judgment, is before the somnambule has passed out of *rapport* with the experimenter, and then it would mean nothing more than

that he has not yet fully returned to his normal condition of mind. The lapse of memory is probably due to a segregation or division in the stream of ideas passing through the mind. In our efforts to recall events of conscious memory it is often necessary to go back in mind to the place or time of their occurrence before we can find the associated ideas. The same is true of subconscious memory. The events are recorded in the mind, but they are beyond the reach of recollection until the mind returns to the condition of their occurrence, which is the subconscious state. This fact is sustained by experience, for somnambules always remember the events of their previous somnambulism. Therefore, it is fair to assume that the forgetfulness is due to a change from one to another state of consciousness.

The notion that the somnambule passes into an unconscious state of mind is as untenable as the idea that he retains his normal consciousness. The lapse of memory has given rise to the idea that the somnambule becomes unconscious; but that has been shown to be due to his going into a subconscious condition, which is quite different—and we should discriminate between things that differ. The somnambule is not only conscious, but his mental faculties are hyper-acute. He knows not only what he is doing but also what those around him are doing, and he not only could but as certainly would object to any treatment calculated to expose him to serious danger. Under such circumstances the somnambule often requests to be awakened, but when the shock is severe or sudden he returns to consciousness of his own accord with a startled expression; however, he may not remember what awakened him.

The limitations of the power of suggestion are well shown by those somnambules who return to normal consciousness of their own accord, for no matter how many suggestions to the contrary are given the result will be the same. Surgical anesthesia and operations are not inconsistent with this fact, for the reason that the patient is not startled. He is prepared for

the operation, and has faith in his physician. Faith is a matter of great importance in this connection. For the somnambule who has confidence in the experimenter can be made to do much more than a stranger, who would be more apprehensive. There is a law in human nature that is deeper and stronger than the law of suggestion; it is the law of self-preservation. This law and the fact that the somnambule is always conscious of his surroundings are potent protections from most of the dangers of evil suggestion. The somnambule knows what he is doing and will rebel when told to do anything seriously dangerous to himself. However, when the suggestion is in harmony with his inclination it will strengthen the personal disposition; in this manner undoubtedly considerable evil might be accomplished, but it could not be justly charged to the suggestion. It is manifest, therefore, that the dangers to and from the somnambule are few and have been greatly overestimated. The truth in this connection can be determined only by experimenting with persons who are themselves students of psychic phenomena.

The exaltation of mind exhibited by somnambules is both startling and suggestive. It hints at the existence in man of certain powers not heretofore contained in our philosophy; namely, a supersensuous power of mind. The ability fluently to speak a language but imperfectly known, to deliver a brilliant speech, to improvise excellent music, and to surpass in feats of physical strength may be satisfactorily accounted for, as has been intimated, by the fact that the somnambule concentrates his attention in an unusual degree; but this does not explain the supersensuous phenomena that he produces. The existence of such powers as telepathy, clairvoyance, and the like can no longer be doubted; they have been too often exhibited before competent observers. Perhaps the briefest and easiest way to make this point clear will be to cite an example.

A woman somnambule was assured that she could go in spirit to her home, four hundred miles distant, and visit her

mother—and was bidden to go. She soon began to converse with her mother with animation and apparent satisfaction. It developed that her mother had a pretty new waist, and was going to an entertainment of which she gave the items on the program. The description of the waist and the program were later verified in every detail. How was the information conveyed? The above is one of dozens of examples that have occurred in the writer's experiments that prove the existence of supersensuous powers of perception in man. These powers are not limited to somnambules, but seem to be the heritage of the whole human family.



### RESOLVE !

Resolve to build thy character of gold ;  
 Resolve to trust, and God thine hand will hold ;  
 Resolve from darksome pathways quick to flee ;  
 Resolve to face the light, and thou shalt see.

Resolve to love, and thou shalt reap Love's fruit ;  
 Resolve thy tongue to falsehood shall be mute ;  
 Resolve the good to seek, the right to do ;  
 Resolve that thou to all men wilt be true.

Resolve to *do*, and thou thy goal shalt win ;  
 Resolve to *be*, and thou shalt keep from sin ;  
 Resolve to *seek*, and thou the truth shalt find ;  
*Resolve!*—and Matter shall submit to Mind.

JENNIE WILSON-HOWELL.



BETTER is the passion to make one's personal life noble and useful, to widen the skirts of knowledge, to break the arm of violence, and lessen the enormous sway of misery and crime, even without the conscious inspiration of a divine alliance, than any sense of mystery or awe or trust without this glorious passion.—  
*J. W. Chadwick.*

# THE SUN BOOK: AN ASTRO-METAPHYSICAL STUDY.

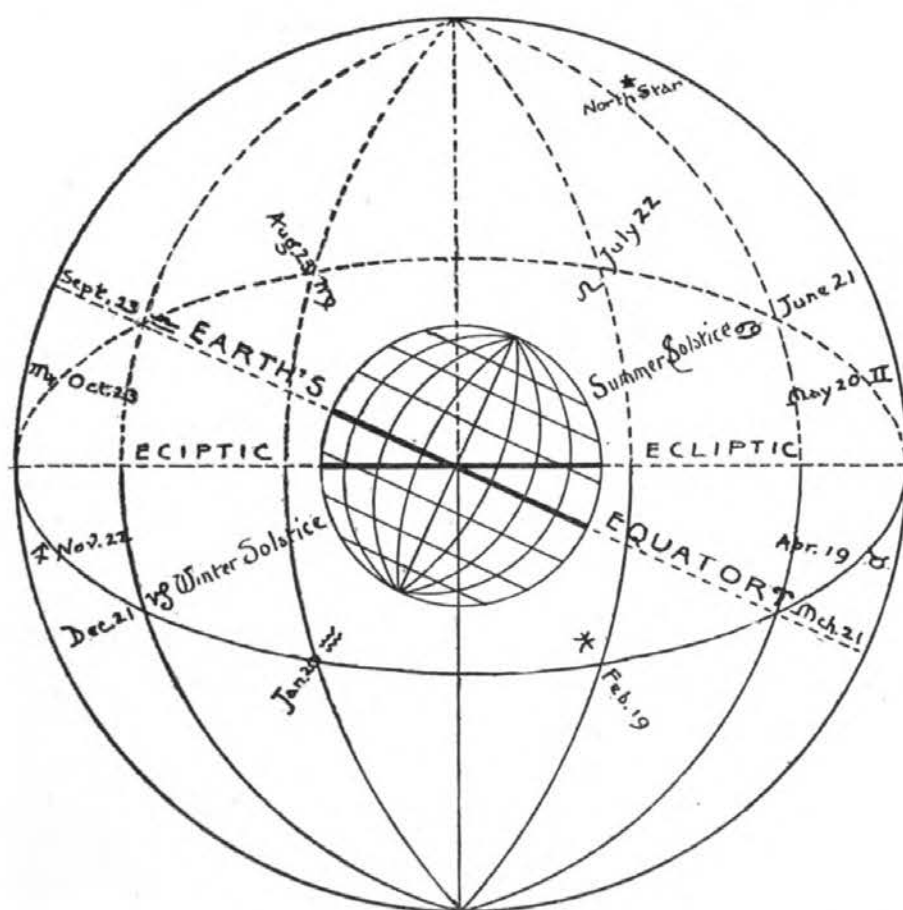
BY JOHN HAZELRIGG.

## II. THE TRUE LOCALE OF SCRIPTURAL GEOGRAPHY.

Sacred literature is perhaps more indebted to the Phenician cosmogony for its fables than to any other source, though the traditions of those remote times were so interrelated, and bear so many traces of homogeneity, as to leave little doubt of a natural kinship or a common origin. While the Chaldean and the Hebrew nations for ethical purposes sought a nearer propinquity to human-like qualities and requirements, the Phenician worship was anthropomorphism *pur et simple*—hence a step nearer the structural principle that has been the chief quest of all the ages. So, if we are to direct our research into the *nature* of things, we must perforce pay thoughtful heed to the textual meanings incorporated in these different doctrines, which bear to one another so palpable a relationship.

But, in order that our investigation may proceed intelligently, let us first glean an approximate idea of the physical form of the solar system that is to furnish the details of our argument. For this purpose I subjoin an astronomical scheme of the heavens, or cosmosphere *in plano*, which shows at a glance the inclination of the earth on its axis as indicated in the angle of its equator with the ecliptic, along which are grouped the twelve zodiacal constellations. I have purposely omitted from the diagram any linear reference to the change in position of these divisions of the heavens due to the precession of the equinoxes, or the recession in the Sun's equatorial passage of about 50" of space annually. This carries the equinoctial point backward—contrary to the order of the signs—almost a degree

in every 71 years, or thirty degrees in 2,160 years (an arc of racial development, as referred to in the preceding paper); so



that the sign Aries now corresponds with the constellation Pisces as marked on the celestial maps. A double view of the matter would but confuse the mind of the reader, and any important difference made by this displacement, in relation to such fixed stars as I shall have occasion to refer to, will be duly noted. Besides, we are now dealing with the cosmical as an immutable law in which unchangeable values attach to the twelve distinct arcs of the solar circle. The influence of Aries in the spiritual circle of Being still denotes a change of vibra-

tion identical in significance with the equinoctial change of polarity in the magnetic influx of the solar ray at this point of the celestial zodiac, just as it did when the Bible stories were written; the guide-posts have shifted somewhat in their relative positions, but the *principle* remains the same.

This zodiacal belt incloses the cosmical territory through which the Sun-god makes his annual pilgrimage: an itinerary so replete with interest that the literature of the ages—in fable, in parable, in song, in allegory—has not exhausted its wealth of incident nor attained the full charm of its realities. The nearest approach to such is beyond doubt to be found in the evangelical riddles we are now setting out to solve—mysteries across which the allegorical veil has remained obdurately drawn, impervious alike to the querulous methods of ecclesiastical phantasy and the whimsical ones of intellectual sophistry. Thus has the Shekinah of the true wisdom been excluded, and all because the two most generally accredited forces in the march of humanity—Religion and Science—became “uppish” with each other and refused to work in joint harness. While the one has groveled along the highways of cant and fanaticism, counting beads or supplicating a supposedly indulgent God to make a few arbitrary changes in His eternal law, the other, with unseemly arrogance and a grotesque tumidity has sought to belittle the importance of the problem it had neither the temperament to understand nor the spiritual energy to attempt to solve. Is it any wonder that each has been wandering in the very midst of truth without its being revealed to either?

But of all vocations one would by natural inference suppose that of the astronomer to be best entitled to familiarity with the concepts to be hereinafter set forth; but, alas! his is to-day the most useless and the least utilitarian of all the sciences. He notes the gigantic symbols as they swing into place with an appreciation of their majestic import of a degree similar to the sad felicity with which the chess-player regards

his pieces of wooden royalty. He no longer makes his celestial journeys with that true feeling of ecstasy over the Divine in Nature which his forebears experienced by reason of their deeper knowledge of the unseen forces, and without which he must remain as unconscious of the full glory of the field he explores as does the savage who gazes with lack-luster eyes upon the prismatic hues of the rainbow.

But all this is not to our purpose, and pleasanter emotions await us in the survey of the elements involved in our diagram. It is not well, however, to invade a strange territory without first acquainting ourselves with the name or names by which it is specified. Therefore, let us examine some of the terms with which Holy Writ has seen fit to describe this celestial kingdom.

First, we may take *Israel* as perhaps the most apt and comprehensive in its etymology. This word is essentially astrological, compounded of the Egyptian *Ra*, Sun, deified as Osiris, and the Arabic *el*, star; whence Osiris-el (*Israel*), meaning a belt or land of the heavens, the twelve tribes of which compare to the number of constellations that environ the ecliptic, and through which the Sun makes his annual circuit. In support of *Israel* as the land of the Sun and stars, may be cited Exodus xxxiv. 23: "Thrice in the year shall all your menchildren appear before the Lord God [Adonis, Sun], the God of *Israel*." In Phenicia the Sun was known as Adonis, and is shown by Knight in "Ancient Art and Mythology" to be identical with *IAO*, or, according to the Chinese faith, Yao (*Jehovah*), the Sun, who makes his appearance in the world "at midnight of the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month." The *world* as having reference to the Zodiac may be found in John i. 29: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" i. e., the Sun, entering the first point of Aries (the Ram), which is the vernal equinox, taketh away the inequality of the day and night. This is the point of *crossification*, or crucifixion, and it may be of interest to know that it



was not until the Sixth Constantinopolitan Council, under a decree ratified by Pope Adrian VI., that a lamb was deemed incongruous with the interpretation sought to be established in connection with the cross, and the figure of a man substituted in its place. This was in the 680th year of our era.

That a Bible Israel should be accepted as a community of Jews, of which Jesus was denominated King, is anachronistic, for no such nation ever existed. *Jews* had significance only as a body learned in the Mysteries—as the Eleusinians, Freemasons, the Dyonisia, or Mysteries of Bacchus; and the terms *Christians*, *Jews*, *Hebrews*, *Israelites*, etc., were but gradational degrees of initiation in the mystic crafts.\* By metonymy the name *Israel* is applied to the Apostles, the Saints (signs, suns), and the Prophets of the heavens. “In Jewry is God known; His name is great in Israel.”

There is, however, another and equally significant interpretation to be put upon the word *Israel*. Sanchoniathon, a Phœnician priest who wrote 1,300 years before our era, states that the ancient name of the planet Saturn was *Israel*, a name also applied to him by the Arabians and the Persians. This planet as then observed occupied the outpost of our sidereal system; therefore, all the celestial bodies of an inferior magnitude were regarded as his children, or, as expressed in the Hebrew, *Beny Israile*, the children or sons (suns) of Heaven. This word *beny* is allied to the “bennu” found in certain Egyptian texts, and notably in the “Book of the Dead.” The bird “bennu” was a sacred symbol in the worship of Heliopolis, and, on the authority of Wiedemann, it symbolized the rising sun, or the “soul of Ra,” who reigns in Issa-ra-el, the kingdom of the moon (Isis), Sun (Ra), and stars (El). Furthermore, it is amply confirmed that the Egyptian “bennu” is identical with

\* “As you see, in the 18th of the Acts of the Apostles, that Apollos was a Jew, though born at Alexandria, in Egypt, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures. But Paul, who was a Jew, though born at Tarsus, a

the Greek "phœnix," whose element of periodicity was analogous to certain of the solar epochs.

And thus does *Israel* partake of a meaning more comprehensive than any that could by any stretch of the imagination attach to a geographical domain; and, though we find its import variously depicted according to the significance of the allegory to which it applies, it continues as the zodiacal sphere of radiance and a repository of celestial wisdom that will ultimately be regained by its posterity.

The field of the constellations is again represented as *Babylon*—from the Ethiopic *On*, fire, and Babel = Baal, the Hebrew god Bol in the form of a heifer, by which was commemorated the passover of the Sun by precession of the equinoxes from Gemini into Taurus, the sign of the Bull, B.C. 4275. This was the pentecostal season of tongues of fire; hence, the babel of the tongues related only to a certain confusion of astronomical facts in the zodiacal scheme, and spiritually to the coexistent processes in cosmic ideation.

The "Holy City" is likewise a term essentially solar, being the same as the Phenician word *hely*, and having its root in the Greek *helios*, Sun; whence Heliopolis, the city of the Sun. The Holy Temple, Solomon's Temple, and the Temple of the Lord are all expressive of the celestial fabric that revolves around us, the altar in which is the constellation Aries, the eastern sign. This is why our church organizations, following the custom of the pagan ages in their pagodas and temples of the Sun, endeavor to place their altars in the east quarter of their edifices: Sun-worshippers all, though doubtless as unconscious of the allegiance as they are of the inner meanings that lie behind and beyond the whole ritualistic scheme so sedulously observed.

The pagan nations, who so worshipfully attitudinized 'neath the star spaces crowded with the scintillance of Deity, have been called impious. But they were gods in the majesty of their concepts as compared with the creedalists who have

soiled the pages of twenty centuries with a dogmatic froth that might reasonably give cause for the establishment of an ecclesiastical apothecary shop. And with the stellar key constantly turning above their heads, revealing varying phenomena significant according to the point from which they are viewed, they persist in religiously concentrating upon the letter of the text, whereof the symbol no longer sufficeth. Well might they be apostrophized with the words of Dante:

"The heavens are calling you and wheel around you,  
Displaying to you their eternal beauties;  
And still your eye is looking on the ground,  
Whence He, who all discerns, chastises you."

And so is it possible for sport to be made of their credulity by such apparent contradictions as that of Christ's (Sun's) ascension into heaven (summer) after the vernal crucifixion, and his descent, after the fall crucifixion, into hell, or winter, "which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, *where also our Lord was crucified*" (Rev. xi. 8); or by such contradiction as that whereby the Gospel imputes to Judas an act of *felo de se*, while the Acts trip him up and cause the poor fellow to burst asunder. A most erratic system of logic, indeed, in which one knows not whether he is dealing with a precise or a negative abstraction,—whether he is contemplating a tragedy or a comedy,—and is left to wonder if it be not the height of folly to weep with Heraclitus when the next moment he may be constrained to laugh with Democritus!

If we view Judas, however, in his zodiacal character of Issachar (Iscariot) of the Old Covenant, some very clear light is thrown upon the individual. Issachar was the sixth tribe of Israel, the June sign of the Zodiac, or the constellation of Cancer, the Crab. The Sun's entry into this sign measures to his highest declination north and the beginning of his descent toward the fall "crossification" at the September equinox; and Judas Iscariot is the Crab, or back-slider, who betrays his Master by starting him on the way to this Cross. If the reader will bring his celestial globe around that he might face the in-

tersection of the ecliptic with the equator at Libra, the locale of this account of the crucifixion, and then let his gaze travel back through Virgo, the bowels of the Grand Man, he will see on the western horizon the constellation of the Crab (Judas) suspended (according to the Gospel), or falling headlong (*vide* the Acts) on the field of Aceldama.

The supposition that the ancients imagined the earth to be flat, and that the heavens rested upon its extremities, is too puerile for a moment's credit. The astrology embodied in the Pentateuch, in the books of the Prophets, in the Four Gospels and the Apocalypse—in fact throughout the sacred course—is too self-evident upon examination to admit of doubt or contradiction, and betrays in connection with its esoteric details a perfect knowledge of the mathematics of the solar system. The idea of a putative support to the heavens doubtless arose through such terms as “pillars of the temple” supporting the “arch of heaven.” “And he set up the pillars in the porch of the temple: and he set up the right pillar, and called the name thereof Jachin: and he set up the left pillar, and called the name thereof Boaz.” (I. Kings, vii. 21.) Here we have indicated the two equinoctial points (see diagram) in the annual revolution of Sol (omon), the two co-venants, the convening or coming together of the ecliptic and equatorial circles at Aries (♈) and Libra (♎) the same which Job describes as the pillars of heaven, standing “until the day and night come to an end,” for at these points of the Zodiac an equal division takes place in the light and darkness of the solar day.

*Boaz* signifies strength, as astrologically does Mars, the lord of Aries; and *Jachin* signifies justice, represented by the Libran scales. Mystically they are representative of *fixed crossways*, displayed in our diagram by the perfect St. Andrew's Cross (X) in the intersection of the ecliptic with the earth's equator. The Sun as St. Andrew is the genius who presides over the autumn quarter that begins with the solar “crossification” into Libra; hence Paul's reference to his crucifixion in Romans, vi.

6. This is why St. Andrew is ever depicted as an old man holding at his back a saltier cross, or goenimeter, indicative of this orbital angle in the Sun's passage over the equator.

This cross of the Sun as St. Andrew over the equinoctial line in September supplies the only natural reason for the mention of two crucifixions in the New Testament, the first of which—that of the vernal equinox—is never pictured in connection with the Virgin Mary. But in the latter episode she is ever present standing near the foot of the Cross, with the sorrowful face of the Appellean Venus. And Virgo, the virgin of the Zodiac, stands astronomically next the “crossification” point into Libra, the house of Venus!

As concerns particulars of the circle of celestial radiance, I have here made reference only to the “pillars” of this “temple of heaven,” the equinoctial fulcra that serve jointly as lever-ages for the Divine order and equity of physical Nature. Yet all along the solar pathway, and throughout the zodiacal territories of this sublime geometrical figure of the Archetypal Man of the Universe, there is no point that is not a dynamic center through which is diffused some degree of spiritual energy—no angle, no circle of impingement, that does not testify to the fact of Infinite Mind, or Supreme Intelligence, back of it all. And it were not strange that the ancient sages, apprehending Nature as a unit and noting the nicety of her coördinations as revealed in the celestial mutations, should so clearly grasp the inner significance involved as to embrace a *principia* that should cover, not only the praxis essential to the attainment of spiritual felicity, but one whereby might be determined the ultimate destiny of every created form.

In the One Law as a synthetic dictum is recognized the correspondence between man and the enveloping universe, the interrelation and resemblance of the one with the other, and the subjectivity of each to similar processes of evolvment. As saith Hermes: “It is true without falsehood, certain, and most true: that which is above is even as that which is below, and

that which is below is like unto that which is above, for the accomplishment of the wonders of one thing." The external or physical cannot be aught but a reflection of that which is internal or spiritual. Thus we see why spiritual law may be argumentatively traced through the orderly sequences that obtain in the stellar spheres of manifestation, and why the Scriptural episodes, regarded in their proper light as constituting a mystical *eidouranion*, become vested with a rationality that is wholly lacking in the pathetic literalism of churchly doctrine.

By the derivative method we have approached to a better understanding of a few of the Biblical localities, and found them obviously referable in their radical sense to the broad expanse of *heaven*, the etymology of which word itself is expressive of "elevated," or "arched," as is the concavity above us. The names applied to heaven have varied only in accordance with the character and the ingenuity of the religious temperaments of the different civilizations—in all of which are embraced astro-physiological principles so strikingly similar as to be easily noted and traced in each, whether it be the poly-dæmonistic cults of the ultra-primitive periods, the polytheism of the Oriental nations, the theogonies of and the mythologies contemporaneous with the Romans, or the more recent, but no less mystical, allegories of the Christian religion.

And the modern theological fabric is essentially a mixture of them all—a mass of imagery, metaphor, and traditionalism, so garbled and be-gospeled as to admit of as many constructions as a multiplicity of creeds could possibly desire, until the poor disciple of orthodox jugglery hardly knows whether he is a heathen, an idolator, a star-worshiper, or a *bona-fide* Christian gentleman.

(*To be continued.*)



"A MAN must become wise at his own expense."

## OUR CONGRESS.

BY ANNIE KNOWLTON HINMAN.

These words—that oft should lift our heads with pride,  
And make, like fiery steeds, the blood rush through  
Our veins—sometimes doth bow our heads with shame.  
Alas! some men who do in Congress sit  
Like children of a barbarous nation seem,  
So void are they of manly dignity.  
The noble men who are in State, and by  
Their efforts strive to shape this nation's weal,  
We know, are of the few. Ofttimes they are  
Obscured by men who stand eager to force  
Their selfish ends: who brutally ignore  
The people's needs, and are allowed to act  
Because their law of might, not right, prevails.  
These men do quick suppress important bills,  
And give us such a sense of anarchy  
We dare not stand inert while men, corrupt,  
With tactics odious, are shaping through  
Their base desires our nation's destiny.  
Political intrigues, that few do know,  
Controlled by lobbyists, promoting greed,  
Swerve others' thoughts. The issue we must then  
Abide. The windows of our souls we now  
Must open wide, to let the sunlight of  
God's Truth illumine our soul selves, that we  
May wisely choose from out our ranks such men  
As can be trusted with our nation's claim  
Upon their wisdom and their honor too.  
Rise, Woman! Make your presence felt! If ye  
Cannot a vote ere cast ye can at least,  
By wisdom and by love, forever mold  
The men to wisely think and rightly act.  
Then upon thee will the Christ mantle rest,  
And gladly "will men rise and call thee blessed."

## SELFISHNESS AND SUPERSELFISHNESS.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Selfishness as an instinct of simple self-preservation is characteristic of every living creature, and human beings are in no way different from animals in this respect. At the outset of every human career it seems that no higher motive than self-regard is felt or manifest, but early in the process of man's evolution what may be termed *superselfish* instinct begins to assert itself. As the word *supernormal* has been effectively used by Frederic W. Myers in his work on the evidences of human superphysicality, with equal justification can *superselfishness* be employed to designate a higher state of consciousness than selfishness, and at the same time convey the idea that primal instincts are not eradicated but transcended in the course of evolutionary development. To think of self only is to confess one's self on a very low plane of ethical advancement, but completely to ignore self-interest seems impracticable, seeing that human interests are so interwoven that if one suffers many suffer and if one rejoices many are made glad.

Scientific selfishness is at the root of all endeavor to employ knowledge for the sole aim of personal aggrandizement. Much information is often accumulated by students in laboratories and by many who ransack the intellectual treasure-houses of the world; but no good end is served by this accumulated mental hoard, because its possessors lack the philanthropic spirit, which dictates a complete consecration of knowledge to the ends of the largest possible human service. To be selfish in the scientific sense is to have perverted the natural instinct of self-preservation, which is content with simply serving legitimate personal needs and does not seek to injure others. Science, because of its enormous capacity for usefulness, can be



made an instrument of cruelty and injustice when not directed by a spirit of benevolence; therefore, the words of an ancient sage are justified—"intellectual acquisitions as well as physical indulgences may lead to weariness and ultimate vexation." All estheticism that does not look beyond mere outward adornment soon degenerates and becomes morbid and immoral. All intellectualism that aims no higher than the production of monuments of mental wealth to glorify their fashioner must end in callous indifference to the wants of humanity at large, and may easily go hand in hand with the practise of cruelty. In like manner all seeking after psychic development with no higher end in view than the increase of personal influence may result in moral deterioration of the subtlest kind.

The great beauty of a metaphysical view of life is that it promises to lift our gaze above commonplace existence and show us high ideals that can be so realized as to glorify the routine work of the world. All sorts of duties can be done far better on earth if we feel that we are serving some higher purpose than simply sustaining a physical organism that in a few brief years may be disintegrated. Health on a higher plane than simply bodily well-being is the aim of every intelligent mental healer; and, as character-building is more important than the mere amelioration of physical distresses, we hear much and need to see more of a healing ministry that takes direct hold of the mightiest of all problems—the world's ethical regeneration.

Selfishness, however, insidiously asserts itself in numberless instances. People are attracted by glittering promises of great wealth and exalted station if they only "think right," and to many it appears that right thinking means attracting large sums of money by occult means and generally enriching one's self regardless of one's neighbor. If no ill will toward any one enters into an endeavor to increase one's own material prosperity, nothing like "black magic" can be practised; but, though there is nothing positively wrong in thinking of one's

self as rich and powerful and building splendid air-castles, we are failing to catch the higher meaning of the New Thought movement if we stop with any such endeavors. There is even a grave danger of demoralizing ourselves if we adopt such practises at all, because the temptation to get a living without earning it is so strong with many that they soon degenerate into psychic sponges, desiring to be mere absorbents in the universe, unless they take a nobler and more heroic stand and seek to be of *use* to their fellows. It seems difficult to follow the arguments of people who tell us we can lawfully attract whatever we desire to possess simply by concentrating thought and expectation on a given object—unless they mean that we can attract means of usefulness, and find out how to make such contributions to the general fund that we have a right freely to draw from the exchequer of the universe.

Selfishness on the psychic plane is quite as shortsighted as when it operates elsewhere. It may not be akin to malice, but it fails to see the relation of one member of human society to another; and, because of this lack of proportion in the mental view, *self* is made to occupy a ridiculously exalted place. As many honest critics are observing the present trend of metaphysical doctrines with unsparing eyes, it would be well to let them see that we are actuated by quite as noble motives in our desire to acquire wealth and influence as can actuate the members of any ethical or philanthropic organization. Health, success, and happiness should be the portion of all: such is the cry of many a social reformer who knows little of the New Thought. We must not fall below the standard of ethics set by our contemporaries who may be less acquainted with the operation of universal order than ourselves; and, though one who relies on occult methods may refrain from the hustling strife common to most agitators, and may even appear indolent at times in the eyes of those with whom strenuousness is the chief of virtues, retirement into mystic silence and consecration to esoteric methods of spiritual and mental culture may

well keep pace with the most active and incessant interest in the common weal.

Superselfish motives and methods are possible to every one, for the interdependence of the human family is plain to every clear thinker. If I am only selfish, I may be satisfied to sit in silence meditating upon my own success, regardless of the welfare of my brethren; but as I grow into superselfishness, while I still desire and expect my own prosperity, I begin to see myself a unit in a great whole—a member of a vast coöperative society. The joy of the higher life can never be experienced by those who think of self alone; neither is it possible to attain that full measure of physical health which we all desire, and for which many frantically strive, so long as we are fettered by the narrow claim of self-interest. Nothing so enlarges our capacity for breathing in copious draughts of living energy as that expansion of our inner consciousness which accompanies earnest, hopeful work for many instead of selfish work for one. All those teachings which tell us to *expect* health and success are right in the main, and we can utilize them to the full when we have enlarged our outlook; the only contention is that there must be a broader than a merely self-seeking object for adopting exercises, no matter of what variety. To retire periodically to some quiet place and there affirm health and prosperity for one's self, jointly with all one's neighbors, is to engage in a very excellent practise, and one that enables one to make a worthy and useful contribution to the general mental atmosphere; but to retire into the same privacy and center thought on self alone, and to narrow inspiration within the limits of personal ambition, is to fail utterly in soul expansion and to retard spiritual advancement even when ostensibly doing something to promote it.

There is a subtle temptation, common to many, to substitute emotion for activity, and roseate dreams for stalwart action. Browning's lines, "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty; I woke and found that life was beauty," are susceptible

to a broad and practical interpretation. We are often like lotus eaters, dreaming of a paradise that can only be won by effort while we imagine it is ours for subjective contemplation only. We may catch glimpses of this fair state while in an entrancing reverie, and such glimpses may be prophecies; but we need to people our heaven with a *multitude* of human angels, and never seek to live in it alone. Then when we have risen from our trance of ecstasy we need to go to work to make all earthly things conform to the celestial pattern that we have beheld in our state of exaltation.

To transcend selfishness is the only road to truly noble attainment, and though at first our resurrection may appear difficult because it involves a breaking away from old ideas and methods, like all really great accomplishments the "lion in the way" is encountered and must be surmounted not far from the entrance gate or threshold. To be born anew, to understand something of the meaning of a raised and regenerate life, it is not necessary to undergo any religious convulsions or to experience spasmodic conversion; though sometimes a climacteric period is reached in the soul's experience when two roads are discernible, and it has become impossible to choose the new path without abandoning the old.

All studies of occultism point to the place where the roads divide after the neophyte has learned to govern his earthly impulses and to feel the power within him of victorious will. Leucomancy, or white magic, on the one hand, and necromancy, or black magic, on the other, may be defined respectively as superselfish and selfish methods of utilizing a power that has been gained through effort, and therefore is its possessor's by right. No one can abuse a power he cannot use; hence, there are stages in human development where the arts of magic are simply impossible. *Leucomancy* is the art of dispensing light: *necromancy* is a means of dealing death; and, though these are the generic names given to *all* occult and mystic practices by writers who deal only in generalities, many grades of

gray magic are practised by modern aspirants to wonder-working. The simply selfish person, if he become a mystic in any sense, will probably develop into a gray magician—one who acts from base or earthly but not from definitely malicious motives. The truly philanthropic person who peers into the well of occultism will seek to practise only pure white magic, for in his eyes nothing is of much value unless it contribute to *general* human good.

The dangers of scientific selfishness, especially when the more occult aspects of science are considered, are manifold, because of the conflicting etheric currents into which we are drawn when we act as competitors instead of as coöperators. The unseen realm is filled with the mental and psychic outgoings of humanity at large, and there are many strata of psychic atmosphere undesirable to navigate, and these alone are open to whomsoever may seek to press unseen force into his service with other than benevolent design.

Without entering into the profounder mysteries of this theme, we may simply picture to ourselves the inevitable consequence of wanting to get something that a number of other people may desire—such as money already in currency, or some one of a limited number of positions. When we desire to obtain a particular object or position for self, or for some special client whom we wish to favor, we have to encounter a whirlpool of contending wishes; and, if our thought-currents succeed in overpowering those of other aspirants, it is only after a pitched battle in which the lower passions of our nature have been roused to a dangerous degree. If, on the other hand, we are content both to desire and to expect that whatever is really best will surely come to us and to those on whose behalf we are mentally working, we set in motion a current of creative mental force that actually discovers what has not yet been brought to light and brings into existence new industries and new positions. There are no limits to the useful ends that we can serve when we have bidden farewell to selfishness and risen to

the heights beyond, where we mingle with the life-work of those arisen souls who are far wiser and more efficient guides and teachers than any earth-bound sprites can possibly be.

Selfishness is the cause of nearly all the failures and misery with which the world is flooded, and in no field of research do we trace its baneful influence more clearly than in the therapeutic realm. Such emotions as jealousy, envy, fear of failure, sorrow at the success of others, and all else that is unneighborly cause unwholesome secretions in the body, which poison the intestines and lie at the root of many obscure distempers (vaguely called "nerves") that are extremely difficult to reach. Selfishness also robs life of its sweetness, and causes the selfish person to be suspected instead of welcomed wherever he may go. We need a purer and more bracing mental air; we need to forsake the valleys for the hill country—the dark swamps for the high table-lands of nobler thought and feeling.

Superselfishness is the gospel of to-morrow. Unselfishness, or selflessness, may be in many instances sublime; but we need to preach a doctrine easy to be understood and capable of application to the requirements of the age and land in which we may be living. Let us teach every child the beauty of coöperation; then children will grow up, not grabbers in the industrial field, but work and profit sharers.

Social and industrial problems are demanding solution at the hands of thinkers, and, if New Thought advocates are to take the place they ought to take and are capable of taking in the vanguard of reform, it will not be long before a beneficent practise, based on a better understanding of psychic ethics, will shine out upon the world with healing in its radiance.



WHAT we need for the attainment of that thorough earnestness in all our pursuits which creates a pure and healthy relish of existence is religious inspiration, the feeling that God is ever with us, that we are ever working in and for him. Give man this, and he is equal to everything.—*John James Tayler.*

## A NATURAL SOURCE OF NERVE POWER.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

It is a little strange that, with so much being said, thought, and written concerning "nervous troubles" and their victims, these have been invariably considered as only one class—the invalids themselves: those whose nerves are confessedly in an abnormal, irritated, or strained condition. Now, when this condition is accompanied, as it almost invariably is, by lack of self-control and by impatience, we are immediately confronted with the fact that there is another and still larger class—the friends and relatives brought in closest contact with these sufferers—who need our sympathy quite as much; whose sufferings are of a nature that cannot be diagnosed by the family physician, or even discussed with the outside friend; and for whom there is quite as imperative a need that remedial measures looking to their relief be considered, lest they, too, break down under the strain.

It is a delicate subject to handle, for, primarily, we must go down to the root of all civilization, the family life and the ethical code governing the intercourse of its members, to seek the real source of the evil and understand its far-extending results.

"There is something rotten" outside "the State of Denmark" when the bright smile, gentle voice, and soft answer, which respond readily under the stimulus of social intercourse, are changed by the familiar contact of home life to querulous fault-finding and impatience. The home training and the ethical code of self-discipline are at fault when freedom from social or formal restraint is license for rudeness. If we do not learn to control our own nerves, they will master us—and most riotously do they behave when they have the whip-hand.

No degree of sickness or suffering should ever be considered the least warrant or excuse for ill humor; and the condition were better met, for hygienic as well as ethical reasons, by common sense than by loving "sympathy." There is something wanting in the *love*, it is of a purely selfish nature, when "whom the nervous woman loves she makes to suffer." That it is the rule, and not the exception, is, alas! too true. The rôle of "human safety-valve" is so fatally wearing upon both the nerves and character of the devoted victims, cast by fate to fill these parts in the family drama, that the only wonder is we have not before considered their urgent need of aid and sympathy.

One notable fact discovered by comparative study is that the Quakers are singularly immune from nervous troubles; and their gentle manners, preventing rudeness to the meanest thing that lives, are ingrained, because they are the visible expression of self-discipline that has been handed down among them from one generation to another. Among that people whose name is becoming recognized as a synonym for perfect manners, the Japanese, "nervous prostration" is utterly unknown. Two such examples, remote from each other in social and climatic influences, are enough for our purpose; though were we to pursue the comparison further, picking out national or isolated examples, we should almost invariably find that the self-discipline that refines our manners gives us greater control of our nerves and trains us to a self-poise that reacts upon the whole being, physical as well as mental.

Hasty, cruel words, irritable outbreaks, and fits of "that domestic demon" hysteria, are two-edged swords, and so aggravating to that abnormal physical condition which is their poor excuse that most grave complications may result. All the secretions and excretions of the human body undergo marvelous chemical changes under the influence of passion and unkind emotion. There is scientific proof that the milk of an angry mother has turned to an active poison and thus killed



her innocent babe. Not always does retribution so quickly follow upon sin; but ever the subtle poison generated in the human system by anger and hatred works for evil and suffering.

Therefore, in the ethical discipline that teaches that self-control and gentle manners are garments of the soul, indicating with the accuracy of a spirit thermometer its growth, is to be found a cure for the troubles of both classes of sufferers. It will reach sources and hidden springs of the nervous patient's infirmities that no drugs could ever affect; and when suffering is borne with sweet patience, it is a joy to nurse it with loving sympathy.

Not till we reach that state of ethical development which makes us forget ourselves in consideration for the welfare of others can we lay the slightest claim to the refinement of good manners. Vanity and egoism are parents of all rudeness, as these little foxes strangle any consideration for the wishes or feelings of others; and perfect manners are born of large sympathy for all humanity and a prompt recognition of the brotherhood of the whole human race.

This sympathy and lively interest in the happiness of others is a never-failing fountain of the most refined courtesy, which oils all the wheels of life and strengthens one for every emergency. The resulting vibrations through the whole nervous system are *accord*, or harmony, instead of the *discord* that invariably succeeds every act of irritation. A large part of the disease and suffering in the world is caused by this discord resulting from the friction of ungoverned natures one upon another.

Want of sympathy and delicacy of perception produce a hardness of character that inflicts pain ruthlessly, often brutally, and goes on its self-righteous way absolutely indifferent to the suffering it causes—perhaps, often even unconscious of it. Dr. Johnson struck one of his solid, home-driving blows when he said, on this very subject: "Sir, a man has no more

right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down!”

A few injudicious words, a carping criticism, an impatient answer—these things cloud the soul as if the sun were suddenly eclipsed. They are more humiliating and depressing than a brutal blow and more cruel in the injury inflicted; for what is physical compared with mental suffering? They may change the whole character and purport of a day’s work, and on the debit side of the record against the heartless offender is the entry: “One day’s work for God and man lost.”

Often it is not the words uttered, cutting and cruel as they may be; it is that back of the word, the underlying feeling prompting the sharp utterance and disclosing such a gulf of *separateness*, that gives such keen pain and takes the heart out of one. For “manners are the revealers of secrets, the betrayers of any disproportion or want of symmetry in mind and character;” and, when the searching of temper discloses such grievous shortcomings in those we love, the hurt is not one to heal in a day.

It takes a fine nature to penetrate the veil of every personality and render it appreciative sympathy. Much suffering is caused for lack of this; woe unspeakable comes from the obtuseness that unintentionally rides rough-shod over tenderest feelings. But—we are to blame, grievously to blame, when we are devoid of it. It is a part of our growth to develop this refinement of feeling, and we are defrauding ourselves as well as others when we ignore it.

Good manners are something no more to be dropped than our skins. If there is a single possession we should cherish as too precious for indiscriminate use, as a thing beyond price, too choice for the great outside world, it is our sweetest and gentlest manner—the soul’s overflowing in loving courtesy to its nearest and dearest. But, alack and alas! how rarely do we see this finest flower of the soul’s growth and development! Home manners are too often more negligée than home dress;

and those whose welfare and happiness, by every law of God and man, should be our first consideration, are made the safety-valves for irritation and hasty tongues that policy and love of public approbation hold in check during social intercourse.

While we should cultivate a ready consideration for the feelings of all with whom we come in contact, we should most sedulously study the feelings and tastes of those whose lives touch ours most closely. Only in this way can we hope to increase their happiness and our own. And only when people are happy are the conditions produced that enable them to be and do their best. As to the influence of happiness upon health, we all know there is no other tonic in the world that can compare with it. Happiness generates harmony, which is the first condition of health and an indispensable one in all achievement.

Is there not already too much pain in the world, too much unavoidable anxiety and unhappiness, for us by any thoughtless word or deed to increase either? Do we not deserve that every such transgression be set down against us and that we should have to atone for it by personal suffering?

Every life with which we come in contact is affected for good or ill by that contact; the mere touch of the hand or the glance of the eye is for weal or woe, and we must choose whether we shall scatter joy or pain. It is a riddle past solving why so many elect to play the rôle of Kill-joy, when "self-control and pleasant speech are all-conquering forces"—the factors that win the choicest gifts in life.

A great mistake, indeed a fundamental error, in American life is that we are prone to think too much of our *rights* in all the relations of life and too little of our *duties*. Now, the faithful fulfilment of these latter is almost certain to bring as its sure reward all of the former that we can claim or deserve; while the more we fight for the former—and almost in proportion as the struggle for them is a fight *à l'outrance*—the farther we are from attainment, or from that condition of personality that commands them.

The objects of our struggles in this "strenuous" life are too often petty and unworthy of effort. When we strive more to *be* and not to *have*, we shall eliminate from our lives a never-failing source of nervous strain and wear and tear. It is by the veriest trifles in life, the small daily events that exercise our will, judgment, and self-control, that we are building our characters—that part of us which is the underlying *ego*. Is not the *being* more important than the *having*, which we must leave behind?



### THE REAL.

The things of sense are only dreams—  
A world that seems;  
Who reaches up to the Ideal  
Achieves the Real.

SUSIE M. BEST.



It is just as athletic a performance to wrestle with the princes of the darkness of this world as to wrestle with a champion. It needs just as rigorous a training to pull against circumstances as to pull against time. It appears not unreasonable that the supreme interest of an immortal soul should have from a man as much attention and development as a man gives to his legs or his muscle or his wind.—*Francis G. Peabody*.



It is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into friendship through the door of discipleship. We can learn love through service.—*Hugh Black*.



THE true moment at which to call upon one's self to take any new step in virtue is at the fainting-point, when it would be so easy to drop all and give all up; when, if you do not, you make of yourself a power.—*J. F. W. Ware*.

## MORE LIFE.

BY HESSAY W. GRAVES.

In the midst of the unrest and searching of this age of transition it is something if one can determine with certainty the direction in which peace and power lie. Many can discern the truth that no abiding satisfaction is to be found in *things*. And yet comparatively few, perhaps, are prepared to say with any definiteness what steps must first be taken to reach completer life.

At the outset let us say, boldly, that the means must be two-fold: as touching things and as regarding the unseen. Without doubt the attitude toward material forms of one seeking interior freedom must be an attitude of detachment; toward the unseen it must be one of undivided desire.

To make of our many desires one desire, and that focused on the unseen, is *concentration*. Such demand, persistently sustained, upon the universal source of power, cannot fail of eventual success. Only it must first be realized as utter certitude that in the unseen all power dwells—and all peace and light; better still, if we can conceive that within the heart of man all these forever are, and that the problem of life is the awakening to conscious realization.

How shall we become porous to thought save by reversal of the polarity of our life? How breathe the breath of Universal Mind? Evidently by turning away from enslavement to forms, from things that illude, from manifold desires, to the place of power—whether we conceive it as being within the heart of man or within and upholding the Universe.

To this end nothing can be trivial that enables one to use that great implement of realization—the mind. Hence, health of body also must be cultivated as preliminary: by outward

and inward cleanliness, by avoidance of foods that favor fermentation and decay, and by deep breathing. From the mind fear, worry, anger must be cast out, and cheerfulness, trust, harmony enthroned. Only an attitude of detachment toward externals can avail, and an attitude of attachment, of concentration toward the within, which is at once life and power, light and love. Earnest persistence, which ever conquers in the outward life, will also carry consciousness across the threshold of the real into the realm of power, where man finds himself one with his fellow-man, one with Nature, one with the eternal Power that in him wells up as consciousness. This is freedom, and it is attainable by concentration of desire; it is life more abundant.

How much of human life is destroyed by anxiety about possessions and about one's relation to other men! These are the rivulets of force that may be conserved in the quest of the Unseen, which enfolds us, which is even our true Self.

Faith in the Real, will to attain, love toward mankind; these can never fail.

The old Zoroastrians were right in seeing in the Sun the mightiest symbol of creative power—the giver of life and light to man physical and to man spiritual. It is the light of the world, repeated by that point of Light in the heart of man which is the throne of universal Power.

The pictures thrown on the canvas by the magic lantern are visible only when other and distracting lights are turned down. And so the light within can be seen only as the glare of externals is subdued—hence the philosophy of detachment, the necessity for harmony, for one-pointed desire. Nothing short of the whole life-tendency to this end can suffice. But, having attained power, Nature's boundless resources wait on Will.

Having become Master in Life, the freed soul enters upon its supreme vocation—servant of humanity.

## WHY CHURCHES FAIL.

BY PAULINE STEINEM.

"I think no man can go with his thoughts about him into one of our churches," says Emerson, "without feeling that what hold the public worship had on man is gone or going. It has lost its grasp on the affection of the good and the fear of the bad." What was true in Emerson's time applies with even stronger force to-day. The clergy, too, are becoming alarmed at the empty benches in their houses of worship; and with true business instinct, characteristic of this age of commercialism, they have instituted the church-census. The same spirit that prompted Gregory VII. to keep Henry IV. three long winter days before the Castle of Canossa, for disobedience to the Pope, would say to you and me to-day, "Why don't you go to church?"

To quote Emerson again, "it is already beginning to indicate character and religion to withdraw from the religious meetings." And now let us see, if we can, why this is so. Taking for granted that the primary object of the Church should be the evolution of man's spiritual self, and to teach him how to live, it needs but a glance at men and matters to see that she is not fulfilling her mission.

Study of man in his infancy teaches that the religious instinct is inherent, and that it existed in human nature long before the advent of an institutional church. The Teuton calling upon Wotan under the spreading branches of mighty oaks, and the Indian worshipping the Great Spirit, had perhaps clearer perceptions of Deity than many a Christian who goes to church to-day. There have been, from the time that the curtain of history first rises upon the world until our own time, religious devotees whose teachings differed in their out-

ward forms according to the peculiarities of the races and nations for whom they were intended; but their moral and ethical truths are identical, and the same golden thread of *religion*, binding back the soul of man to his Creator, runs through the ancient Vedas of the Hindus and the nine Classics of the Chinese, through the sayings of Pythagoras and Plato and those of the gentle Nazarene, as well as through the laws of Moses and of Zoroaster. This is what St. Augustine means when he says: "That which is called the Christian religion existed among the ancients and never did not exist from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion, which already existed, began to be called Christianity."

However, the early Christian Church (which was founded by Paul, not by Jesus) was not satisfied with spiritual dominion only—temporal power seemed necessary for her perpetuation; and in order to gain followers she offered inducements in the form of punishments and rewards, until "*In hoc signo vinces*" came to mean nothing more than a good policy. When Clovis and his four thousand followers embraced Christianity they did so because it seemed to them the surest road to conquest.

There is no doubt that the Church fulfilled her mission for that time in the best way. But, this mission once accomplished, she had to learn to give up temporal powers, and the long and weary struggle of the Holy Roman Empire ended at last in the final divorce of State and Church. Having outgrown all mediæval notions about crowning or deposing monarchs, the Church to-day must stand or fall according (1) to her inherent strength or weakness, (2) to her success in evolving man's spiritual nature, and (3) to her ability to lead him to a better life.

There are those who say that, with the greater intellectual development of man, he becomes less susceptible to religious teachings, and therefore he does not go to church. This, however, cannot be proved; it only goes to show that man's devel-



opment has been one-sided, and that, instead of developing evenly his threefold nature,—physical, mental, and spiritual,—his mental progress has been forced at the expense of his spiritual development. Besides, it would not be true to say that the spiritual, *i. e.*, the religious nature in man, is on the decline, for never before in human history was there such a growth of altruistic feeling among all classes—proving rather the contrary; and those who know how to read the signs of the times say that we are rapidly nearing the Spiritual Age.

If, in spite of this spiritual awakening, the churches are empty, it is because they are giving stones to those who clamor for bread. Repelled by the lifeless dogma of the Church and its worn-out forms, the soul of man, torn from its accustomed moorings, drifts in an ocean of uncertainty, and in its yearnings after the spiritual grasps at any “ism” or “ology” that is presented like a drowning man at a straw. For centuries the Church has been trying to teach man how to die, while *he* is seeking for guidance how to *live*.

It has been said that, if Christ came again to-day to live among men, he would not find a Church after His own heart; yet the world is fuller of His teachings now than ever before, and even Science is clasping hands with Religion. Only the Church, closing herself against every new truth, does not seem to know that the New Thought (which, however, is very old) contains the spirit of those teachings whereof she is closely hugging to her heart the letter; but it is “the letter that killeth,” and in order to be a power for good the Church needs the vitalizing spirit.

When Rome was becoming the spoil of barbarians, it was the cry of the pagans that Christianity had turned the hearts of the people away from the worship of the ancient gods, which was the alleged cause of their calamities. To-day there are those who call the disaster on the island of Martinique a judgment of God that befell the inhabitants for not being better Christians—an accusation as little justified now as then. Just

as the Christianity of that day brought spiritual life to a people to whom the ancient forms of worship had ceased to mean anything, so a better understanding of the teachings of Jesus, as well as of all great teachers of mankind, is superseding to-day what has become narrow and antiquated and inadequate to feed the growing spiritual hunger of the race.

The social progress of the world shows that men have been much better than their beliefs; for, notwithstanding the fact that the Church has tried to keep them apart by laying down denominational lines and nourishing prejudices, the tendency of the world to-day is toward universal human brotherhood. Our poets, our philosophers, and our men of science have taught us most of what we know; and what we need is more teachers and fewer preachers.

The spirit of discontent is abroad; grave social problems are confronting us, and the people are anxiously awaiting a time when there will be no more poverty—no more want. Believing the causes of their misery to be external, they also look for the remedies to come from without, not knowing that *within themselves* lies what makes them poor and miserable, or prosperous and happy. Church and school must unite in the education of the masses—not the mere education of the intellect, which starves the soul and leaves morality untouched, but that education which brings out in man the best that is in him: which means, in short, the evolution of the individual. Then will society, which is an aggregation of individuals, be pervaded by that altruism which recognizes “the unqualified brotherhood of man” as the “highest ethical ideal,” and will bring about the ideal State vainly hoped for by means of legislation. The Church has a mission to perform; let her look to it lest she be “weighed in the balance and found wanting.”



THAT which becomes bounded becomes a burden, though it were erstwhile coveted. Only in free action is there joy.—*Muriel Strode.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### ORTHODOXY AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

**I**N getting down to the fundamentals of life and being, the New Thought encounters many artificial structures and some false growths. Included in the latter are certain creedal superstitions in which men in various ages have sought to embody their ideas of humanity's origin and destiny. The most conspicuous and deep-rooted of these developments is the theological conception of God and man—their nature and mutual relationship. Even in this enlightened day it is affirmed by the Christian pulpit that the Creator is possessed of passions that, when found even in *man*, are proved by modern metaphysical science to be mere perversions of natural and beneficent powers. From the same source we learn that our race is composed of "miserable sinners"—worms of the dust—whose immortality is something yet to be "added unto" them, and whose salvation from their innate helplessness and inherited degradation is wholly dependent upon a Deific caprice.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the wealthy and fashionable Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of this city, is quoted as having said in a recent sermon :

"Discipline a thing that is essentially bad, and it will become more and more a thing gloriously bad. Mere evolution will not change a bad man into a good man ; it will not put into him what was not there before. And the worst thing about the human heart is *what it is already*. Man, as we know him, is essentially bad. The Bible says so and we know so. The doctrine of man's essential depravity is the least comforting of our theology, but it is terrifically true to Scripture, to history, experience and observation."

If this contains a libel on the *children*—and from our point of view the statement is atrocious—who can measure the depth of its insult to the *Father*? Can it be that such pessimism as this results from the trend of modern Christianity? If so, the New Thought has an imperative mission to perform in the rehabilitation of the character of Deity in the minds of the official teachers of religion. The personal God described by these expounders of theology is, in our judgment, less fortunate in his friends than in the blatant atheists who prefer to deny his existence. If such a characterization of the offspring of God can be read into the Bible, it is high time that the Church had either a revised edition or a new interpretation. The latter is already offered to it by the New Thought, with its portrayal of a spiritual meaning of the Scriptures symbolical of the inner life of man. It fails to obtain a rapid acceptance, however, solely because the institution is materialistically wedded to an external creed and book, an external form and authority, an external Saviour and plan, an external church and God.

Man gets his “essential” nature from his Creator—it is the essence of Divinity. His apparent “badness” is one of the incidental effects of evolutionary law. *All* growth is an evolution—an unfolding of that which lies within—and it consists of a series of stages. An apple-seed is a perfect product, but the green and bitter apples to which it gives birth differ radically from the ripened fruit that later appears; yet are they not a natural and necessary stage in the process? Would a stationary and stagnant man be a person after Theology’s own heart?

In projecting human souls into manifestation through creative Thought, Deity did not provide each of them with an intellect already educated and refined. Had such been the course adopted, there would have been no necessity for planetary schoolhouses throughout the Universe—though the study of astronomy itself might have improved even a “ready-made” man. The acquire-

ment of self-consciousness and of individuation was necessary on account of man's nature as a distinct entity; it was rendered possible through evolution and experience; it was desirable by reason of his native innocence; it was wise because he is destined to live eternally, and it was logically and justly left in his own control because personal responsibility is inseparable from individual free agency. That this prerogative is abused by some ignorant ones, and insufficiently used by others, is true; but is this a reason why the operation of evolutionary law and its eventual triumph should be doubted, even though its progress in particular cases be retarded?

In "what it is already," man's heart is good and true; it is his *mind* that is often at fault. With the wretchedness of modern life the human *heart* has nothing to do—except so far as ameliorative efforts are undertaken, charity manifested, ignorance enlightened, pity expressed, and unselfishness portrayed. For these are soul virtues; their opposites are the results of perverted *thought*, and it is both irreligious and unscientific to attribute them to turpitude of the heart. An instinctive aversion to such teaching is one of the beneficent and growing effects of spiritual evolution, and it is probable that the diminishing statistics of church attendance and membership in this country will ere long cause a modification of the orthodoxy now prevalent.

To regain its former ascendancy in the affairs of true religion, as well as among the moral and intellectual agencies of civilization, the Church must change its doctrines in the direction of rational optimism, the worship and service of Love as impersonal Being, the recognition of the principle of brotherhood among *all* the children of God and of immortality as their natural heritage, the acceptance of the results of psychical research and of metaphysical science, the admission of the transcendent power for good or evil of the thinking faculties of man, the elimination of the miraculous

and supernatural and of individual or racial salvation by proxy, and the advocacy of a juster economic system and a more equitable use of the bounties of Nature. In other words, it must consider the claims and adopt the teachings of the New Thought.

J. E. M.

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VALEDICTORY.—The undersigned begs leave to state that his editorial connection with *MIND* and *The Arena* ceases with the current issues. After a few weeks' much-needed rest he will probably take up the work again in another field. Mr. Patterson will continue to edit both magazines—in association with Mr. Flower on *The Arena* and with new assistants on *MIND*. While this resignation is announced with regret, it is with no misgivings as to the future of these periodicals; for plans are already under way whereby a constant improvement in their respective contents may be assured, and it is probable that their present high standard of excellence will ere long be surpassed. All MSS. and correspondence intended for the editorial department should be addressed to Mr. Patterson, and the allegiance of every friend of the undersigned to both publications is hereby urged anew.

JOHN EMERY McLEAN.



### THE SEASON AT OSCAWANA.

IN the current number of *MIND* we had hoped to give our readers a complete program of the Upland Farms Alliance Summer School of the New Thought. At the present writing, however, this is impossible. While in a general way we have the summer work well in hand, yet quite a number of new features are to be added to the School and numerous details still require attention.

The present outlook for the success of the coming session already indicates that it will be even more pronounced than that of

last year. Nearly all the speakers of the previous summer expect to be present, and many new names are being added to the program. Among those who will be in attendance we mention the following: The Rev. Adolph Roeder, Ernest Crosby, Ralph Waldo Trine, Edwin Markham, E. W. Ruckstuhl, Warren A. Rodman, Leonard D. Abbot, and Mrs. Annie Rix Militz. We also hope to have with us the Rev. R. Heber Newton and Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, besides a large number of other able and talented speakers.

Special attention will be given to the Musical Department, and Miss Mary Burd, in charge, will be ably assisted by both vocal and instrumental talent.

A new feature of the work will be a School of Art, conducted by Mr. Francis Day, the well-known painter. Mr. Haswell Jeffery, of Syracuse, an expert in wood carving, will give instruction in that art.

Miss Mabel Robinson, who rendered such good service last summer, will again be at the head of the Nature School. Mr. Joseph Adelman, the well-known Shakespearian scholar and reader, is expected to give one or more readings.

Saturday evenings will be devoted to musicales or amateur theatricals. Everything possible will be done by the management to provide wholesome knowledge and add to the happiness of those in attendance. The physical side, too, is not to be forgotten. Lawn tennis, croquet, and other outdoor amusements will be encouraged. We also confidently expect to have completed a new hall, which will be capable of seating twice as many people as the old one. The different boarding-houses have been thoroughly renovated. The School expects to accommodate a much larger number of people than it did last year. In the June number of *MIND* will be found the complete program.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

A PERSONAL NOTE.—Two important changes take place this month in the personnel of The Alliance Publishing Company; namely, the retirement of Mr. John Emery McLean, who has been on the editorial staff of MIND and *The Arena*, and of Mr. E. Burt Beckwith, who has been manager for the last three years.

Mr. McLean has been with the Company ever since it was founded, more than six years ago, and has conducted his department with marked ability and vigor. Under Mr. Beckwith's management the business has largely increased.

These gentlemen retire from the Company's service with our best wishes for their continued success in whatever work they may undertake.

Mr. Harley B. Jeffery—temporarily, and we hope permanently—assumes the new management of The Alliance Publishing Company. The new editorial arrangement has already been announced. In every way possible we shall endeavor to make the magazines represent in a very thorough way the most advanced questions of the day.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.



VRILIA Hights Metaphysical School (sixth season) will open June 15th. New improvements are being made on the grounds to suit the plans for a larger work than hitherto. The school will still be under the direction of Dr. Alice B. Stockham, by whose wise management it has reached its present high standard. She will be assisted by a number of experienced helpers and teachers, and every effort will be made to make it the very best means for spiritual unfoldment. The re-creating power of Vril is evinced in the daily doings—in class work, in meditations, in camp amusements, in the care for the comfort of guests. Vrilia Hights (Williams Bay P. O.) is situated on the north shore of Lake Geneva, Wis., 75 miles from Chicago. "The most delightful place in the world," say its friends. In tents or cottages in the woods, in boating or swimming on the lake, in the inspiration and freedom of camp life, one can have every condition for real recreation and soul growth.—(*Contributed.*)



# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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*FOR THE PARENTS.*

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A REMINDER AND SOME OTHER THOUGHTS.

Do you remember what I said not long ago about helping to cultivate public opinion? Who should do this so well as the parents, especially when the question concerns the welfare—perhaps the life-long welfare—of the dear, helpless children?

Here is one matter, for instance, that is vitally important and ought to be agitated until there is a change. Frequently I hear complaints about a teacher being kept in a school when he has outgrown his usefulness—because too old, or sick, or nervous to be a fit guide or instructor for children of any age. “My child cannot bear to go to that teacher because she scolds most of the time and keeps him in a state of constant tension and irritability;” this is what one mother said to me regarding a teacher in one of the *supposedly* best schools in a large city. I inquired if the other children were similarly affected.

“Yes; they do not seem to get along at all as they did before going into her room. I have visited that class a number of times and have found a state of unrest and general inharmony in the whole roomful of children. I went in once when the teacher was in the midst of a perfect cyclone of vexation over something.”

“But, why,” I gasped in amazement—“why do they have such a person as their teacher?”

“Well, she is getting old and needs the support; and out of pity and in consideration of what she was as a teacher in her younger days they have let her remain. Besides, she is a rela-

tive of one of the most influential members of the school board."

And twenty-five or thirty children must suffer all their lives because public *principle* is not strong enough to overcome public *sentiment*!

I am sorry for the poor teacher; but what right has she to be supported at such a cost? What right has her "relative" to impose upon a whole roomful of children an influence that may mar their whole lives? How can this be so? you ask. Because children *need* and should have a mind that is wholesome, just, and wise to direct, govern, and influence them while they are in the schoolroom. Impatience, nervousness, and all that might so easily prevail when one is ill or querulous with responsibilities too great to bear, will work sad havoc on the sensitive, delicate souls of little children. Many a child grows to hate school and its associations because of a teacher who is unjust, partial, or severe.

This is not exaggerated, dear friends. It is a picture drawn from actual life. Only a few weeks ago in New York a similar case was called to my attention by a teacher who made the statement that in his school there was a most pitiable condition existing because of the persistent retention on the part of the school board of a teacher who was too old—not only as to age, but as to methods of pedagogy—to be anything but an incubus on the school as well as the children.

What shall we do? you ask.

Do! Talk about the question from the children's side. Should they not be considered? Are we to be weakly silent when not only our children, but the children of the whole community, are to be thus unjustly imposed upon?

Here is an opportunity to stand not only for a principle, but to right a wrong. Let us create a public sentiment. Let us talk with the parents, with the members of the school board—with every one who will give ear to the Rights of Childhood.

As to the teachers, it seems a great pity we cannot have a system of pensioning those who have given the best years of their life to the work. No one would be more ready to speak for that than I, but let us take care of the children first.

A few weeks ago I was invited to dine with a lady and her son. The latter was a most interesting and, I may safely say, unusual young man. He was a splendid specimen of the "self-government" system of training for which I have often pleaded in these pages. He said he could not remember being *commanded* to do anything. He was plainly shown the right and desirable path, and then left to pursue it or ignore it, as he chose.

When he was fourteen or fifteen he decided to leave school and go to work. Even in this he was allowed freedom to act, though not without disapproval. In a year or two he concluded it was school, after all, that he needed most. He prepared for college and passed every examination with high marks. (I learned this from other sources than the young man himself.) He is now about to take his degree of Ph.D., and is writing a personal dissertation on "English Literature," which is soon to be published.

What if he had been *forced* to go to school when he was *averse* to it? Ah, this is a pertinent question. Think well upon the answer. But the intellectual culture of the young man was not his only admirable quality. He has a penchant for boys—a real, disinterested, philanthropic interest that makes him spend many odd moments in their behalf.

"Yes," said his mother, "wherever he goes he is generally followed by boys of all ages; for they all like him, and he sees something good—something promising in them all."

"What a splendid thing for the boys!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Yes, for he puts the poor ones in the way of many an opportunity and all of them in the right path to manhood," added the mother.

I have given just a glimpse of the wonderful thought vista that opened before my mental vision as a result of this conversation. Perhaps the reader will wish, with me, that we had more of this type of young manhood. Why can we not? Has not every parent the divine privilege of leading his or her child into the sanctuary of his own being, there to be awakened to know himself and the wonderful powers in his own soul?

(Rev.) HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

"The rose is praised for her beaming face,  
The lily for saintly whiteness;  
We love this bloom for its languid grace,  
And that for its airy lightness.

"We say of the oak, 'How grand of girth!'  
Of the willow we say, 'How slender!'  
And yet of the soft grass clothing the earth,  
How slight is the praise we render!

"But the grass knows well, in her secret heart,  
How we love her cool green raiment;  
So she plays in silence her lovely part,  
And cares not at all for payment.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And while she serves us, with goodness mute,  
In return for such sweet dealings,  
We tread her carelessly underfoot—  
Yet we never wound her feelings!

"Here's a lesson that he who runs may read—  
Though I fear but few have won it:  
The best reward of a kindly deed  
Is the knowledge of having done it."

—EDGAR FAWCETT: *St. Nicholas*, 1877.



## THE GOOD FAIRIES' WORK.

*(Part II.)*

By the time the nurse had finished that fairy tale they had reached the brook, and Lawrence was nowhere to be seen. Nurse Gilbert and Laura sat down in the tall grass by the brook. They knew that Lawrence could not be far away, as the meadow had a high fence round it; so they did not try to find him. As they sat down, Laura asked for another fairy story:

"Tell me the one you told us a few days ago, please, that starts, 'Once upon a time,'—you know the one I mean, Nurse."

So, to please Laura, Nurse Gilbert began:

"Once upon a time, when the good fairies were here upon the earth—that was many years ago—there lived in a small cottage a Mrs. Dobson and her two children: Katie, seven years old, and Ralph, nine years old. Mrs. Dobson was a widow, and had to struggle hard to support herself and little ones. She managed to supply scantily their needs by sewing and nursing. Ralph added, too, to the little income by running errands for the neighbors.

"It was upon one of these little errands of Ralph's that he stopped in the wood in a favorite seat by a brook to rest a while, wondering how he could help his mother more; for she was having quite a hard time, as nobody had any sewing to do and she now depended upon the little work that Ralph did. As the boy sat looking into the water, to his surprise he saw floating down the stream a tiny boat with a fairy guiding it. Ralph was too astonished to speak. He had often heard his mother tell about the fairies and had been swept away by a terrible storm. But here was one anyhow, and he was coming right up to the bank where Ralph was sitting. As the boat came nearer he heard a voice say:

"'Hello, my boy; just lift my boat upon the bank—I want to come up and see you!'

"Ralph did as he was told, reaching down to the water and bringing the little craft to shore.

"'Well, my good boy,' said the fairy, after seating himself on the edge of the boat, 'what is the trouble?'

"Ralph looked at him in amazement, wondering how he knew that he was in trouble. Then he remembered that fairies know everything and can do anything. Perhaps this fairy would help him! So Ralph spoke up and told him all about his mother and sister, and what a hard time they had to get along.

"'Well, my brave boy,' said the fairy, 'I was sent down here by our queen to help you. You see, we keep track of all the good boys all over the land, so we can help them in their need. So my little man,' he continued, 'all you have to do is to strike these three pebbles together and whatever you wish for will come true.'

"Ralph took the pebbles and put them in his pocket, thanking the fairy very much for them.

"They sat there talking for a little while; then the fairy bade Ralph good-by. 'But before you go, Ralph, just put my boat back in the water again, will you, please?'"

"Ralph easily shoved the little boat into the stream, waving the fairy a fond good-by, and started for home, wondering what he would wish for first when he arrived. He went into the house with a joyful face.

"'Mother, you won't have to work any more,' said Ralph, smiling. 'What do you want most, mother?'"

"'Something to eat,' said the mother, with a sigh. Ralph at once wished for a well-laid table, shaking the pebbles in his pocket, and at once the table was full of goodies.

"'Why, Ralph!' exclaimed his mother, 'how did you do it?'"

"Then Ralph told her all about the fairy he had met in the wood and about the pebbles. So, from that time on, they never wanted for anything. Ralph supplied the house with everything and made their home comfortable."

By the time Nurse Gilbert had finished the fairy tale, Laura was ready to go home. Lawrence had not yet appeared; so they started to find him. As they walked along by the brook there was Master Lawrence coming toward them, crying.

"Why, Lawrence! What is the matter? Are you hurt?" exclaimed the nurse, thinking perhaps he had met with an accident.

"No, Nurse," said Lawrence, between the sobs, "I have had a very funny dream about bad boys."

"Well, Lawrence, you must tell us about it as we walk along toward home," said Nurse Gilbert; "and we must hurry, as it is getting late and Papa will soon be home from the city."

As Lawrence walked along he told them that by the time he had reached the brook he was tired, so he sat down under a tree to wait for them and fell asleep, and dreamed that the fairies came and put a whole lot of salt in the brook, and washed his face with it—and that was what made him cry. "But oh, Nurse!" exclaimed Lawrence, as he finished telling about his dream, "do fairies wash your face if you do not keep it clean?"

"Why, of course they do!" said Laura, suddenly; "and it is a wonder they did not tie you to a tree so as to hold you."

"Well," said Lawrence, "I am never going to have my face dirty any more."

By this time they had reached the house, and their father was coming up the walk. Both ran to meet him, each taking a hand. As they walked toward the house Lawrence said:

"Papa, I am never going to have a dirty face any more."

"I hope not, my son—but why?" said the father, looking down at the boy.

"Because, Papa, if I do the fairies will come and wash it for him," broke in Laura, laughing. "Look at it now!"

Away ran Lawrence to the nurse, remembering his face was still dirty, to have it washed. After that Lawrence was quite a good boy, and did not tease his sister's kittens, nor get his hands or face soiled. So the good fairies had one less face to wash.

ARTHUR LESLIE SMITH.

•••••  
LULLABY.

Sleep, my baby, sleep—  
Mother watch will keep.

The sun has gone to rest,  
The bird is in her nest.

The chicken seeks its mother's wing—  
She loves the little yellow thing.

The stars begin to shine—  
Sleep, my babe; 'tis time.

Thy heart is full of love;  
Thou art gentle like the dove.

The Christ spirit's in my little one;  
Sleep in peace—the day is done.

God ever watch will keep—  
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Sleep, my baby, sleep—  
God ever watch will keep.

MARY P. SPINNEY.

## THE SUNSHINE GATHERERS.

*My Dear Children:*

Most of you know what is meant by gathering berries; and I believe many of you, who spend your vacations in the country, have already gathered blackberries or huckleberries in the fields or at the wayside during your daily rambles. But, let me ask, did you ever think of gathering sunshine?

"Gather sunshine! Why, how can we do that?" you exclaim.

I will tell you a little incident that happened to me last summer, and, if it will make you as glad of heart as it did me at the time, you may be sure that you *too* have learned the lesson that *I* did from the little boy who showed me how to gather sunshine.

My garden lies directly opposite my house in a hollow across the road. I had just returned from there, had passed through the gate leading to my home, and, before closing the door behind me, glanced aimlessly down the street when my eyes fell on a little lad coming quickly toward me. He was between seven and eight years old, thin and slender for his age, wore a colored shirtwaist and knickerbockers, and was bare-legged. As he pattered quickly by in his bare feet I saw that he held a small bunch of yellow flowers tightly squeezed together in one hand; in the other he carried two blossoms of the same kind. He looked so bright and eager as he passed me that I could not help speaking to him.

"Nice flowers you've got there," I called to him over the fence.

He looked up at me with a glad smile in his gray eyes.

"Will you have one?" he asked, instantly, and held the hand nearest the gate over to me.

I was touched to the heart by his unselfishness and the manner in which he showed it.

"Come with me, laddie," I said, in answer to his offer; "I will add to your store instead."

I led him over into my old-fashioned garden, and his surprise was complete.



ers. My ma and my grandma together ain't got so many. My, they're lovely!"

"Well, now, pick all you want," I said.

His eyes glistened with pleasure as we two began to gather them: verbenas, larkspur, mignonette, lady-slippers, asters, some late roses, bleeding hearts, geraniums, marigolds, poppies, fuschias, a bit of lemon verbena here, a sprig of sweet herbs there, and, as his bouquet grew—for I put all I picked into his arms—we talked.

"Do you know the names of the flowers?" I inquired.

"Some I do, 'cause grandma raises some in her little garden, too."

"Where were you going with your flowers when I called you?" I asked further.

"To take them to Auntie. She's sick; and to the lady that lives with her. The small bunch was for her."

"Where does your grandma live?"

"'Way at the end of the lane."

"And you?"

"In Lincoln street."

"What do you do with yourself all summer?—you know vacation is so long."

"I go to summer school. Whew!" he broke out, over and over again; "I never saw so many flowers, and so many different kinds! But say,"—he interrupted his own speech,—"*I think you must be awful good.*"

"Good? Why?"

"To let me come in here to help myself like that. I don't think I can carry any more." His arms were so full that the flowers touched his nose and he could barely look over them at me.

"It wasn't *I* that was *good*. It was *you*, my little lad, that was the good one, because out of your small stock of flowers you offered me some when I spoke to you. So, because *you* were so good I was good in turn to you." He looked puzzled and thoughtful for a few minutes.

"Is that the way?" he said at last.

"Yes, that's the way; be kind and you'll be treated kindly. It's quite a lesson, isn't it?"

He smiled a shy "yes" back at me; then, the boy cropping out, he began to whistle to cover his shamefacedness. Boys don't like to be praised, or at least they do not like to show their feelings.

Trotting off down the street a few minutes later, he looked back with a smile at me, and called out:

"I've got so many I can hardly hold them all."

"Want a string?" I shouted back.

"No. I like to feel my hands so full of them."

Now, dear children, here is sunshine that two persons had gathered in a few minutes,—the little lad and I,—sunshine that lasted me for many, many days; sunshine gathered and hearts made truly glad by a small act of unselfishness!

See how much sunshine *you* can gather in your daily lives to make glad those about you. Will you try?

ELISE TRAUT.



#### A SURE CURE FOR SELFISHNESS.

Brush from thy neighbor's cheek the grieving tear;

Assuage his pain; make for him glad sunshine.

Into *thine* heart then springs a blithesome cheer;

Less gloom and sadness measure hours of thine.

FANNY L. FANCHER.



How is it possible that out of the frozen brown earth even the smallest blossoms should rise like a star, or bring up its little cup of perfume? How marvelous that the colorless and shapeless clods beneath our feet should be transformed into flowers by the magical touch of spring! No tale of enchantment was ever half so strange as that which we read in the unfolding leaves of every returning May. There is only one thing more marvelous than this new creation which we behold around us, and that is ourselves, who are so made that we can enter into it and enjoy it all.—*Lucy Larcom.*



WHERE there is the most of God there is the least of self.—  
B. W.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

**READING CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING.** By Hugo von Hagen, Ph.D. 189 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Graphology Publishing Company, New York.

The sub-title of this unique work describes it as "a hand-book of graphology for experts, students, and laymen." The description is fully justified by the text, for the volume embraces the best technical knowledge of the subject extant, sets forth intelligible rules for the guidance of investigators, and shows the important results that flow from familiarity with the new "art." While there is no doubt that handwriting is a revealer of character, it is equally true that its minute interpretation is more or less dependent upon the psychic sense of intuition, which cannot be "taught;" yet there are certain mechanical—not to say mathematical—rules that experience has proved to be susceptible of general application and utility. These are given by Dr. von Hagen in a way that suggests profound study and intimate knowledge of the subject, and his analysis of the 140 "specimens" with which the book is illustrated will prove a revelation to the reader who has not kept pace with the mystical or occult development of our time. The publication of works of this and kindred character, which is rapidly extending in many languages, is a most hopeful sign; for they are an undoubted aid in the battle against materialism. But the contradictory testimony of alleged handwriting experts in our law courts emphasizes the demand for a really authoritative treatise on graphology—a need supplied by this author, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the book.

**DIVINE SCIENCE AND HEALING.** By Malinda E. Cramer. 293 pp. Cloth, \$2.00. "The Home College of Divine Science," publishers, San Francisco, Cal.

This is a new text-book of Divine Science, technically so called—a religio-scientific system of philosophy and practise that differs far more widely from Christian Science than from the New Thought. It has, however, more theological features than the latter, and makes more abundant use of the Bible as the authoritative embodiment of its principles. Yet its interpretation of the

Scriptures is in the main logical and consistent, and among its requirements there is no slavish adherence to the writings of any individual, ancient or modern. The work comprises twenty-three "lessons," some of which are arranged in the form of question and answer, epitomizing the entire philosophy and its rules of practise. The volume is minutely indexed and has a frontispiece portrait of the author, which also appeared in *MIND*, some months ago, together with a biographic sketch. While there are some teachings in Divine Science with which we do not agree,—for instance, the statement that "the body" is part of the man, and is capable of immortalization,—yet this text-book has our commendation as a whole, and its merited wide circulation cannot fail to contribute most effectually to the dissemination of the New Metaphysics. It does not make too many appeals to the emotions of the reader, and as a treatise on the oneness of God and man, with all that this relationship implies, it is an admirable production. J. E. M.



#### OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- A BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES M. PEEBLES, M.D., A.M. By Edward Whipple. Cloth, 592 pp. Published by the author at Battle Creek, Mich.
- WHO ARE THESE SPIRITUALISTS? By James M. Peebles, M.D., A.M. Cloth, 131 pp. Published by the author at Battle Creek, Mich.
- HENRY ASHTON. A Story. By R. A. Dague. Cloth, 235 pp. Published by the author at Alameda, Cal.
- SATISFYING LOVE; Or, What Love Really Is. By Louie Stacey. 45 pp. Cloth, 30 cents. Cartwright Brothers, publishers, Willenhall, England.
- THE ONE DIVINE PURPOSE. By Meredith B. Little. 78 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Glens Falls Pub. Co., Glens Falls, N. Y.
- CONCENTRATION AND INSPIRATION. By Sara Thacker. 88 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author at Applegate, Cal.
- UNITY; Or, For Life, Liberty, and Freedom. By R. Hedges Bates. Paper, 56 pp. Published by the author at Leighton, Bedfordshire, England.





ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

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## TOLSTOY, MYSTIC AND REALIST.

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

“‘Resurrection,’ Count Tolstoy’s popular novel, ten cents,” was the cry which I heard yesterday in Park Place. Here is a book written by an aged moralist, in a country distant from ours by half a hemisphere in space and tradition and language—a book written with a deep, ethical purpose, and containing the most radical arraignment of all the customs of the civilized world—and yet it is called “popular” by a street vendor. Nor is the term a misnomer. The authorized expensive edition of the book has had a large sale in this country, and “pirated” editions have sprung up here and there, and apparently they have prospered. And now the story has been dramatized, and simultaneously in France, England, and America the play has been presented to crowded audiences. Two companies are acting “Resurrection” now in Greater New York, and there is talk of others. The American press has uniformly condemned the drama, but I confess that it seemed to me a powerful one and a fair representation of the novel. And it is a good sign that people will go to see such plays. There is nothing whatever salacious in the seduction scene to attract the prurient, and the rest of the play is the story of the regeneration of two souls, ending, not in their union (as is generally supposed to be necessary in such a plot), but in Maslova’s renunciation of Nekhludov.

We are often told that Tolstoy's recent religious and social ideas have destroyed or seriously impaired his artistic and literary skill, but it is a fact that "Anna Karenina" failed to make such an impression as "Resurrection" has, and that what the great author may have lost in charm he seems to have gained in force. But it is a mistake to suppose that there was any great break in Tolstoy's life. He was always a man of religious feeling, and it always inspired his art. The critics who say, "What a pity that Tolstoy has gone astray into the paths of mysticism and reform!" fail to see that these religious and altruistic attributes of his were always the very source of his genius. Prince Nekhludov, the hero of "Resurrection," may be said in a way to bind together the two extremes of Tolstoy's career. When the novelist was a young man he endeavoured to reform the management of his estate at Yasnaia Poliana. He had no socialistic or anarchistic ideas then, but he had already been impressed by the injustice of society to the working-class, and he wished to improve the condition of his serfs. But his attempt was a failure. The peasants distrusted him and would have none of his new methods and machinery, and Tolstoy found that there was something in the relation of landlord and tenant which prevented full coöperation. He gave the world his experiences in the form of a novelette which he called "Prince Nekhludov," under which title he scarcely concealed himself. It was a picture of the evils of landlordism and serfdom, and it is significant that nearly half a century later he should have taken the same man for his hero, and in "Resurrection," be it noted, Nekhludov finds a solution of the land question in the doctrines of Henry George. The mystical development of his hero's character is accompanied by a practical application of the "single tax" upon his estates, and it is a defect of the play that no reference is made to this important episode. It is this combination in Tolstoy of the spiritual and practical that makes him such a unique force in literature. He is at once a



mystic and a realist. He commands a perfectly clear vision of the world of matter and custom, and, at the same time, of the world of spiritual life and growth.

That Tolstoy is a mystic cannot be doubted, although he would repudiate the term. He teaches us that love is the regenerative power in the world. He relates how, when he made this discovery and at last gave himself up as best he might to the new sensations of love for God and neighbor, he felt lifted above the plane of time and space, and became conscious for the first time of the immortal soul within him. His book on "Life," which gives his innermost thought, is a mystical book from cover to cover. But unlike other mystics he does not stop there. There is usually something invertebrate in the thoughts of the man who devotes himself to the task of delving in his own consciousness. We would hardly look to Whitman or Blake for a workable drama, nor to Ibsen or Sudermann for revelations from the subconscious world. We may be tempted to take Maeterlinck as an example of the dramatizing mystic, but his plays are mystical rhapsodies after all, and as unlike the compact handiwork of "Ghosts" or the "Doll's House" as a jelly-fish is unlike a life-boat. Tolstoy, however, is a born dramatist. "Resurrection," of course, is not an example of his dramatic skill, although there are many dramatic passages in it; but Tolstoy has written two plays, "The Powers of Darkness" and the "Fruits of Science," and not long ago I read a newspaper interview with Sir Henry Irving in which he spoke with enthusiasm of these plays as among the greatest of recent times. It is not upon them, however, that I base my belief in Tolstoy's dramatic instinct, but rather upon the whole story of his life. He has always seen the world dramatically. Books, sermons, arguments, have never appealed to him as strongly as the enacted event. He has seen the problems of the age in the neglected episodes of the street, and has learned the lessons of his life from life itself. Thus they say that his first acquaintance with the labor question came from the freezing of a

coachman who was waiting for him to come out from a ball on a cold, winter night while he was attending the University of Kazan. The man's life was saved, but that dramatic event fixed itself upon his mind and formed a lasting picture of the condition of a society in which the gentleman feasts and makes merry in a luxurious house, while the representative of the class that built the house and produced the luxuries is shut out to suffer in the cold. An execution by the guillotine at Paris stamped itself upon his soul as the *reductio ad absurdum* of criminal law, and urged him on to complete non-resistance. It was only when, while walking in Moscow with a wood-sawyer, they each cast a penny together into a beggar's hat, that this simple act set his mind to work at the great problem of charity, and gave the impulse which brought him to the conviction that the only true alms-giving is the giving of a man's own labor or of its products. It was the great drama of the Crimean War which, treasured in Tolstoy's memory, revealed to him the iniquity of licensed manslaughter, and it was in the village school at Yasnaia Poliana, where for many months he played the part of schoolmaster, that he learned to his own satisfaction that love of neighbor is the keystone of education, as it is of life. That a man who saw dramas great and small on every hand should have written books full of dramatic scenes was but natural. No man has ever been a greater realist than this mystic.

There is a certain degree of fitness in the fact that this most dramatic (but least theatrical) of men should have become in his own person a dramatic incarnation of the social problem of his time. I have had the privilege of seeing him at his country home. There he stood, the nobleman, the landlord, the great novelist, dressed in the rough canvas blouse of a peasant, with a strap round his waist. His face, too, seemed to have adapted itself to his garb; there was the long hair and beard and the patient face of the moujik. A single look into his eyes is enough to convince the veriest Philistine that this

is no pose, no play to the galleries, but that Tolstoy has felt himself irresistibly impelled, even against all his natural tastes and instincts, to make himself a living protest against the divisions of society, against caste and exploitation and unbrotherliness in all its forms. His is a rough figure, for he is a pioneer on a steep and stony road, but it sums up in itself the whole stress and storm of our social unrest. He is, in a sense, the protagonist of mankind in the tragedy of the day, and the most conspicuous searcher for the solution of its problem—the tragedy of the chasm between man and man, and the problem of closing it forever.



UNREALIZED ideals, deliberately or carelessly unrealized, work corruption of the blood, work spiritual degeneration and decay. If you listen with serene approval to praise of virtue, and go hence, and do not try and strive to build what you have heard into the structure of your daily lives, into your buying and selling and voting and domestic care, you are worse men and women than if you stayed at home or went off somewhere into the free.—*J. W. Chadwick.*



IN order to gather birds' feathers, and especially egrets, to deck women's hats in what is called civilization, great cruelty is necessary. The most skilful collectors catch the birds alive and kill them by slitting the roof of the mouth with a sharp penknife, so that they may bleed to death without soiling the feathers. Another method of exquisite cruelty is to skin the captured birds alive, on the theory that this method preserves the gloss of the feathers better than any other. Paul Fountain, the African explorer, describes finding a great heap of putrefying bodies of birds, the work of a feather hunter who took only the egrets, leaving the rest to rot. Near the sad spectacle was a dark patch upon the ground, marking where the lives of thousands of miserable, fluttering, agonized birds ran out. Of course, those feathered hats are pretty—if the beholder has no imagination to see what is behind them.—*New York World.*

## ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Our subject for this month's sketch is interesting in the extreme in that it shows the evolution of a man's thought concerning many of the problems of life, wherein at one stage he takes the commonly accepted view of the world, and, later on, through his activities in the world, comes at last to understand the great wrongs perpetrated in the name of civilization, and then through the spoken and written word seeks to present to the world a higher ideal, a truer conception of life. Only the man who thinks and lays aside race traditions and prejudice, and who keeps his mind unbiased and studies life as it is can reach such conclusions.

Ernest Howard Crosby, son of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, was born in New York, November 4, 1856. As a boy he attended the Mohegan Lake School, and later entered the University of New York, from which institution he was graduated in 1876 as the valedictorian of his class. After leaving the university he studied law for two years at Columbia, and again graduated with the highest honors.

In 1879 he began the practice of law in New York City, and became prominently identified with the Republican party, serving in the New York Legislature during 1887, 1888 and 1889. During his service in the Legislature he was Chairman of the Committee on Cities, perhaps the most important of the legislative committees. Mr. Crosby was also prominently identified with temperance legislation, introducing in the Legislature the Crosby High License Bill which was three times vetoed by Governor David B. Hill. From 1874 to 1882 the subject of our sketch was a member of the Seventh Regi-

ment of the New York National Guard, and retired as Major and Inspector of Rifle Practice. He became a life member of the Seventh Regiment Veteran Association, from which organization he resigned in 1895 on account of the action of that body during the Brooklyn trolley strike.

In 1889 President Harrison nominated Mr. Crosby as Judge of the International Tribunal of Egypt, and to this post he was appointed by the Khedive. He served on this Tribunal for five years resigning in 1894. On leaving Alexandria he received the order of Medjedieh, third class, from the Khedive in recognition of his distinguished services with the International Tribunal.

During his sojourn in Alexandria Mr. Crosby read some of Tolstoy's works, and, being much impressed by them, made a pilgrimage to Yasnaia Poliana to visit the great Russian before returning to America.

When he reached New York Mr. Crosby decided to retire from politics, nor did he take up his law practice again, but settled down on his farm at Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Mr. Crosby's interests in New York City are many, however. Among others he was the organizer and first President of the New York Social Reform Club; he is actively interested in the labor movement; he is a strong anti-imperialist and opponent of war, and has been the President of the New York Anti-Imperialists' League since its formation; he is President of the New York Vegetarian Society, and also of the Civic Council.

Mr. Crosby is the author of some well known works dealing with social problems and satirizing the military spirit of modern Christianity. Among them are "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable,"\* published in 1898; "Captain Jinks, Hero,"† 1902, and "Swords and Plowshares,"† 1902. Mr. Crosby is also the editor of *Whim*, a magazine devoted to the discussion

\*Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

†Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

of social problems. He is very popular as a lecturer and has made many tours in the South and West. Mr. Crosby was married in 1881 and has a son and a daughter.

The time is not yet ripe for a thorough public appreciation of Mr. Crosby's splendid work. The path of the reformer is not strewn with roses, for men criticize and find fault at one stage with any innovation that would make for the betterment of humanity. Nevertheless, sooner or later, we come at last to see and appreciate the reformer at his true worth.

Mr. Crosby is a worthy son of a worthy father, and the courage and enthusiasm of the one seem to have been transmitted to the other. If the world had more men like him it would be correspondingly better off.

The writer, with every well-wisher for the good of mankind, will hope for every success for Mr. Crosby along the lines he has laid down for his life work.

Mr. Crosby's earliest work is entitled: "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable." In it he expresses many vital truths. In a straightforward, manly way he goes to the heart of things. The following quotation will give you a little idea of the numerous good things to be found in the book:

"This is a mad world.

The great church is crowded.

The ancient torn battle-flags are hung high on the walls, where the dusty red and yellow rays from the stained windows strike them.

The monuments of generals who died fighting look down at the multitude, among whom we see here and there uniformed soldiers from the garrison.

And the priest drones: 'But I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; and whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.'

Yet no one smiles—but the devil.

"This is a mad world.

In the congregation are great land-owners and millionaires, statesmen and magistrates.

They sit content, and the rest admire them and would be as they are.

And once more the priest reads: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God;' and again, 'Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them, but it shall not be so among you.'  
Yet no one smiles—but the devil."

Count Tolstoy says: "I like the book very much. Some of the pieces—the choice is difficult because all are very good—I will have translated into Russian and published."

Edwin Markham says: "'Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable' is one of the significant books of the time."

We could quote from what many others have said concerning the book, all commending it in the highest terms.

In a later work entitled "Captain Jinks, Hero," which is a satire on the military spirit of the time, Mr. Crosby has achieved a pronounced success.

Walter Crane has this to say concerning the book: "It ('Captain Jinks, Hero') is a very telling satire upon military life and military ideals, and it should be most valuable at the present time as a counterblast to the imperialist and military fever, which, fostered by the expansion of capital in seeking new fields for employment, has seized upon both the English and American people like a disease. Mr. Crosby uses that most powerful weapon, ridicule, and he throws the cold searchlight of sense and common humanity upon the false and inflated aspects of so-called military glory. One feels, too, there is a kind of natural history in the development of his hero and the incidents of his career, while the author, thinly veiling actual events and personages, gets in many a homethrust, which shall bring him the sympathy and applause of all lovers of peace, justice, and human progress, on both sides of the Atlantic."

We quote rather from the opinions of others than from the book itself as our limited space forbids acceptable quotations, but one more quotation from Edgar Fawcett is worthy of attention in this sketch.

"Mr. Crosby's work will do a very great deal of good. There are times when ridicule alone can deal the *coup de grace* to a dying wrong. And war is a dying wrong, whatever shortsighted people may say to the contrary. Slavery, a friend of equal horror, took many a decade to die in. Mr. Crosby, with all his fine antagonism, may not be in at the finish, but he is one of the few spacious-minded thinkers who deserve to be."

Mr. Crosby's latest work is entitled "Swords and Plowshares." In this book without doubt he makes his most vigorous protests against war and the spirit of conquest. I have no recollection of any book that has been written in recent times, or, for that matter, at any time, wherein all the glamour and chivalry of war is so mercilessly stripped off and you see things as they are in reality. In this book Mr. Crosby unmasks the deceit and hypocrisy of professing Christians who violate everything that Christ himself held sacred. Jesus either had a gospel of peace and good will toward all men or he had not. He was too sincere to have a gospel to suit peace in times of peace and to suit war in times of war as some of his latter day disciples have done. Note in the following verses Mr. Crosby's position in relationship to Christianity and war.

Talk, if you will, of hero deed,  
Of clash of arms and battle wonders;  
But prate not of your Christian creed  
Preached by the cannon's murderous thunders.

Be what you will, entire and free,  
Christian or warrior—each can please us;  
But not the rank hypocrisy  
Of warlike followers of Jesus.

Mr. Crosby is particularly happy in the following verses



And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad  
Where might his country be  
Who cared not for our country's flag  
And the brave from oversea?

"Oh, my country is the Land of Love,"  
Thus did the lad reply;  
"My country is the Land of Love,  
And a patriot there am I."

"And who is your king, my patriot boy,  
Whom loyally you obey?"  
"My king is Freedom," quoth the lad,  
"And he never says me nay."

"Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,  
Where every man is free?"  
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,  
And his smile fell full on me.



### REST THOU IN HOPE.

Argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer  
Right onward.—*Milton*.

Why troublest thou thy soul with thoughts of what befell  
Ere thou wert born? Or why mistrust what shall befall again,  
When life is at an end? It may be that in other worlds—  
Worlds long since vanished—thou didst weep, as now,  
Pondering the mysteries that lay beyond thy knowledge.  
Who can say? And yet, vague recollections do haunt my memory,  
Fainter than dreams; and the touch of unseen lips,  
Soothes me with a sense of bliss unknown to mortal life.  
In ages long gone by, oh soul, did griefs o'erwhelm thee?  
A future life awaits. Rest thou in hope.

J. H. ROCKWELL.



My ambition: to live in the present so that in the future I  
may look back upon and feel proud of the past.—*W. S. Maverick*.

## KARMA, THE MYSTERY OF JUSTICE.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"The Buddhist theory of *Karma* or "action" which controls the destiny of all sentient beings, not by judicial reward and punishment, but by the inflexible result of cause into effect, wherein the present is ever determined by the past in an unbroken chain of causation, is, indeed, one of the world's most remarkable developments of ethical speculation."\*—*E. B. Taylor in his Prim. Culture, II., I.*

If Emerson's statement be true that "the soul contains in itself the event that shall presently befall it—the event being the mere actualization of its thoughts," it follows that every act, word or thought of the individual is a new link in the chain of ethical and physical causation which binds him to the objects of his interest. Freedom in a larger sense would, therefore, be possible only when the Ego or soul ceases to *act*, and from being an actor becomes an instrument or channel for impersonal and universal force-currents.

"Man is great because of the powers that stand behind him." Porous to the *Light*, his thoughts and words become *light-bearers*; attuning his *personal life* to the grand *universal life*, his actions become levers for the uplifting of humanity.

*Life* in its impersonal, universal aspect constitutes an ocean of potential energy, moving in silent waves from shore to shore of ever-present being. To strike a poise in this tidal sweep of life and allow it to carry us through the vicissitudes of personal existence means harmony and uninterrupted, frictionless progress. But if a contrary attitude is assumed, and the individual makes attempts to force his way through existence in opposition to the laws of universal life, he will find himself placed under the grindstone of a relentless destiny, and reduced by the unceasing action of opposing tides to a mental

\*Cited by the "Century Dictionary" under the head "Karma."

and moral wreck, and to final extinction, were it not for the ever-merciful Law, which, at every step of descent, intervenes with its iron penalties of pain and anguish, urging the hopeless wrestler to turn in his fatal career. The registration of these subjective struggles and the bringing into scientific statements of law their effects on the evolution of humanity are summed up in the collective term *Karma*.

Subordinating himself to the sway of pure, untainted life, the individual becomes pure and true in his mode of living. *Truth* is the signature of life. A prism for the Divine Life, the individual, by opening his nature to its true, unobstructed flow, is enabled to turn Kosmic, ideal truths into concrete and practical perceptions. He receives in order to give, and through purity of living adjusts himself to the action of the *vis viva* of existence, thus rendering himself a fit vehicle for the distribution of its vitalizing essence among his fellow creatures. If he keeps his mind pure he shall find himself a prism of living light, a dispenser of truth. If not, if the prism of his mind be tainted and of a false construction, the man will act a traitor to life by presenting it in false vestures. He who in word or deed gives expression to something which he knows to be untrue is a false prism, distorting truth and adding a new weight to the burden of human falsehood. Thus, truth, being converted into falsehood, passes onward spreading its corruptive, confusing influences to every mind with which it comes in touch. Yet in itself truth is imperishable and cannot be lost; its distortion into falsehood is merely temporary, and it is destined to reëmerge, restored to its pure, untainted essence. Ever remaining in sympathetic touch with the false mind which gave it birth, the falsehood, whenever its initiatory impulse is spent, returns to its parent-source to be redeemed and restored to truth. This gives the dynamic side to slander and calumny. If people realized that the ignominy and ill-fame of which they consider themselves innocent victims are their own progeny returning to be redeemed, they would take

the bitter administrations without protest or lamentation. "Karma"—*Nemesis*—is unsleeping and sure, and every insult, be it ever so seemingly undeserved, is an opportunity given the sufferer to redeem Karmic pledges; to divert truth from the guise of falsehood he once gave to it, and to restore his disturbed inner relations with humanity.

Moved by causes of his own making the individual is constantly under the reign of laws equally inexorable and just. Every moment of his existence represents the extent to which his present circumstances permit the expression of forces engendered and vitalized by his own actions in the past. Sweeping as this assertion may appear, it is, nevertheless, an unavoidable consequence when we apply to the movement of a mental and moral universe principles already recognized as fundamental to the movement of a physical universe. If law and order are recognized as fashioners of evolution, then man, who is a part of evolution, must ever be found in a position and amidst environments where the vital currents of his entire past are focalized. Though in the hands of an invincible and implacable law his case, however desperate at times it may appear, is nevertheless not hopeless. His redemption lies in resignation to the past and receptivity and alertness to the future. "It is the act of an ill-instructed man," observes Epicurus, "to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed to lay the blame on himself, and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another, nor himself."

"And what is Divine Law to man? To hold fast that which is his own, and to claim nothing that is another's; to use what is given him and not to covet what is not given; to yield up easily and willingly what is taken away, giving thanks for the time he has had it at his service." The unfolding into effects of causes engendered in the past cannot be stayed; whatever we have sown we must reap. But we may reap like Cadmus, who, having sown the dragon's teeth and received the

crop of vicious giants, managed to turn the dismal brood to feed on their own substance, and, from the ensuing self-destruction of the monsters, saved only those fit to serve useful and constructive ends.

But far more telling than the event (good or bad) itself is the manner in which we accept it. For while events remain unvarying quantities, man is ever the variant. Constantly oscillating between the two poles of *fear* and *defiance*, he either magnifies or diminishes the significance of an event. Ninety per cent. of threatening misfortunes are dissolved into airy nothings when met by courage and fortitude. Like the giant Antæus, whose formidable strength vanished the moment Hercules lifted him from the earth, the source of his power, so our troubles lose most of their terror when, by lifting them up into the lofty region of trust and noble resignation, we cut off their base of supplies. Not infrequently, when looking back upon the past, do we find that much which we once looked upon with fear and anguish, in the course of later events became a means of turning our life into higher and nobler channels.

Once generated, the Karmic forces cannot be stayed in their work of adjustment. The arm of retributive justice is sure at some time or another to reach the offender. But man is a dual being; one of Earth, earthy, and one of Heaven, heavenly; the one, the devil in man; the other, his inspiring angel. Oscillating between them both like the charged needle between its two poles, this mystic unit of consciousness—the personal Ego or *human soul*—is ever moving, sometimes uniting itself with the one, sometimes with the other. Sin ensues when the soul identifies itself with its lower companion and uses the animal force of the latter for the realization of egoistic ends.

Following the vital threads connecting a cause to its effect, as the electric spark follows the conducting wire, the stored up Karmic energy seeks in this lower pole of consciousness (the scene of the transgression) a forum for its adjust-

ments. Hence, it follows that the soul is actually made to suffer only to the extent to which it is in touch with the conduits of the Karmic discharges. Rising on wings of intense aspiration to unite with its spiritual Ego, the soul may disconnect itself from the field where the law operates. Like the aeronaut, who, with his balloon above the clouds, can safely witness the display of a thunderstorm raging below him, so the soul united with its *Augoides* can observe with calmness and serenity the violent scenes in the drama of Karmic retribution. The history of human martyrdom abounds with testimonials adding strength to this theory of life. Often the martyr was found singing songs of rapture and exaltation, while the flames of the faggots were consuming his mortal frame. The cause for Karmic action once generated, no subsequent repentance, even that of a saint, could prevent its actualization into corresponding concrete conditions; but while the violated law found the restoration of its equilibrium in the burning body, the soul through the supreme power of faith in its Higher Self had dis severed its sensuous connection with the field for the Karmic operation and thus become insensible to pain. The same shifting of the basis of consciousness is often experienced by the hero on the battlefield, who through the exaltation of patriotism rises momentarily above the plane of physical suffering.

A thing or an event can hurt us only through the attitude we take toward it. "The power man possesses to annoy me," says the sage of Concord, "I give them by a weak curiosity. No one can come near me but through my own act." A misfortune receives its character from the character of the person subjected to it. A financial loss sustained by two persons in similar economic circumstances may stimulate the one and paralyze the other. "Anytus and Miletus are able to kill me, indeed," said Socrates, "but to harm me, never." In the last instance, the worst thing (at least so considered) that can happen to us, is death; yet death is unavoidable whether we

fear it or not—our only choice being between dying like men defending what we believe to be true and just, or like men trembling and cowering from fear; deserters of principle, cowards and weaklings. Anthony sought happiness in love, Cæsar in glory, Brutus in power—the one found dishonor, the second distrust, the third ingratitude—and each found destruction. Not in wealth and power, but in satisfaction, lies happiness; not in large incomes, but in small wants, lies independence.

“Love shuns the sage; the child it crowns;  
Gives all to them who all renounce.”

When subjected to malicious attacks the individual should try to realize that the ultimate cause must always be found within himself, and that his adversaries, personal or impersonal, are agents by and through which he is vitally linked to the effects of his past transgressions. This view of instrumental justice will take away the sense of “righteous indignation” and the feeling of outraged propriety which so naturally tends to overpower us when innocently attacked. As to the “instruments,” their relation to the Karmic adjustment will depend upon the motive by which they have been moved. If impersonal, they have involved no responsibility; if personal, their turn for adjustment will come when the time is due.

“Through labyrinths of issues—yet unerring—  
The guilt will find its way to punishment.”

Often the Karmic adjustment can find us through the instruments of love. The death of a beloved child, the sickness and sufferings of a devoted wife, and all the “accidents” of life leading to pain and anguish—all have a purpose and a meaning. They stir to thought and action, and suffering is the salt that keeps the souls from putrefying; they are the danger signals on the road to destiny.

Our social positions are not items of chance, but of destiny, and too deeply rooted in the eternal fitness of things to be regulated by the principle of supply and demand. Man is a blossom on the tree of his own evolution. Or, as Lowell puts it in his poem “Under the Elm,”

"A type of our brief, but still-renewed mortality  
We fall as leaves, the immortal trunk remains,  
Built with costly juice of human hearts,  
And gone to the mould, now whither all that be  
Vanish returnless, yet are procreant still,  
In human lives to come, of good and ill,  
And feed unseen the roots of destiny."

The force propelling the individual toward fortune or misfortune is ever generated in himself, though the breeze of human sympathy may fan into flaming life the smouldering embers of the soul, and add strength and endurance to his efforts. But while the love and good will of my fellow men may point out to me the road leading to fortune, I must tread the path myself. Environment is powerful; but its power, in order to be useful, must be subjugated and controlled. The "survival of the fittest" means the constitutional power by which the evolving entity can make the environments subserve its ends. To the extent that the individual is controlled by his environment is he weak and passive. For environment is the Karmic agency through which the stronger controls the weaker, and only by rising above this control is individual freedom—the prerequisite for all enduring growth—ensured.

But Nature can be controlled only by those that understand her. The purpose of evolution is *to know*. "The *unknown*," says Goethe, paradoxically, "is the only thing to know. That which is *known* is useless for our purpose." Subjective to the sway of spiritual gravity, man is rising in the scale of universal evolution to the extent to which he discerns and self-consciously adjusts his relations to Nature. Thus, man is ever in a place where he is best needed and needs best to be, though his occupation may either serve as a punishment or a lesson, according to what he makes of it. Only when he learns the inner, the moral, lesson of an occupation, will he find the means for further advancement. No power in the two worlds of mind and matter can hold a man to position which he has outgrown, nor remove him from a condition where he has still something to learn. Nature needs man



for the success of her evolutionary efforts. A street cleaner or scavenger has his evolutionary office, and Nature cannot do without him. Through his agency Nature establishes an equilibrium between the special order of *Life which he represents* and the *Life of the universe*. The realization of this truth and the dutiful living up to it render the simplest menial laborer Nature's nobleman—a coöperator in her efforts and a sharer with her in the results. To him who cheerfully performs his duties Nature reveals her secrets. Duty is the trade wind of evolution, and to follow it means sure and peaceful progress.

Operating on the moral plane, Karma follows the same principles as when manifesting on the physical plane. The falling of a rock into a body of water, with the ensuing outflow of ever widening waves of motion, is in principle reproduced on the moral plane when a thought or mind-impulse is thrown out into the all-embracing ocean of Universal Life. And as in the former case the impulse of the falling rock, after having been brought to bear upon every molecule in the liquid mass surrounding it, is followed by a reaction through which the same impulse, with all its original energy, is thrown back from the resisting shore upon the cause of the disturbance, so the waves of mental energy caused by the original thought-impulse, after having more or less forcibly impressed its character upon the receptive minds of humanity, will be thrown back upon the mind that generated it, either as sympathy or antipathy, according to the character of the recipient.

Thus "whatever ye sow ye shall reap." The slightest ripple caused by the mental action of an individual upon these all-embracing waters of life is returned to its source with equal impulse and undiminished momentum. Such "returns," or Karmic retributions, manifest as sorrows and sufferings or joy and happiness, according to the character of the thought sent out. Accepted with patience and resignation, these returns will restore our disturbed relations with the world, while,

if met by lamentations and protests, the disturbance goes on, this action again giving rise to reaction, followed by the unavoidable effects of renewed suffering and anguish.

"Our acts our angels are for good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows moving with us still."

No transgression of the moral law is more fatal to the happiness and peace of man than falsehood. All that is tainted with falsehood belongs to the night side of Nature—destructive and deadly. It is not the lack of mental acuteness that degenerates the race and the individual; it is not the contact with a stronger and better-armed nation that arrests the evolutionary growth of a less warlike and less martially equipped people—but the lack of truth in the conquered! The rise and fall of empires have not been brought about through inequality in arms and numbers, but through inequality in truth, the most vital and indispensable of all human and divine virtues. John Ruskin has proved by data defying refutation that the downfall of Gothic architecture was directly due to the introduction of false elements in its decorative arts. It dissembled, and assumed something to be real which had merely the outer semblance of the real. "So fell," says Ruskin, "the great dynasty of medieval architecture. It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws—because its order and consistency and organization had been broken through—that it could oppose no resistance to the rush of overwhelming innovation. And this, observe, all because it had *sacrificed a single truth*." Falsehood is the prolific parent to all mental, moral, and physical aberrations while truth is Life employed in healthy action—the *modus operandi* of every process where the cause, through an orderly and constitutional unfoldment proceeds into its effect. Whatever be the action, if it proceeds in harmony with the laws of life it stands for truth.

Life, like all dynamic energy, proceeds from within. Manifesting as *individual* life, it emerges from the plane of thought and motive, whence it proceeds outwardly through the func-

tions of speech and action. If its passage from the plane of motive to the plane of deed is unbroken, the man is true, and a healthy mind in a healthy body is the result. But if the passage be broken, and the vital currents forced into manifestations adverse to its nature and original purpose, that is, if the man thinks one thing and says or does another, he causes a disruption in the chain of his vital relation, and introduces into his system disorder and disease, loss of judgment and of discernment. Through the rupture of the harmonic relations with life the inner vision becomes distorted and unreliable, the ideals tottering and uncertain, and the entire man is turned into a moral and physical wreck—worthless to evolution, a menace to virtue, and an enemy to truth. Truth is the Ariadne thread of evolution. Lose it, and all is lost.

As we journey onward through the vicissitudes of life, we repeatedly have the experience that our feelings toward humanity are divided between sympathy and antipathy. Not infrequently we are brought into unavoidable contact with persons whose very presence repels us. Like Banquo's ghost they emerge uninvited and unexpected in the midst of our joys. Often they seem unconscious of the feelings they evoke in us, and cling to us with the tenacity of appreciated friendship. Finding at last the situation unbearable, most of us may break the spell, and by some biting remark forever disillusionize their minds as to our real feelings towards them. Perhaps they then depart from us—to leave room for others—yet though their forms have vanished, in reality and as souls they are more closely attached to us than ever.

Those individuals are souls whom we once before have met and refused to love. This attitude of refusing brotherly love has formed in our hearts a vacuum, which these sympathy-hungry souls, in spite of our failure to reciprocate, are destined to fill. They gravitate towards us, moved by the same irresistible destiny that impels the orb in stellar space to circle around its sun or planet. Swinging through life and death,

and connected by chains of inexorable destiny, the culprit of love and its victim are again and again brought to face the ancient issue. For inasmuch as universal harmony shall be the final end of all, which again is possible only with Love as the supreme Master of Life, hatred and enmity shall cease to exist even if the last spark of individuality shall be extinguished in the process. Karma—the unavoidable and infallible adjuster—places us between love and extinction, and every refused opportunity to love removes us from a new opportunity of choice.

“All that flesh doth cover,  
Souls by source sublime,  
Are but slaves sold over  
To the master Time,  
'To work out their ransom  
For the ancient crime.”

—the crime of sinning against love.

Indirectly every sin is a sin against love. For at the bottom of all sin lies selfishness, and selfishness means the absence of love. Selfishness is the giant weed through which so many gardens of the heart have become overgrown and stifled. Protean in its character selfishness takes form in a thousand guises, playing in turn and according to opportunity on the entire gamut of the passional nature of man. It is through selfishness or love for self that we become slaves of habits and of appetites. Every indulgence is weakness. Even if the habit be of apparently no consequence to the health of mind and body—nevertheless, if not productive of the latter it remains a useless and profitless expenditure of vital energy. And as there are no “small enemies,” so there are no “innocent indulgences.” Life, to its minutest details, is divided between *ends* and *means*; between purpose and instrumentality. Eating, drinking, sleeping, waking, dressing, rest, and activity can all be employed either as means or as ends. To eat to live is to subordinate the means to the end; to live to eat, the reverse—and so along the whole line of bodily and mental ac-

tivities. In the first alternative the individual realizes *himself a soul possessing a body*; in the latter, as a *body possessing a soul*. In the former, he identifies himself with the forces of law and harmony; in the latter, with the forces of chaos and discord. Pursuing the one course, he gravitates toward love, wisdom, and power; following the other, he sinks into the abysses of selfishness, ignorance, and moral and physical decrepitude.

For to live for *self*—the personal, sensual, evanescent self—means to look to that self and its activities for support; to live for humanity, or the *universal self*, is to establish reciprocal relations with the vitalizing currents of the entire universe. As we enter into relations with those things only which fill us with interest and sympathy, so the selfish individual whose entire interest is centered on himself and on his personal welfare gradually becomes isolated and inaccessible to the world-flow of love and sympathy which constitutes the grand circulating vital medium for the nourishment of souls. If not made to turn from that path the selfish soul will become devitalized and perish in its self-created solitude.

A most pregnant cause for the indulgence in habits of selfish gratification lies in man's mistake in regarding his body as personal property, while the truth of the matter is that the body is given to us as an instrument for the attainment of universal and humanitarian ends. Its employment for any other purpose is serving illegitimate ends. The general who uses his army for the furtherance of personal ends would be branded as a traitor and national enemy; and the man stands in the same relation to his body as a general to his army. To use this costly agency in the service of personal habits and appetites often contrary to the true welfare of man is an unholy act and a violation of the most sacred principles of trust. No man upon due reflection will regard as personal property the body with which he has been trusted. For ownership involves either purchase or self-production, and by none of these means has

the body come into our possession. In fact, we are almost entire strangers to our bodies, and the most vital and important of our bodily operations proceed without our knowledge. The body has been given to us in trust, and carries with it a responsibility involving the purpose of every enterprise in which we may engage. Not the *owner* of the body, but its mere *steward*, man shall have to render account for every expenditure of its energy. And habits or personal indulgences involve bodily expenditures for which the evolution of the universe has received no equivalents in service.

The removal of personal habits must, therefore, be of the greatest consequence for him who seeks freedom from Karmic bondage for himself and others. But only a few people become conquerors in the noble and truly heroic warfare against passions and desires. Heroism, however grand its virtue, is not sufficient to lead on to success, but must be helped by plan and strategy. To fight is not the most important feature in successful warfare. Often has inaction wrought deeper consequences than action, and some of the greatest of the world's victories have been won not so much by *doing* as by *refusing to do*. All of the commandments, save one, enjoin negative virtues. To fight a habit is useless, as the violent concentration of thought which the struggle involves, in place of weakening the habit, adds to its tenacity and strength. A conductor of living force, whether in sympathy or not with its object thought, transfers to the latter through the very struggle an outflow of vital power from the thinker. The safer method must therefore consist in *refusing to engage*. Realizing that the habit depends entirely upon our thoughts for its support, we have in our power to starve it into submission by resolutely withholding this support. Purity of thought is the panacea for all diseases of the soul, the harmonizer of life, and the lever by which the individual may lift himself out of the region of

"Every thought of purity, every deed of right,  
Conquers sin's obscurity, speeds the ray of light;  
Moves with might supernal toward rest and home;  
Leads to life eternal, prays: 'Thy kingdom come.'"

Realizing that "each man's life the outcome of his former living is," and that we are not only sowing what we shall reap, but are at present reaping what we once have sown, our appreciation of the vicissitudes of life—its joys and sorrows—will be divested of its illusive character. Like a spider which climbs up and down threads spun by himself, so the soul, speeding onward through time and space, weaves the fabric of his own destiny and builds the bridge which is to connect time with eternity and which is to bear the restless pilgrim either to heaven or hell, to the Elysian heights or the shades of Hades.

Knowledge is the mainspring of evolution; yet not knowledge for its own sake—which is sterile and profitless—but knowledge for humanity's sake. "To live to benefit mankind is the first step," and helping and sharing is the tenor of true existence. The soul is full of knowledge, but it is a knowledge in cipher, the key to which lies in self-forgetting service to man.

"The books say well, my Brothers! Each man's life  
The outcome of his former living is;  
The bygone wrongs bring sorrows forth and woes;  
The bygone right brings bliss.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,  
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;  
The heart of it is Love, the end of it  
Is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!"

*Light of Asia.*



WE are farthest away from God when we cannot perceive him in our fellow-beings. The mirror of human nature is sadly blurred; but in the meanest and wickedest there are tokens of the divine childhood, occasional flashes of the Father's image through innumerable distortions. It is for us to show a clear reflection of his life in our own lives before we judge others.—*Lucy Larcom.*

# THE SUN BOOK: AN ASTRO-METAPHYSICAL STUDY.

BY JOHN HAZELRIG.

## III. THE STORY OF CREATION.

A week ago to-day I strayed through a part of Harlem town where the march of municipal enterprise had touched so lightly as to leave comparatively undisturbed the peacefulness of shanty sovereignty. Sauntering along a new-made roadway, clean-cut through a rock-ribbed promontory that stood like a wart on Nature's countenance, my eyes, traveling aloft to the top of the acclivity on my left, centered upon an object outlined against the sky—a form motionless and muddy-colored as a piece of weather-beaten bronze. Vaguely wondering that a spirit of adornment should manifest itself in so prosaic a setting I gave closer inspection, thus the better able to determine the character of the object so artistically limned against the azure background, and behold, I saw—a goat! an unassuming specimen of the genus *Capra*, gazing down upon me with all the calm placidity of his nature, statuesque, phlegmatic, imperturbable, doubtless neither wondering nor caring that the individual so far below his line of vision had been making of him a matter of conjecture.

Only a goat, perhaps the least poetical of God's creatures; uncouth, ungainly, and unclean; caricatured because of an inelegance of proportion, travestied by reason of his quaintness of temperament, and, to add humor to injustice, burdened with the awful charge of gastronomic pravity! And despite all of which he stood with a monarch-of-all-I-survey air on the height above, all unmindful and unconscious that he had ever



been made the subject of preachment, or had ever been dignified as the arch-symbol of Creation.

Does this last statement arouse offense, consternation, or would it merely afford surprise to assert the fact that for hundreds and hundreds of years—ever since the first Greek translation of the Jewish law—we have been obligated to a spurious homage, enticed into so misapplied a filiation as to render unto Cæsar that which did not belong to Cæsar? And yet it would seem so, according to Dupuis and many others, on whose joint authority the initial sentence in the account of the Creation has been wofully mistranslated from the text of the original Samaritans, who claimed possession of the true religion of Moses. As therein rendered it reads: *Bereshith bara ha-Ez et ha-Shamayim veet ha-Arez*, “In the beginning the Goat created the heavens and the earth.” Not *Elohim* (though likewise a plurality of stars, *El*, sun), but Goat, *Capra*, the constellation Capricorn, where the Sun at his lowest declination in the heavens is *in the beginning* of a re-creation, a phenomenon which he repeats with every revolution—a phenomenon coincident with the projection upon the outward plane of every human entity—a phenomenon which accompanies every initial venture of the Godhead into organic nature. A subsequent paper in this series will establish the rationality of Capricorn—the principle of *fixation* in alchemic processes—as the *point of beginning* in physical manifestation, and from which the first chapter of Genesis will be readily understood as a primary process in natural and spiritual physics.

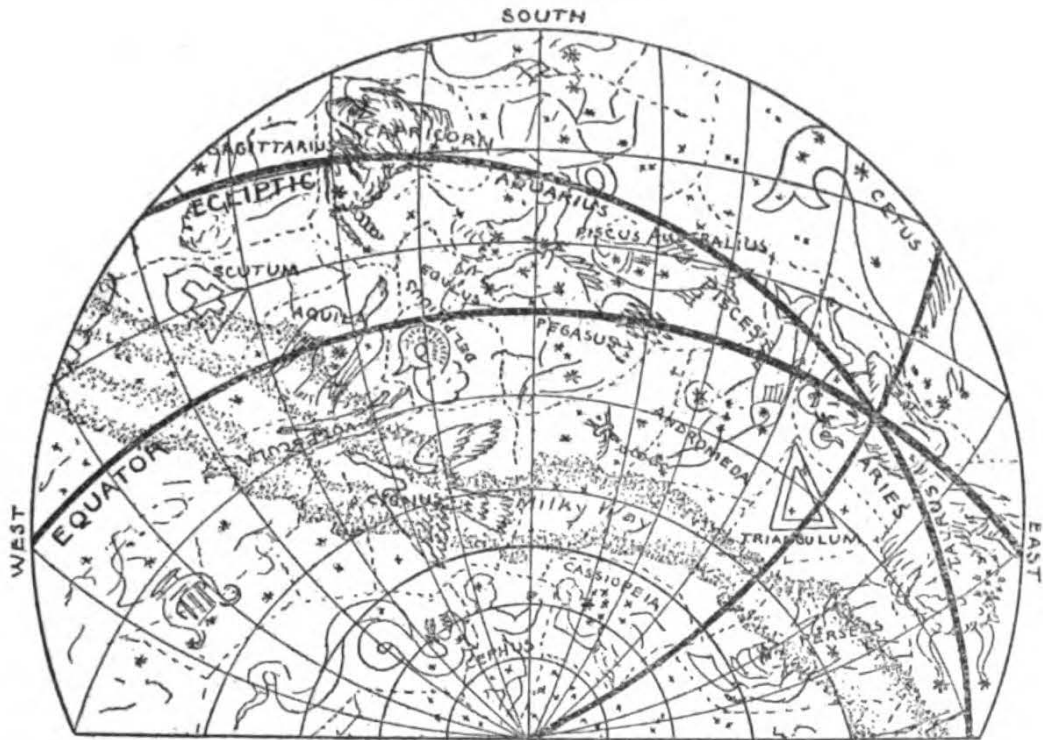
The reader will find indicated in our diagram the position of this group of stars on the extreme south arc of the ecliptic, with the equinoxes to correspond respectively with Aries and Libra, agreeably with the astronomical and chronological epoch of the zodiac of Denderah, which is scientifically accepted as commemorative of the zodiacal positions at between three and four thousand years ago. But it is quite probable that the original source of the teachings from which the text

of Genesis is drawn antedated many thousands of years any historical period of which we have record, even to a full solar cycle of 25,920 years preceding the arrangement given.\* Civilizations have appeared and vanished with the same regularity as other epochs, and we submit that our assumption is justified by the complexion of the heavens as shown in the accompanying planisphere.

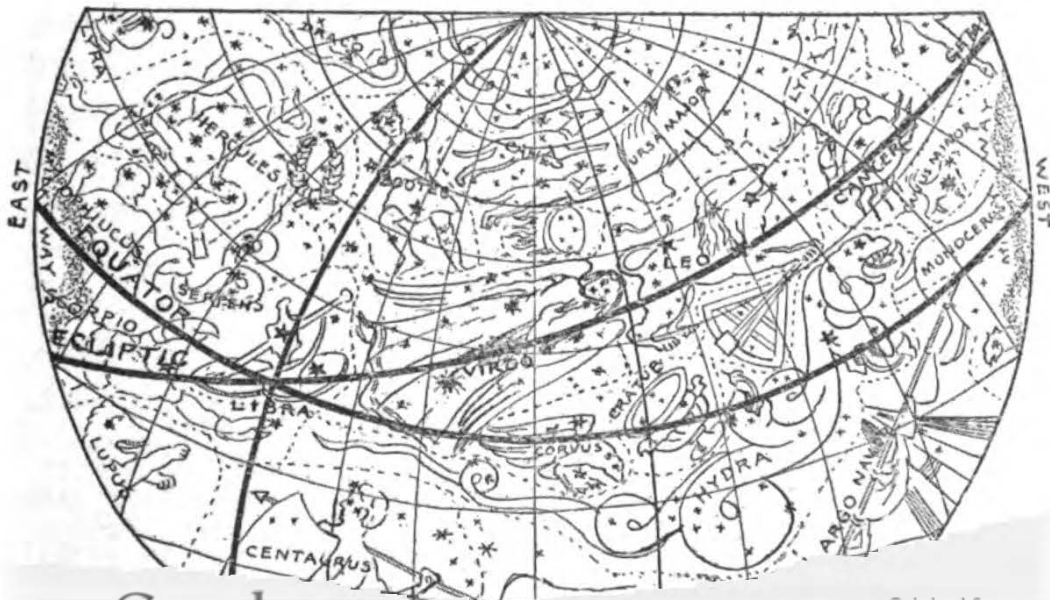
The effort here is to demonstrate such positive analogy between this and the Scriptural account, that the unwisdom of accepting the latter literally may be the better realized: for as regards a veritable beginning of the world the geological fact of a million of years having transpired since the glacial period alone, places the suppositious record of Creation outside the historical category. Furthermore, De Wette, thinking to establish a close relation between the Elohist of Genesis and the legislation of the subsequent books, was obliged to confess to many inconsistencies of a historical nature, and further discovering that the laws of Moses were unknown to post-Mosaic history, arrived at the conclusion that the Pentateuch was purely legendary and poetical. Colenso proved that the very parts which exhibited the neatest detail, and seemingly the greatest authenticity, were the most lacking in coherence, for which reason, doubtless, the priestly code fought shy of particularizations. Wellhausen, of the University of Halle, averred that "the greater part of the narratives of the Pentateuch cannot be measured by an historical standard," which

\*Dupuis says in this respect: "Up to this date we only know one thing, which is, that the equinoctial and the solstitial points at the epoch at which this zodiac was composed, corresponded to the constellations of the Ram, the Balance, the Cancer, and the Capricorn; but they have corresponded to it during 2,160 years, to-wit, since the year 2,548 up to the year 348 before the commencement of the vulgar era. Within those limits is included the epoch indicated by this monument. We know that the equinoctial node by its retrograde movement travels over one degree in 72 years. If we suppose that the colures traverse these constellations in their midst, as in the zodiac, of which a copy was brought by Eudoxus from Egypt into Greece, we shall have the mean term, which fixes the epoch at 1468 years before our era, to-wit: at the reign of Sesostris, or at about 46 years before the renewal of the Sothic period, which happened under his reign."

THE BEGINNING.



NORTH



coincides with De Wette. Obviously, it would seem that in this—as well as cognate matters—there is no *decretum absolutum* of theology. If one would extricate one's self from out a maze he must heed carefully such marks of topography as are bound to reveal themselves to the observing, and which unerringly direct the way. But, alas! so fearful have been our theological manipulators of running afoul of some truth unwholesome to the sectarian palate, that they have positively refused to examine natural and logical correspondences, else these inconsistencies with which they are constantly confronted would prove the very means of leading them to the font of Nature itself, from whence alone flow the waters of wisdom.

A careful comparison of texts will show that the story of creation, as given in the Mosaic account, is only another presentation of Hesiod's Theogony, but lacking outwardly the perspicuity of motive so palpable in the latter's fidelity to the nature principle, though inwardly and rightfully interpreted it possesses all the grandeur of arcane law. The generation from Chaos of Erebus and Nox (night), and thence Æther (air) and Hemera (day) from Erebus espoused of Amor, exactly agrees with the statement of Moses that when the earth was in a chaos profound darkness overspread it, but the light was divided from the darkness, and both together made one day. Also, according to Hesiod, Tellus begat Cælum—of an equality with itself—studded with stars that shed their light over the whole earth—an imitation of the Moses cosmogony, wherein God made and called the dry land earth (Tellus) and the firmament heaven (Cælum). Similar parallels are to be found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, but neither Hesiod nor Ovid owed their conceptions to Moses, for theirs, including that of Moses', came from an age independent of the three, when a purer paganism flourished, when, as recounted by Homer in his nine-

ductive force in nature, and, being esteemed the creator and god of the universe, he was assigned the chief place in the Bacchic (Sun) circle. All of which was merely another skillful means of imparting to this constellation in the heavens a dignity involving the genesis of form, consonant in a system of harmonies with its value as the beginning of the solar revolution. This great mystery can be cognized only through a practical knowledge of the science of alchemy, wherein the student is invariably admonished to begin his operations in Capricorn.

And so "in the beginning the goat created the heavens and the earth." And in accord with the fiat that the Outer shall be as the Inner, there do we find him depicted on our planisphere as the constellation Capricorn, with his twisted horns, his hirsute appendage, and his cloven foot—the first a symbol of the spiral as a law of the atom and the motion of life; the second a badge of the productive faculty, and the third typifying duality as the first law in manifestation. As a quantity in astral physics he symbolizes the *beginning*, the initial stage in a new cycle of being, the starting of the Sun from his lowest point in the heavens—about December 21—upon a new circuit of activity.

Can any thinking mind, after noting the amazing niceties which characterize these so-called myths, for one moment conceive them as purely fabricatory, being devised falsely, or devoid of purpose? If such an one there be, we pray an intermission in judgment until the alchemical arguments hereinafter evolved are duly considered.

Now, starting with the winter solstice mentioned above, we follow the Sun in his course eastward along the order of the signs, through Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces, the fermentative and putrefactive quadrant of Nature's revolution, and we arrive at Aries, the Vernal Equinox—the covenant of works—

Fall Equinox at Libra, the covenant of grace. And this is the Paradise of the Sun-Book—none other than the fruitful period of the solar revolution, the *Gan de Eden me kay dem* of the Hebrew, “a garden in Eden eastward” (bear in mind we traveled *eastward* from Capricorn), and according to the Septuagint rendering, *Paradeisos*.

It is meet that this much-disputed territory, of such profound topographical interest, shall for once and all have brought to bear upon it some sort of *reasonable* hypothesis, lest our archæologists in overweening zeal persist in continued discoveries relating to its probable site. So for their information let it be said that here in this belt of the heavens, in *Para-diis*, “among the stars,” where they have gazed upon it times without number, is situate the Garden of Eden out of which the devoted biblicist would have us believe a vengeful God drove His erring progeny, the gullible pair whom He had created “in His image” seemingly for the sole purpose that He might send a serpent of iniquity to tempt the weakness and depravity so inadvertently implanted in their godly-begotten natures. A monstrous doctrine, indeed, that can picture a God so sinister in purpose as to betray the innocence of His own offspring! Truly an example of cowardice beside which the act of the untutored savage who condemns his son to the stake is a dignified exemplification of parental courage and decency; for whereas the former is an instance of self-constituted authority imposing eternal forfeiture through a temptation purposely concocted, the latter is merely misguided loyalty to tradition in the execution of a tribal custom.

And the letter of the text further tells us that the serpent was chosen because it “was more subtle than any beast of the field.” There it stands, without any justification for the peculiarity of idiom that synomizes the ophidian with the animal, the reptilian with the mammalian, or that credits to the creature of instinct so tenuous a quality as that of subtlety. Why, the very unrhetorical character of this figure of comparison

is a suggestion in itself of a hidden meaning, and, on closer inspection, of the indisputable fact that only in the field of the heavens are the serpent and the animal regarded as analogous in species, for as there depicted they are homogeneous parts of one and the same realm—the realm of the stars.

A little closer scrutiny of the facts disclosed by the turning of the key in our possession will serve to invest this story of Eden with a more interesting sublimity and significance than any creedal interpretation has been able to impart to it. Indeed, these latter are so intemperately barbarous and misleading as concern divine truths and ideals, that it is little wonder a writer such as Dr. Hyde should arraign the theologians as “slanderers of the race” in having “developed the doctrines of total depravity and original sin.” What a vast difference between these teachings of institutional authority which dwarf and caricature the godhead in man, and those of the Hermetics that conceive and depict him as an *abrégé* of the heavens above—a sentient Microcosm pulsating in silent harmony with the more stupendous motions of an illimitable Macrocosm! There are no variations here to suit the demands of man-made dogma—no travesties to amuse the whims of a pompous hierocracy—no cringing or attitudinizing before the mock-altars of doctrinal arrogance!

Here all is fixed law—not fanciful, notionate, arbitrary, but natural, supreme, infinite, the law of your own being as well as of the universe. “The immutability of natural law attests the changelessness of God. Were we confronted with fickleness or caprice on the part of natural law, we should have no valid reason for clinging to the idea of immutable Deity. Those pious persons, therefore, who are fond of saying that God, being all-powerful, can change the order of nature at will, are suggesting a very absurd idea, namely, that the divine will is changeable, and Deity may desire to alter the course of the universe.” (Colville.)

Having entered the gate at A

the site of Eden, there where it has always existed, a distinct area of a permanent fabric, an attestation to the immutability of that natural law with which the Sun-Book deals in so sublime though veiled a manner. And we are scarcely on the threshold of the sacred domain ere we are vouchsafed a glimpse, six signs distant, of its fabled mistress, she whom weak man, even unto this day, reprehends for his infelicitous lack of percipience although she has been sanctified by the term "mother of life" or Chevah, as indicated in the Adamic projection of the sphere; in the Latin projection she is called "Maria," "Isis" in the Egyptian, and in the Chaldaic "Eve." Astronomically she is called Virgo.

Directly north of her stands Adam, picturesque in the allegorical panorama of the heavens, apparently insensible to the fact that his very presence at this point of the sphere is a token of dis-aster. In the Greek projection he is "Ioseppe," and in the Phenician, "Ad-ham;" this on the authority of Sancho-niathon. The *Fall* takes place with the Sun's arrival at the celestial longitude of this constellation, for there he crosses Libra and descends, or falls, into the winter quarter, or "fall" of the year—a title most consistent with the phenomenon itself. There is reason in this interpretation, and none in the conception of man's caducity immediately upon his leaving the workshop of Omnipotence. Omnipotence would scarcely have made so blundering a miscalculation in the construction of an idea. The serpent of iniquity, who plays the part of the Tempter, must therefore be viewed in an astronomic rather than an ethical or moral character, which, for purposes of allegory, has not been made an enviable one. He is the villain of the drama, and rather an elongated one at that, for, as found described on the planisphere "his tail drew after him a third part of the stars of heaven" (Rev. xii, 4), or from Cancer to Libra, which are four constellations, a third of the twelve. Going before, he leads the woman towards the setting point in the west, therefore his office is to "seduce" (Latin *seducere*, to lead



on or go before), while the enamored Adam follows in true conjugal spirit towards the horizon, driven forth by the Power that causes the revolution of the heavens which carries them out of the Garden. At the moment of expulsion, or as the figures of Adam (Bootes) and Eve are sinking from sight below the western line, the constellation Perseus appears in the east, grim in armor and helmet, a being of vengeance holding aloft a flaming sword. Evictions would doubtless be performed much in a like manner to-day, but this is not a Pagan period, and the sheriff's writ has taken the place of the cimeter.

Much further testimony could here be presented in support of the stellar hypothesis, but it would seem that the survey given, though necessarily restricted, is quite sufficient to bear pertinent testimony to a lawful correspondence between the *personnel* of the sidereal fabric and the mystical story of the Beginning. If not, a more exhaustive demonstration of such fact will be afforded in the astrological and alchemical discussion of the problem, to follow.

In the meantime we feel constrained to say with Dr. Geddes, who was a most learned Christian Hebraist and a translator of the Book of Genesis: "It will appear on the whole to be a well-devised, well-executed piece—nay, that it has not its equal in all the mythology of antiquity. I mean, if it be considered not as a real history . . . but as a most charming fiction, dressed up for excellent purposes in the garb of history, and adapted to the gross conceptions and limited capacity of a rude, sensual, unlearned, and credulous people."

Which but emphasizes the conviction that the framers of these doctrines knew so perfectly "the ordinances of heaven" that they lacked not the ingenuity to "set the dominions thereof in the earth."

(*To be continued.*)



"History is philosophy teaching by example."

## MEDITATION.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

We are all aware of the fact that we possess certain qualities or faculties which we have not developed to any extent; even in respect to our physical powers we are conscious at times that we have not developed them as we should.

Many people know for a fact that the organs of their bodies do not act freely, do not fulfill their part; and how many of us are there who feel contented with our mental activities? The judgment, the memory, the imagination—who is there who is satisfied with the present development of these faculties?

Are we not all conscious, then, of some lack? Is there not a reaching out, a hungering for power? Do we not all aspire toward perfection in all things? There is but one way of satisfying our longing, and that is to get at the center of Being, to actually live in the great Heart of the Universe.

Ages ago a sage asked most pertinently, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" and the answer rendered back by centuries of experience is two-fold—yes, and no. No man can find him if his search is carried on by the intellectual faculties alone. As Paul has expressed it, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." But one, who more than any other son of God proved that he knew the Father, has said, "Seek, and ye shall find."

It is through the intuition, not through the intellect, that man comes at last to know God. There is a consciousness very different from the consciousness by which we apprehend the external world, and it is through its development that we apprehend or lay hold of God. It is through what we call medi-

tation (which is nothing less than prayer in the highest sense) that we are enabled to know Him whom to know aright is life everlasting.

Now what is meditation? Is it prayer in the sense of talking with God? No, far from it; for in talking to God man's ears are so filled with his own words, his heart so full of his own thoughts that he generally fails to hear God's voice speaking in the depths of his being. The command has been given to us to this effect: "*Be still*, and know that I am God."

Meditation might better be described as an absence of thought. Thought must be voiced outwardly, and this speaking on our part must be silenced if we are to enter into the Spirit. We must learn to distinguish between mental consciousness and the consciousness that comes to us through the intuitive faculty.

In meditation you may at first depend somewhat upon thought activity, you may, from force of habit, shape your prayer into words; but if you deeply desire to enter into the secret place of the Most High, both word and thought will vanish in the sweet consciousness of His presence. Even the physical side of life is lost sight of; the body of man, everything in the external is gone for the time being, and you enter into the life that is above the temporal plane with all its physical and mental activities. This higher consciousness cannot be described, "for the love of God passeth all understanding;" but it is our privilege, nay, our destiny, to realize it in the depth of our being.

Now it is through this abstraction from the world with all its petty ambitions and interests that we enter into the great realm of force and energy. Man has been looking to some exterior source for his health and strength, and, naturally, he has failed to find either. Is it not the height of materialism to think that the things we eat, and the things we drink, can build us up and support us? If health or strength could come to us through the material realm would not all these good peo-

ple who give great care to their diet and physical habits reveal perfect health? Yet among these very people we find a large percentage of sickness. Let us believe, once for all, that it is not anything that we eat or drink that makes us strong. Strength and wholeness are ours only as we come into vital touch with the Creative Power of the Universe. So we find in the last analysis that meditation has to do with our feelings rather than with our thoughts.

Now when one has come into touch with power something else remains to be done, and that is that we learn how to use the love-energy which is flowing through us. Meditation would be incomplete without that which we call concentration.

Concentration is the highest state of mental activity. It is that condition in which the mind is thoroughly centered on one thing to the exclusion of all else. It is through concentration of thought that we are enabled to do things with ease. It does not mean power, as many people have thought that it did; it simply means *power under control*, the guiding of *force*.

When we have received power from on High we are responsible for using it. We must express that which we possess; in fact, our continued possession depends upon our faithful and loving expression of truth. The God-life must become active through us.

Now this is accomplished by means of concentration. Many people strive earnestly to attain concentration before they have received "the enduing from on High;" that is, they are trying to use power before they have received it. But must we not have our capital before we begin business? Concentration means merely the power to conserve power. It is through centering of the thought that we are enabled to do our work with the least possible expenditure of energy. Most people waste ten times as much force as they use. Only as we use our energy in the right way do we keep the gateway open for the continued influx of energy.

Oftentimes we are conscious of a lack of power because we have been wasting our force in a thoughtless, careless way; the energy of life is gone, we are nervous and despondent. We feel that things are not as they should be, and yet we do not know how to recover strength. Now we are told to work out our own salvation; even God cannot do that for us, and all that any man can do for another is to throw light on the way. There is, of course, such a thing as coöperation in this matter of soul-growth; two, or three, or any number, in fact, may be so united in their thoughts and feelings as to aid each other in the work of self-unfolding; but after all, each one must do his part, in a sense, independently.

When you allow your thoughts and desires to become dissipated you can neither realize power in yourself nor can you be a power for good to others. Habit comes in here as one of our greatest blessings. By patience and perseverance we can establish whatever habits of thought or action we choose, and when once established they become, as we say, second nature. As a matter of fact it is easier to do right when once the habit has been found than it is not to do so, for, if we live according to law, all the force of the universe will work with us. If we give ourselves to God unreservedly with the confidence of a little child we will find ere long that we have literally created a new world. "The eye sees only what the eye brings to the seeing." Beauty, strength, grace is everywhere and throughout all things. It but remains for us to see deep into life to be in heaven itself.

Let us fix this fact in our minds so that it will never leave us; that to us has been entrusted the keeping of our own souls, our own thoughts, our own paths. And let us also bear in mind this other fact, that every moment of our existence influences are radiating from us for good or ill. We cannot touch another life ever so lightly without affecting it in some way. It is either virtue that is going forth from us, or it is something which tends to tear down the body of humanity;

tends to disease it—that is, tends to destroy its unity, its perfect poise, its ease. The inner thought and feeling must become externalized. Let us see to it, then, that our inner life is such as we would have it thought to be.

In a very true sense creation is not finished, for each one of us has a part to play in the great creation drama. We are co-laborers with God, and God's work is always of a creative, sustaining, or redemptive nature. All life will yet be transformed from the lower to the higher planes of being, but this cannot be done except as the inner life responds freely to the great encompassing life of Love; there can be no compulsion in perfect love. The desert is most assuredly to blossom as the rose—the great mental and moral planes of our being which seem so barren as yet—but this blossoming will be the result of the unfolding of the seed of love within.

The transforming process is going on all the time, though we may not always see it. But if, in our examination of world-progress, we take long enough periods of time we cannot doubt this fact. In spite of much that is deplorable in the outer life of affairs the world to-day is far better, much more advanced toward brotherhood, than it was a thousand years ago.

There is one point in regard to this subject of "Meditation" that I would like to make, and that is, that many err in giving themselves up selfishly to abstraction. If our impulse is to get away from the troubles of this world unto a little heaven of our own we will find that we have been playing with fire. Remember, we cannot tamper with holy things for selfish ends. That is the very essence of prostitution. The sin of simony is much more common and strikes much deeper than we carelessly assume.

The way of life is a straight and narrow one, and only the pure in heart tread the steeps that lead to the land of our real desires—that land of universal love wherein peace and power abound. But child-like hearts and courageous, earnest souls never seek it in vain.

What the world needs to-day is not more formulas for health or for salvation (they are one and the same thing when rightly understood), but more light, or perhaps we might say, more turning to the light, for the very light of love has been shining alway. As it has been written, "the Light shineth in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not," and "that was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

In seeking salvation men have turned away from the God-life dwelling quietly within awaiting recognition and faithful expression, and have depended on some outside word of authority, some ready-made rule of life, imposed by a person or a book.

The great work that Jesus did for the sons of men was to reverse this order, and to look within his own soul for light and strength and authority. By exercising his powers for the good of all men, not for personal profit, he came to know of a truth that he and his Father were One and that all power actually is his whose will is at one with the loving will of God.

It was this conviction of the divinity of all life, this knowledge based on experience of the infinitude of the soul, that gave him his deep joy and boundless hope. Having passed from the death of the personal life to the power of love itself, he could rest in the thought that "because I live ye shall live also." All men are destined to come into this God-consciousness, and it can come about only through our turning to the inner love-life hidden within us, and fearlessly revealing it in all our relations of life.

"There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," and it is only through our faithful revelation of the soul that heaven or harmony is to be realized. Shall we not, then, from this hour begin earnestly to work out our own salvation, knowing that it is God who worketh in us?

## THE IMMORTAL DREAM.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

Out of the creeds and systems of men  
Two thoughts have ever risen supreme:  
The eternal God of the Universe  
And the ever developing God-in-man;  
Whenever these thoughts were broken, again  
Sprang up the constantly widening dream—  
Sprang as the flowers into gentle birth,  
Which the sun and the wind and the rain-storms nurse—  
Sprang as the forms from the warm-hearted earth;  
Sprang 'neath the vivifying beam,  
That struggles from out the beautiful Plan—  
Running through better and running through worse  
To the boundless walls of the Universe—  
Giving life to the germ in the heart of man.

Man's soul is developing upward out of the night,  
Forever upward, upward into the light;  
And creeds grow old and systems wane,  
But these beautiful thoughts forever remain—  
The ever-living God on High  
And the struggling God in Humanity.  
In the mass of men they sleep, but a word,  
A touch, or a love will bring them to life;  
And the spirit once by their passion stirred  
Is evermore with their glory rife.  
And thus through the years, like a golden gleam,  
Shines unto mankind the Immortal Dream,  
To grow more bright, forever more bright,  
As the souls of men struggle out of the night,  
To see beyond Truth's breaking light.



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PRAYER.

BY REV. HENRY FRANK.

Man is aspirational. The lift of his heart is upward. This is the lever by which the race has been hoist to the highways of progress. But why is man's look upward and forward? He is ever conscious of his loneliness. Something is wanting. What is it?

Happiness comes to the individual only when he is harmoniously adjusted to his environment. Ill adjustment to one's environment is the sure cause of discontentment and misery. The fact, then, that this earthly pilgrimage does not issue in happiness, but ever in disappointment and suffering, argues that man must be illy adjusted to his visible environment. That "man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward," who can question. Has there ever been one happy life on this planet among the countless millions that have come and gone? If there has been one his record has not been registered on the tablets of time.

One thinks instinctively of poets, artists, sculptors, painters, preachers—the world's idealists and iridescent dreamers—and says, "surely, these who have dwelt in such high thoughts and seen such rapturous visions, must have reached the summit of the mount of happiness." But we all know that those who have sung the sweetest have suffered the deepest: those whose visions of happiness have been the loftiest have oftenest weltered in the lees of misery.

Ah, but Jesus—the ideal of the race, the facsimile of Deity—surely he was happy! Not so. Was he not typically the "Man of Sorrows?" "He was in all points tempted like as we are." He wept. Did he not pray that the cup might pass from his lips? Yea, the darkest "fennel leaf" of human woe

lay in the chalice of his life. He began his days crying in the manger-crib of a cow-stable; he ended them with that woe-besetting cry of suffering and despair "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Why, then, if no one has ever been happy does every one still aspire? What is it that in his aspiration man vaguely seeks? Manifestly for some illusive thing which ever evades his grasp. He feels his loneliness. He realises his orphanage. Faint glimpses of his better self ever pursue and agonize him. He cannot but feel that he is, indeed, a higher and nobler being than what he has ever yet discerned himself to be. He seems instinctively conscious that his daily life is a farce—a futile effort to disguise a reality that he dare not look upon. He feels that what he calls himself is not himself. Some other invisible, illusive, subtle self, surrounds him. Like a mirage it presents visions of transcendent beauty—visions of man's higher qualities in perfection—love, truth, goodness, magnanimity, honor. For an instant he feels that these are his. In such a moment he is ravished with ecstasy for he seems to have attained, to have realised himself. Then the mirage vanishes, and he sinks in the depths of despair.

This is at once the cause of man's dejection and aspiration. He despairs, for having seen himself, so soon the vision vanishes. He aspires, for having discerned a faint glimpse of his diviner self, he would ever seek till he finds, climb till he reach the heights. From the earliest stages of human life man has thus aspired toward some dreamy ideal of himself and of the world; and this aspiration alone has forged him onward through every phase of advancing civilisation, and still invites him to that "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

Here, then, I find the cause and secret of all human prayer. I am not discussing what the world ordinarily understands as prayer: that prostitution of man's highest instinct and inspiration to the coarse ceremonials of dogmatic institutions and

priestly selfishness. I refer not to theological prayer, but to natural prayer. The bubble of theological prayer has long since exploded. A few years ago Dr. Tyndal created great consternation in the ranks of Christendom by proposing a "Prayer-test." He would put two groups of patients in different wards and for the one administer only prayer, and for the other only medicine. To the victors should belong the spoils. While the proposed "test" was extremely unscientific it drove the theologians into a corner. It forced even the most orthodox to declare that the "age of miracles" had passed away and God would not interfere with his own laws.

It resulted in making cowards of theologians and arrogant bombasts of scientists. The incident proved, on the one hand, how the modern church had absolutely deserted even the simplest teachings of Jesus, and, on the other, how ignorant the so-called scientists were of the deeper and less recognised laws of life. But I think I can show "a more excellent way." The usual definition of prayer is "a petition to a Supreme Being for mercies." Here the mental picture is drawn of a rigid ruler, who controls the universe in his own interests and yields spasmodically to the importunate appeals of his oppressed subjects. This idea of prayer grew out of the tyranny of kings who ruled by divine right.

Let us try another definition of prayer. Thus: "Prayer is the effort of the individual to realise a force in Nature which he may turn to the gratification of his heart's yearnings and desires." But by this definition, it will be observed, prayer may be both good and evil, conscious and unconscious, sub-conscious and permanent. And for the purpose of this article I will consider the habit of prayer so classified.

It is a common error to assume that all prayer is necessarily good. Scientifically apprehended there are many prayers that are base, cruel, narrow, and degrading. All prayers that center in self and seek only selfish issues are crass and perverting. Many of the prayers offered in the "temples of God" are

immoral and indecent. When, in times of war, opposing pulpits buckle on their mental armor and beseech the same God for bloody victory on either side, their prayers are diabolical and vicious.

Why? Because prayer generates its reflex effect in those who offer them. No distant God is affected by any prayer we may offer to him. But the God within, the immediate God of our inmost selves, is instantly affected by the reflex of the mental image we entertain. Our prayers are but the spontaneous emanations of our minds. Every moment of our lives we lift up secret prayers—involuntary exhalations, as the flower emits its scent—and these are our self-revelations. They prove to us what manner of being we are. These are the unconscious prayers that reveal the color of our souls and rouse the world for good or ill.

Prayers are but directed thoughts. They fly like arrows through the world. The universe is a mass of quivering jelly. They say the kick of a fly moves the earth. Then, how much more must the stir of a thought animate the world. Thought is the most potent of all occult forces. When utilised in concentrated and persistent effort it becomes the world's most dangerous or most beneficial weapon. We should beware how we employ it.

The scientific definition of prayer, is "a thought kindled with emotion." It is will-force. It is the concentrated energy of individualism. It is the essence of "personal magnetism." But prayer will not always be effectual in visible results, because it may not yet have pierced through its age-long environment. A good prayer will not immediately prevail against an age-long conventionality of evil. The good prayer of the individual must sometimes battle for ages till it gather sufficient strength to scatter the dense clouds of ignorance and error that have accumulated through the centuries.

Theologically considered, prayers are wholly disappointing. For, one cannot be sure that a God who follows his own ar-

bitrary and mysterious counsel will answer one's prayer, however fervent and persistent it may be. But when we regard prayer as its own answer, independent of any possible interference from arbitrary sources, we recognise its rationale and potency.

When we thus analyze and apprehend the philosophy of prayer we shall be able better to understand the seeming sudden appearance of great reformers and revolutionists in the world's history. These apparitions that apparently fall so unheralded upon the paths of progress are in truth but the effects of intense and energetic prayers which have for centuries been struggling in the breasts of mankind. Martin Luther, for instance, we always regard as the world's typical reformer, who fought against the fortresses of intrenched evil, seemingly single-handed, and sprung spontaneously on his age. But for how many ages had Christendom been waiting and praying for Martin Luther! What would he have achieved had he not been preceded by the Wickliffes and Husses and the nameless host of obscure but fervent preachers who had for centuries been awaking the public conscience to the indecencies and cruelties that custom had intrenched in the vested rights of ecclesiasticism? "The blood of the martyrs is indeed the seed of the church," not only in religious but as well in the secular and social revolutions which from time to time sweep the earth.

When the desire of the ages masters mankind it reaches the status of a world-will, and then no obstacle confronts it but it will shatter as a tornado rends the forest. In the last analysis there are no such things as "miracles" in nature or in human experience; nevertheless, there are occurrences so uncommon and extraordinary, so contradictory of all the customary experiences of the race, that they often assume the phase of the miraculous. They, in point of fact, have the same effect upon us as if they really were miracles, because we have not as yet apprehended the law in nature that makes them possible. When we discover the law, then what was "miracle" becomes

natural, because we transpose it from the plane of the apparently impossible to that of the actual.

But the realm in which prayer, as well as all other phases of thought, is most potent is that of the unconscious. This is the sphere of the mental storehouse, where all our feelings, ideas, impulses, acts, and desires become, as it were, stereotyped in fixed images, susceptible of spontaneous animation, which at times sally forth and charge the normal consciousness with amazing consequence. We are impelled, as we say, from within; yet why or wherefore, we cannot tell. As Shakespeare makes Antonio muse:

"In sooth I know not why I am so sad;  
It wearies me. . . .  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, or whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself."

Here Antonio was momentarily seized by the powers of his unconscious self, whose images so oppressed and bewildered him that they passed beyond his comprehension. This subconscious self, from whose reservoir (into which the stream of all our experiences forever pours) emanate the constant inspirations and motives of our lives, is the most mysterious phase of existence. Here every impulse, word, emotion, desire, or ambition is indelibly impressed. Our unconscious prayers are the sudden emanations of these long-forgotten experiences. The ghost of our former selves then arises to inspire or oppress us. The soldier on the battle field wins an instant victory without knowing why. His whole life rose in that one moment to push him on to triumph. His prayer was unconscious and unuttered, but fathomless as his immortal self.

The secret of life's truest success lies in the art of so guiding our conscious thoughts and experiences that they will flood the reservoir of our interior being with noble purposes and

purified emotions, with kindly affections and exalted hopes. Then when the prayer spontaneous springs from the unconscious realm of being into conscious activity, it will avail for the good and happiness of ourselves and all concerned.

Character is nothing but the reflex and counterpart of our fixed and unconscious moods. If we nurse the thoughts of suffering, sorrow, and despair; if we think hate, vengeance, and woe; if we would stab others with the invisible weapons of our baser selves; we must know that as we sow we shall reap, and the wind begets the whirlwind! Each of us builds the scales on which are balanced the joys and sufferings of life.

If we would be happy, hopeful, and exultant, we must crowd the gallery of thought with the most brilliant canvasses of joyfulness, buoyancy, and good cheer. These, like a friend in need, will oft return to inspire, sustain, and encourage us in the weary hours of life. If we but persist in maintaining such happy moods of mind till they become fixed and permanent, then we have established a habit of prayer, whose utterance may never rise to the lips, but which will be a guardian angel and a guiding Deity. Here is the law of prayer: The conscious, momentary, impulsive thought or wish sinks into the unconscious self, whence it may arise at a moment's call. The abiding memory of the unconscious being sinks still deeper into the depths of self, reaching the subconscious or permanent realm. Here it becomes fixed, and the foundation of all character. This is the final prayer; the "fervent, effectual prayer that availeth much." This is the voice of the God within, be that God, Deity or Devil.

"Prayer may summon heaven or hell,  
For him who knows what sound to knell."



For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul. The face catches the glow only from that side.—*William C. Gannett.*

## PROFESSOR CUSHMAN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE NEW THOUGHT PHILOSOPHY.\*

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I have recently read a little work which I believe will interest the thoughtful readers of MIND, even though they may take exception to many views expressed. It is entitled "The Truth in Christian Science," and is from the pen of Professor H. E. Cushman, Ph.D., of Tuft's College.

The author is a critical investigator, trained to the modern methods of research; but he also possesses the happy faculty of being fair, judicial, and to a degree, at least, sympathetic with his subject. And this is much at a time when scholars as well as the laity seem to have largely lost the power of being fair and dispassionate in the presence of subjects which run counter to the popular or generally accepted theories and prejudices of the age.

This work is scholarly, and at the same time reveals the broad sympathy of the true savant whose love of truth and respect for the honest convictions of others are greater than prejudice or fear of conventional antagonism. The author has made an extensive study of the philosophies of all ages and lands, and consequently is thoroughly familiar with the theories and concepts of the great metaphysical philosophers of past times. This fact gives a special value and interest to his critique which contains four principal divisions, in which the social aspects, the literature, the healing and the philosophy of Christian Science are considered.

Though Professor Cushman is far from agreeing with the conclusions of Christian Scientists and many New Thought authorities in regard to certain religious tenets, and also in

\*"The Truth in Christian Science." By H. E. Cushman, Ph.D. Cloth. Pp. 64. Price 60 cents. Boston, James H. West Company.



regard to the cause to which they attribute their cures, he finds in the philosophy much vital truth and a truth of which the world to-day is greatly in need; and he also frankly recognizes the fact that they do perform very many most remarkable cures. His broad and delightfully frank spirit is mirrored forth in these words, taken from his introduction:

"We must remember that we cannot afford to deal with a matter of this sort other than seriously;—if for no other reason, because to a large number of earnest-minded people it is a matter of religion. For our own sakes, indeed, we can never afford to treat any religious or philosophical belief in other than the mood in which the devotees themselves accept it."

In discussing the social aspects of the new faith, Professor Cushman observes:

"Looked at from a social point of view, the Christian Science movement is a social reform. It represents the protest of the individual. It finds its counterpart in many epochs in history—as in the revolt of Luther from the Roman Catholic Church, in the revolt of Wesley from the English Church, and in many other ecclesiastical crises. It is an antidote for the poison in the blood of the church, and as such I, for one, sympathize with it heartily. The boom is now on, to use a western phrase, and I look to see this new church attain considerable proportions. The individual's religious life has been starved, and now we find the individual rising to a full consciousness of his power. The central doctrine of Christian Science, to wit: that God is *the real* in the life of every individual, although, as we shall see, it is a very old doctrine, has given to the modern man a new sense of his immortality and greatness. He finds himself great even in his routine and menial work, and he revolts against the traditionalism which has practically obscured his greatness to himself. Even his health, his life, according to this new church's teaching, rests in his own power. He denies the claims of heredity, environment, and disease, and in his enthusiasm the individual is ready everywhere to shake off the shackles that have seemed to limit him. The denial of the existence of matter is only the other form of this self-arrogation.

"If this emphasis upon individuality had not taken this religious form, it would have taken some other at the present time. History is a matter of ebb and flood—individualism, then traditionalism, then individualism again. Trace the course of history and see if this is not its process. Sometimes the traditionalism or the individualism is scientific in expression—sometimes political, sometimes philosophical. Whatever the character of the expression, human history vibrates between these two poles.

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"This movement is not only a reaction against ecclesiasticism, but, as its name indicates, against materialism as well. Ecclesiasticism and materialism are not of necessity companions, but in the present period of civilization they happen to be such.

"In the term materialism, as we roughly use it here, are included all those forms of human activity that are non-idealistic, from the ordinary forms of commercial life to the achievements in practical science. Any occupation may become materialistic in temper if the higher ideals are wanting to it and it exists for itself alone.

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"Men are practically materialists when they have no ideals whatsoever, and when their lives are given over to pleasure, self-aggrandizement, money-making, or any end that does not rise above what the senses may perceive.

"It is possible that the fact may have escaped the notice of some that the close of the eighteenth century was idealistic in all its best products. Some of its ideals were capricious and mad, as those of the French; some were expressed in a rich literature, as, for example, the works of the German romanticists; and this romantic, idealizing spirit flowed over into the first two decades of the nineteenth century. But the fall of Napoleon, who was the great idealizer of that romantic time, marks the beginning of the nineteenth century's materialism."

The points of difference between Christian Science and Mental Science are touched upon, though on this point our author does not seem to be as fully acquainted with all phases of the New Thought movement as he is with the theory of Christian Science. The New Thought movement in certain respects resembles the Unitarian Church in that it has within its rank fellowships holding widely divergent views relating to the philosophy of life and the mastery of disease. So wide, indeed, are these differences that some groups are above all altruistic, while others are distinctly egoistic. In differentiating between Christian Science, Mental Science and Divine Healing, Professor Cushman says:

"There is, therefore, a distinctly religious and unequivocal spiritual basis for this belief; and one should note that, in order to emphasize this basis to the last degree, the Christian Scientists have always disclaimed any relation whatsoever to sects which, to an outsider, seem in doctrine to resemble Christian Science. For example, Christian Science is held to be quite different from Mental Science. Mental Science claims no special revelation, but finds an historical basis for its theory in ancient philosophy.

It is, therefore, a philosophy of life. It does not deny the existence of matter, but, 'even admitting that the whole cosmos is, in the last analysis, but one Universal Mind, . . . still matter has its own relative reality and validity, and is not to be ignored as illusion.' Nor is Christian Science to be identified with Divine Healing. This latter is based on the theory that healing is accomplished by the prayer of faith to a personal God. Christian Science holds, on the contrary, as its primal tenet that man and God are not distinct principles, but only one principle. 'There is only One; that is God, or Mind—and that art *thou*.' Christian Scientists deny that the phenomena of their religion can be explained by hypnotism and mesmerism, because the human will has in itself no power. There is no will save that of God."

Our author does not agree with Christian Scientists that their theory is unique. On this point he observes:

"Were I called on to classify and label Christian Science on its theoretical side, I should say that it is the modern version of that great principle of Mysticism which was introduced into Europe from the East when Alexandria was the center of culture. There have been many European representatives of this Eastern doctrine, and its presentation has differed in the hands of these Europeans according to the needs of their times. Plotinus, Meister Eckhart, and Spinoza were Mystics; but the Mystical doctrine also appears in Saint Paul, Thomas à Kempis, Luther, and Walt Whitman.

"It will thus be seen that Christian Science is akin to many mighty theories; and those who have any prejudice against it may object to such a classification. But no historical objection can be raised if one will take the trouble to analyze the theories which I have named. Christian Scientists claim that their doctrine is unique; that there is nothing like it. But this claim can have no weight with an historian of philosophy. On its practical side—that is, its healing of disease by prayer—it has had predecessors from time immemorial. On its theoretical side—the aspect of Christian Science that most interests us here, and is in fact its most important aspect—it is not unique."

In discussing the literature of Christian Science Professor Cushman says:

"I do not find the difficulty with Mrs. Eddy's literary style that others find, for one gets used to lack of style in philosophical writings where the thought is difficult to express. The fault is perhaps deeper than crudeness of expression. The fault in the Christian Science literature is rather inadequacy and incompleteness of thought. The statements of Christian Science are as yet immature and incomplete. There is an apparent lack of knowledge of the logic of the situation. Believing their theory to be

unique, how could the Christian Scientists study the history of their doctrine and its implications? May I say that instead of believing, as many do, that there is no truth in Christian Science, or at best but a small truth, I am sure that Christian Science embodies a much profounder truth than Mrs. Eddy or any of her followers realize. If any one is interested in the subject that Christian Science tries to express, he should not read Mrs. Eddy's books to find it profoundly stated, but Plotinus' 'Enneads,' Spinoza's 'Ethics,' or Deussen's 'Elements of Metaphysics.' But after all has been said about the inadequacy of the Eddy version of Mysticism, it should be added that among modern religious authorities it stands as a relatively important statement of truth."

On the subject of the healing of disease our author has much to say, and though his conclusions will not meet with the favor either of Christian Scientists or of the majority of the friends of the New Thought movement, it is clear that Professor Cushman desires to be fair; and his attitude contrasts so favorably with that of most critics that we quote somewhat at length on this subject. In referring to the attitude of physicians Professor Cushman says:

"In the present instance a great deal of the abuse has emanated from the professional physician. One might suppose, at first blush, that he would be well authorized to criticize the subject. Upon a little examination, however, it is easy to see that the physician would be almost the last person in the world to give a judicial opinion on the matter. To be sure, he might compare the relative number of cures that he has made with those of the Christian Scientist. But as yet, no such careful comparison has been instituted, and outsiders have a suspicion that the regular physician emphasizes the professional blunders of the Christian Scientist and conceals his own. If the cases of failure on the part of the regular practitioner during the course of a single year were widely advertised—failure to give the proper medicine; failure correctly to diagnose the case, as in the illness of President Garfield; failure to make a right prognosis of the case, as in that of President McKinley—the world would rise up in indignation that it had been so badly used."

Passing to the examination of the methods of treating disease, other than those of the medical profession, our critic says:

"The healers of disease outside the regular physicians are of four classes: (1) Mental Scientists; (2) Divine Healers; (3) Hypnotists; and (4) Christian Scientists. The Divine Healers and the Christian

Scientists differ in their methods, but are alike founded upon a religious principle. Mental Science is a philosophy of life; while hypnotism is strictly scientific. All of these classes of healers except the hypnotists claim to be able to cure all diseases."

Our author finds that each of the above schools of practise cures a percentage of cases, and each sometimes fails. He believes that the causes of the failure are such as to indicate the presence of a common principle in Christian Science, Divine Healing, Mental Science, and hypnotism, and that that principle is mental suggestion. It will be seen, therefore, that he stands with the hypnotists in his belief as to the cause of the cures; and in this connection he has the following to say relating to the cure of disease by suggestive therapeutics:

"Professor H. H. Goddard, who has investigated the subject of mental healing very thoroughly, publishes a table compiled from 414 cases treated by hypnotism by Drs. Van Rhensterghem and Van Eeden. Of these, 71 were absolute failures, 92 were slightly or temporarily helped, 98 were permanently or decidedly ameliorated, 100 were cured, and 53 had results unknown. The investigations show (1) that the deeper the hypnosis the larger the percentage of cures; (2) that not all cases were cured; (3) that some diseases are less amenable than others to cure by hypnotism."

Passing to a consideration of the philosophy of Christian Science, our author finds it "a philosophical but very inadequate representation of Mysticism." He calls attention to the mystical philosophies presented in all ages, and perhaps nowhere much more broadly or clearly stated than in the Hindu Upanishads, where, as will be seen from the following paragraphs, the central mystical idea is clearly set forth:

I.

"Verily the universe is Brahm. Let him whose soul is at peace worship it as that which he would fain know.  
Of knowledge verily is man constituted. As is his knowledge of this world, so, when he hath gone hence, doth he become.  
After knowledge then let him strive.

2.

Whose substance is spirit, whose body is life, whose form is light, whose purpose is truth, whose essence is infinity—the all-working, all-wishing, all-smelling, all-tasting One, that embraceth the universe, that is silent, untroubled.

## 3.

That is my spirit within my heart, smaller than a grain of rice or a barley-corn or a grain of mustard-seed; smaller than a grain of millet or even than a husked grain of millet.

This my spirit within my heart is greater than the sky, greater than the heavens, greater than all the worlds.

## 4.

The all-working, all-wishing, all-smelling, all-tasting One, that embraceth the universe, that is silent, untroubled—that is my spirit within my heart; that is Brahm. Thereto, when I go hence, shall I attain. Who knoweth this, he in sooth hath no more doubts."

The closing pages of the work are given to a "criticism of Mysticism, and especially of that form of it represented by Christian Science." In these pages, in which he points out what he regards as the inadequacy of the Mystic philosophy and its weakness in many parts, Professor Cushman says:

"There is the welcome aspect to all Mysticism—and personally I am glad to see Christian Science in the world to-day—that it calls attention, even if at the expense of common sense, to the idealistic and spiritual side of life. Without ideals the race could not progress, yet ideals are always above the common sense world, and out of touch with it. All reform movements in the history of the race have been Mystical and idealistic. 'Common sense' and realism were never anything but conservative and unprogressive."

In his final paragraph our author makes some rather severe criticisms of the philosophical soundness and the lack of consistency in Mysticism in general and in Christian Science in particular, which, while they will offend Christian Scientists, clearly indicate the position held by those logicians who must have reason satisfied,—or at least must feel that all premises taken are sound and the conclusions consistent, ere they can accept them. Yet in spite of its frank strictures, this volume is, as I have observed, the fairest, most able, and most judicial criticism of Christian Science that I have seen from the pen of a conservative thinker.



NATURE is Spirit visible; Spirit is invisible Nature; the absolute ideal is at the same time the absolute real.—*Schelling*.

## THE CREATIVE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

BY EDWARD C. FARNSWORTH.

Of all the powers that man can exercise to uplift and edify his fellows, imagination easily stands among the first; its high and noble spirit has breathed a quickening breath into the pale shades of the mighty dead, and they live for us, Hector, Agamemnon, Achilles, and many an otherwise wholly forgotten hero. Lear, Cordelia, Othello, Desdemona, triumphing over time, compel our sympathy to-day, although three hundred years have elapsed since they sprang to vivid life from the fecund brain that conceived the philosophical musings of Hamlet, the boisterous mirth of Falstaff, the delicate gossamer beauties of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the terribly realistic scenes of *Macbeth* and *Richard*, and the stately procession of the historical plays.

The great masters of tone, from Bach to Wagner, have deeply moved us with their efforts. From the twelve notes of the chromatic scale creative imagination has evoked the most far-reaching effects. So the painter and the sculptor, by the magic of imagination, have made the formless bit of stone, or the stretched canvas, to glow with almost pulsing life. The inventor has seen in his mind's eye the crude concepts of the labor-saving machine, or the distance-annihilating marvel, and has known no rest until he stood in triumph before its materialized and perfect form. The astronomer, calling to his aid the power of imagination, has eventually penetrated the husk in his efforts to reach the heart of the mystery; he has made known to all the physical laws governing the revolutions of distant worlds. Searching the pages of history we find the founder of empires, the leader of armies, the builder of cities, the wise ruler, the far-sighted statesman, the poet, the philoso-

pher, the sage, to be men "of imagination all compact," men able to externalize and make tangible their thoughts, thus giving "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

So much briefly concerning the varied abilities of this wonder worker, and we are at once led to inquire in regard to its source and the channels through which it flows into our ordinary mundane life.

Despite the important part it has played and is destined to play in humanity's progress, imagination, to our every-day humdrum modes of thought, presents an unreal aspect, and truly the uncanny visions of the madman and the inebriate, on the one hand, and the vagaries and castle building of the idle, untrained brain on the other, are distortions, and are unskilled or imperfect uses of that subtle power whose origin and nature it is our present purpose to investigate.

The wise ancients, enabled to rise to the conception of Unity as the essential nature of all things, also perceived that in its downward manifestation, this Unity apparently subdivided, thus becoming the Trinity, otherwise the three attributes of the great overruling power. These we will designate as will, desire, and mind. A corresponding trinity of forces, although in varying stages of development, also exists in all manifested things. Man is, therefore, compounded of will, the life force; desire, the passionate nature and driving force, and mind, the form-producing and guiding power. Mind, following the invariable evolutionary law of nature, is the last to acquire prominence in man.

Mind, I repeat, is the form producing power; mind working from within outward. If this be true, it follows that the structure of the humblest organism in the animal, aye, the vegetable kingdom, no less than that highly complicated mechanism, the human body, gives evidence of indwelling mind in a corresponding degree of development.

Mind, as an innate property of the spiritual center in man, must be conceived of as still undergoing evolution, consequent-



ly as not above delusion, but, on the contrary, more or less liable to error; this liability varying greatly in different races and natural conditions of mankind. Clear-sightedness, freedom from the possibility of error, is an attribute of Divine Wisdom alone.

Certain philosophers have argued that the world, with all its configurations of landscape, its oceans and skies, and the myriad forms of life upon its surface, is seen by man in its actuality; that to beings whose intelligence far transcends his it presents the same general characteristics. Others have argued that kosmos is but the externalized imaginings of the soul that fills its arbitrarily-created time and space with suns and planets, with men and things, whose actual existence it may well distrust. Between these two extremes let us seek a safe and middle ground. Let us reject as an absurdity the notion that the world was formed from nothing, which would prove its non-existence. Let us also reject the other absurdity, that feeble man, with his powers so imperfectly developed, has reached that mountain height of wisdom, wherefrom he can know the real and essential nature of the things of even this insignificant earth, his home. Let us accept as truth the idea that beneath the outward appearances which the mind, acting through the five physical senses, imposes on everything around and also within us, there is a living reality, a something that Omnipotence itself recognizes as real and basic.

Whence arose the idea, which holds us in a grasp that death alone can wholly loosen, that this physical globe, in fact everything we test with the physical senses, is solid and permanent?

Ancient wisdom replies that the idea is born of ignorance, or incomplete evolution. Humanity, in past ages, existed in other and lower conditions than at present obtain, conditions which may be likened to globes left behind and unperceived because of their tenuity, but which must have seemed solid and real; so, in ages to come, our humanity will function in some globe condition, then to be solid and real, but now beyond our

conceptions. Man has ever been urged along the upward spiral of his evolution by means of the divinely implanted principle, Desire. He instinctively craves what is basic and real, he longs to make it manifest to his senses of sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. With his mind he apparently succeeds; he imposes upon Divine substance various properties of matter corresponding to his crude conceptions; but more developed and penetrating mental vision will certainly show him that reality is constantly receding, even when he seems to grasp it most firmly. Man's environment is thus the result of his form-producing mind, but not wholly so; because, as has been seen, mind is an universal principle, one aspect of the Trinity manifesting in all things. Every entity is pursuing its upward course; man moves in the forefront of that mighty host; by virtue of his development the strongest, the controlling will, he unconsciously imposes upon lower and weaker-willed entities his conception of their condition, thus actually accelerating their progress to higher conditions. Although immeasurably below him mentally they apparently recognize in their surroundings characteristics similar to those sensed by man. This, on the surface, is an argument in favor of the veracity of the five physical senses, but if man and his influence should suddenly forsake the planet, their mental sun would soon suffer a serious eclipse.

At this stage of our exposition a moment's reflection will show that in dealing with creative mind we have really been dealing with that high faculty of the soul, imagination; for, by its sustained effort alone, this solid globe so exists. But there is a tendency in certain cycles of progress to pause in self-satisfaction before the work accomplished, to linger over its details as if nothing more were worth attaining; the result is a hard and fast conception of things, a growing belief in their fixity, inimical to true progress. Imagination is thereby stunted, it refuses to aspire toward the sky, its true home. What we call reason, taking its place, believes in and argues

for the actuality of physical matter, and so revolves in a vicious circle, or worse, a descending spiral, around more and more material and retrograding conditions; and, behold, we apotheosize reason as the God-given gift to man, the crown of earthly sovereignty upon his brow.

True imagination is mind seeking eternal reality, its source and only abiding place. It is the intrepid explorer striving to open the unknown ways where lagging and doubting reason may follow. Ease and self-gratulation it can never feel, for the seer's vision is its birthright, and it knows of lands where fairer suns do ray their light from bluer skies than Reason's eye can ken.

Because of his ability to interpret unchanging reality from a more interior point of view, the man of true imagination cannot identify his aspirations and desires with any material goods which physical life can yield; at best they are stepping stones on which to place his feet, but not his heart. The proper use of imagination shall enable him to understand the dependent condition of all lower forms of life and to render intelligent aid, while reason may sneer and play the tyrant and so inject into those immature and susceptible wills a virulent and reactionary poison. The proper use of imagination shall enable him to recognize, and eventually make manifest, the divine spark that smolders deep within the breast of some unfortunate whom reason utterly condemns. Imagination can clothe the meanest thing with ideal qualities, external nature with yet more subtle beauties as does the creative artist. In the simile and metaphor of poetry it can shadow forth the underlying unity of things outwardly the most diverse. It can lead us to the border of the known, whence we may gaze into the land of mystery, the formless regions beyond that border which the great tone poets have striven to realize and reveal, but where their human reason could find no foothold. All this is surely a presage, a prophecy of things to be. Man himself, seen from higher levels of being, is clothed with the ideal, and

unless he persistently opposes the dead weight of skeptical reason or debasing desire he shall eventually be drawn upward; for a living chain, endless to his finite vision, extends from the highest conditions of manifested being to the lowest forms of evolving life. Creative imagination has fashioned every link and welded it to its next lower fellow. Man is, perhaps, about midway in that stupendous chain; eternities of progress lie behind, eternities must elapse ere he, as the foremost link in that ceaseless, upward moving, can bear the strain and responsibility of the whole; for every link must of necessity be stronger than its predecessor; thus it shall be equal to the possibility of sustaining any dead weight temporarily imposed upon it.

Man, an indispensable link, is wrought in the fires of adversity, tempered in the cool waters of patience, and welded to his dependents by the ever-growing power of his downward directed, but necessarily sympathetic, imagination. Nevertheless, it is conceivable that if mankind as a whole, choosing to exert the strength of developing free-will, should undertake to reverse the wonderful and orderly plans of Divine Wisdom, it could sunder its connection with the link above, thus bringing disaster, perhaps ruin, to itself and all below. Fortunately this is a perversion of imagination, realized only in individual cases, and then but rarely. Good and evil imagination, as positive and negative forces, are drawn toward their respective poles, but they must be virile to move far in either direction. But, although its downward spiral disappears in darkness, a sound philosophy will show that as an aspect of the indestructible Trinity in all things, imagination *per se* cannot really be separated from its source in Divine Unity, the all-encompassing power. With opposing power exhausted, it must be again drawn into some great stream of evolution.

That the dull or sordid mind is correspondingly deficient in imagination is a fact patent to all finer natures. The rude

the crushed mountain daisy. The prepared soil, with its promise of a crop of necessities, is far more suggestive to him than the entire wealth of the floral kingdom. The full harmony of some complete orchestra, with its various instruments individualized by their peculiar timbre and capabilities, but all uniting in one concordant whole, is lost to the unsensitive ear. The unique and priceless marvel of Grecian art, despoiled of its wholeness, its strong and truthful contours interrupted and broken, yet still existing to the imaginative eye, is a thing from which the commonplace turn with disappointment and contempt. To such a one the frescoed walls of the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, and the immortal Last Supper by Leonardo would be less attractive than inferiority of conception emphasized by tawdry color and feeble execution. The deep knowledge and philosophic insight shown by the world's great dramatists, though expressed in graceful and loftiest diction, and the inspired songs of the epic and the lyrical bards leave no adequate impress on the dull and unimaginative mind that may be compared to some untuned harp from which the cunning hand can wake no beauty.

Creative imagination is the leaven that must leaven the whole of humanity. Without this desideratum it is doomed to an eternal treadmill, to a progress that does not progress. The fortunate possessor of this faculty is the true alchemist; his mind the philosopher's stone. It is his peculiar privilege to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Powers such as he exercises must, in the cycle progress of the ages, bring to all mankind a richer, nobler correspondent of that golden age outlined in legend and in fable; that age from whose ideal conditions doubting Reason's steps have wandered far.

Creative imagination is the sacred and formative word whose use is the proper blending of will, desire, and thought,

unpronounceable by reason; long-lost, but ever present, the Divine Ruler of the spheres. From the central glory its seven-fold rays speed out across the deeps, its kindling fires are seen in every flaming sun, its ideative will in every wheeling planet; it searches through the heart of every living thing, there finds and fans to fuller life the purest flame; a light to guide both high and low upon the upward way where separate paths converge, and finally unite like streams within their fountain head.

♦♦♦♦♦

MEDITATION.

When at the death of Day  
 The young Night, gray with grief,  
 In dewy sorrow weeps,  
 While cricket requiems  
 Make all the welkin throb  
 Sonorous threnody,  
 And the sweet soul of flowers  
 Escapes its mortal sheath  
 With starward striving—then  
 Do thou, my Soul escape  
 On Meditation's wing  
 From out thy tyrant tomb,  
 Die to all outward things  
 And far within thy Self's  
 Most secret chamber—*live*.

HENRY W. STRATTON.

♦♦♦♦♦

THE SOUL.

Oh, traveler through a land of shadows,  
 Where is thy goal, where is thy rest?  
 Where I have come from, no one knows,  
 Through the long seasons I follow a quest,  
 Where it shall lead me, no one can say,  
 I only know it is *the way*.

JESSIE MAY LANGDON.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### FEEL.

**T**HOUGHT is inwardly related to feeling and outwardly related to action. To feel, to become inspired from within, to touch the God-life, is the highest revelation in the life of man. Jesus when asked concerning God did not say that God is mind or thought, but said, "God is love." Then to be inspired by the spirit of love is to be God-like. The great creative powers resident in the life of man have their fountain-head in feeling. "To feel after God" is what one New Testament writer says. Love, faith, hope, are the powers which live eternally in the life of man. All else may change; these must endure, throughout time, throughout eternity. From this sun of life radiates all else. Even man's thoughts must take form through his feelings. Let us begin, then, with the cultivation of the very highest. Let us, in so far as is possible, use loving kindness and good will to all. Let faith become a spring of living water in the life through our having faith in God, in our fellow man, and in our own ideals concerning life and the things of life. Let the spirit of hope throw sunshine about our path and life, lighting our own way and throwing light upon the path of others. Thus will the kingdom of God be revealed through us, and His will done on earth as it is in heaven.

### THINK.

God gave us minds to think, to work out our own salvation in a full and complete way. Let us stop thinking the dead thoughts of bygone generations. Let us stop thinking on the authority of

another's thought. Let us know, once and for all, that through the use of our own minds will come the truest and best solution of all questions presenting themselves to us in life. Think clearly. We must of necessity think clearly if our minds are illumined and made new from within. We must of necessity be positive in our thoughts if our minds are enlightened by the knowledge of an omnipotent, omniscient God, working within us to will and to do. With our thought we shape and direct the force of life, giving it form in the outer world. Let us think, then, the God thoughts, creative and upbuilding thoughts making for health of mind and strength of body. Through centering our thought on the things we want to be or do the energy we use is not diverted into wrong channels, but finds perfect expression, and we accomplish what we will to accomplish.

#### ACT.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." It is through the right use of every organ of the body, under the direction of mind, that the whole organism becomes uniformly strong, that the life blood pulsates evenly through all parts. Throughout God's great universe action prevails. Vibration is a law of life.

A tree is known by its fruits. True action is the outer expression of true thought and feeling. There is no faith which does not take form in works. Work is a vital necessity for the well being of man. One who does not work cannot enjoy health or happiness. One's greatest satisfaction comes in seeing their thought ideals take on visible form. Build castles in the air, but do not stop there. See them expressed on earth. Feel them, think them, and work for them. Grow mighty in doing. Through action let man, as the representative of God, become great in the world in which he lives. Remember this, that the Christ man loves, thinks, acts.



## THE BECQUEREL RAY.

As Nature, at the earnest and persistent behest of scientific investigators, reveals, one by one, her closely guarded secrets, mankind at large exhibits but meager interest unless the revelation is accompanied by strikingly sensational features or makes definite appeal to selfish concerns. The discovery of magnetism, as a property of matter, would elicit scant attention outside of scientific circles, whereas the application of this discovery in the dynamo or telephone gives to the discovery a form of reality appreciated by the many. The wide-spread interest in the Röntgen ray was due largely to its sensational appeal to the imagination. Wonderful, indeed, was the thought of seeing through opaque substances; of viewing the skeleton in its casing of living flesh.

The advent of the Becquerel ray is unaccompanied by the blare of trumpets, and the public is unprepared for the statement that its discovery is an epoch-marking event. And yet the discovery of a new property of matter is not of so frequent occurrence as to become trite. The mere fact that in the Becquerel ray a new property of matter has been discovered should in itself justify a general interest in the subject. And when we add to this the fact that this property manifests itself in many and startling guises the claim on our interest is strengthened.

Professor Henri Becquerel, of Paris, has been an indefatigable student of physical problems, especially those having to do with the nature of phosphorescence. With the announcement of the discovery of Professor Röntgen, and the fact that his X-rays were intimately connected with the phosphorescence of the Crooke's tube, Professor Becquerel was impressed with the probability that the power to emit penetrating rays was a property of all phosphorescent substances. Niewenglowski demonstrated the fact that the active principle of luminous paint, calcium sulphide, does emit such rays. The method of demonstration depends upon the action of

the rays upon a photographic plate; an action analogous to that of light, with the additional power of penetrating relatively dense substances interposed between the source of the rays and the sensitive surface of the plate. The photographic plate was wrapped in black paper to keep out the action of light, and the calcium sulphide allowed to act through this wrapping for a period of about twenty-four hours. Upon developing the plate it was found to have been acted upon by the emitted rays. In this case the source of the rays had first been allowed to absorb the sunlight, and, later, to give off this absorbed light in the form of chemically active rays. Becquerel went further than this, and discovered that certain matter possessed within itself the power of emitting chemically active rays regardless of whether the substance had been previously exposed to the light. By the photographic method above described he tried various phosphorescent substances, and was finally rewarded by having a plate affected by a substance containing the metal uranium. Further experiment demonstrated the fact that these rays were spontaneously emitted, the substance having been carefully guarded from the action of light. Here, then, was a new property of matter, the power of a substance to emit chemically active rays, while still retaining its cold, apparently inert form.

Experiments followed one another rapidly, and it was found that any substance in which uranium was a part emitted these active rays; that the action was a permanent property of the substance and did not diminish with use, and that it had the power of penetrating opaque matter, such as sheets of aluminum, copper, ebonite, paper, etc.

The next step was the remarkable discovery that the source of this radio-activity was not, as at first supposed, the metal uranium, but that it was a property of a new element occurring as an accompanying impurity to the uranium, to which the name *radium* was given. The discovery of two more elements, *polonium* and *actin-*

ium, coexistent with the radium, and also powerfully radio-active, followed closely. The source of these elements is pitchblende.

The radio-activity of the ray may be classed under two heads—chemical and physical. Under the former may be noted the chemical action upon a photographic plate, the discoloring of paper, the changing of clear glass to a violet tinge, the turning of oxygen into ozone, the changing of yellow phosphorus to red phosphorus, and the turning of mercury perchloride into calomel. Under the latter head we find the rendering of air a conductor of electricity, the penetrating of opaque substances, the emitting of a constant light, the inducing of radio-activity in surrounding bodies, the deflection of the rays by magnetism, and its blistering effect upon the skin.

Many of these headings have been used by writers on the subject and elaborated into startling statements that have caused wondering comments. In this case the truth is sufficiently startling without resource to the imagination. What the practical application of these wonderful discoveries may be remains to be seen, but that such application will be found, and the race greatly benefited thereby, is not a remote probability.



WE have but a few examples of the specific action of a drug in the whole range of medicine, notwithstanding the abundance of literature to the contrary.—*Dr. Charles S. White.*



You need God in the very things that seem to separate you from Him. You must seek Him in the very places where the misery of life seems to say that He is not. You must question the stoniest paths for streams of water.—*Phillips Brooks.*



I do not know that martyrdom will prove any harder than that discipline which renders us quick to forgive, which can look upon the success of a rival with loving pleasure, which can maintain a guileless integrity in the minute transactions of life.—*George Brown.*

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER AND THE REV. HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

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FOR THE CHILDREN.

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"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His Temple."—*Ps. xxvii, 4.*

"Consider that all which appears beautiful outwardly, is solely derived from the invisible Spirit, which is the source of that external beauty, and say joyfully: 'Behold these are streamlets from the uncreated Fountain; behold, these are drops from the infinite Ocean of all good! Oh, how does my inmost heart rejoice at the thought of the eternal, infinite Beauty, which is the source and origin of all created beauty!'"—*L. Scupoli.*

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## THE COUNTRY OF I FORGOT.

O, a very strange country is queer *I forgot*,  
And unhappy the boy or the girl whose sad lot  
It is to exist in this very odd place.  
There Time does not go at his usual pace—  
One day is quite long and the next very short;  
In fact, not a thing happens just as it ought  
In the country of *I forgot*.

There the trees have for fruit small mittens and caps,  
For leaves, little reefers and rubbers and wraps;  
Gates and fences stay broken for no one can find  
Any hammers or nails; while the roadways are lined  
With carts wet and dingy, small spades dull with rust,  
And there isn't a bridge that you safely can trust  
In the country of *I forgot*.

There are thimbles and scissors and little school-books  
Hid in dim, dusty attics and green garden nooks;  
Mixed in with the rubbish, tin trumpets and horns,  
While bats and baseballs lie about on the lawns.  
Scarcely anything's where you'd expect it to be,  
So direst confusion you everywhere see  
In the country of *I forgot*.

Then the boys and girls living there—dear! oh dear!  
I hate to confess it, but very much fear  
They seldom their hands and their faces do clean,  
And with hair all a-tangle they're quite often seen,  
While never a courtesy and never a bow  
Do these children make (which is sad you'll allow)  
In the country of *I forgot*.

Now to this strange country are two little gates  
At which an old watchman for small children waits;  
And when once they are in they can scarcely get out,  
Though they wander and wander and wander about,  
While sometimes they fall into ruts by the way  
And are crippled so much that they always must stay  
In the country of *I forgot*.

So beware of the country of queer *I forgot*  
And of the old watchman—his name is Heed-not!  
He's so burly and big you can see him afar,  
And hear his voice calling; but stop where you are  
And look for the road that leads off to the right—  
Take that and the watchman will vanish from sight  
And the country of *I forgot*!

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.



## TO CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Will our contributors kindly send us shorter stories for the children? We need articles of from two to five hundred words—stories or lessons, and will appreciate them very much.

Send all manuscripts intended for the children to

MRS. FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY,

187 High Street,

Hartford, Connecticut.

## EDITH AND THE MOON FAIRIES.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Edith, who had the misfortune to be very beautiful. Her eyes were large and bright; her long, waving hair hung far below her waist; her lips were as red as her teeth were white; she had a pink and white complexion, exquisite little hands and feet, and she carried herself as straight as a little Indian. But perhaps the loveliest thing about her was her nose. It seemed carved out of the finest sort of marble and was the most perfect shape imaginable. When people saw her for the first time, they exclaimed, "What a pretty little girl! Oh, what a nose!"

Remarks like these she heard often, and she spent an amazing amount of time looking at her reflection in the mirror, and she admired herself immensely. When she was away from the mirror she would frequently shut one eye and look at her wonderful nose out of the corner of her other eye. In this way she could see it very well indeed.

Now, because she was so pretty, she thought herself much finer than her schoolmates. She put on the airs and graces that a princess might use, and expected every one to do exactly what *she* wished and to let her be first in everything. In fact, she finally became a disagreeable little girl, thinking only of herself and her beauty until it seemed to her that even her own dear mother should do nothing but work hard to make her daughter happy.

Edith was a bright girl, but she spent so much time looking at her nose and admiring her hands when in school, that she studied but little and stood very near the foot of her class. When her father spoke to her about it, urging her to study, all she said was:

"What's the use? I'm so beautiful that it doesn't make any difference whether I know much. People only think of my beauty."

Of course, this foolish remark made Edith's father and mother feel very sad.

It happened that all this was said one evening when the moon was full, and they were sitting in the library without a

light so that they could enjoy the moonlight that came streaming through the windows. Now, down the moonbeams were sliding many moon fairies; but as they were made of moonshine nobody noticed them. However, they heard every word that had been said.

It was soon Edith's bedtime, and after she was sound asleep something very astonishing happened.

The moonlight shone through the windows and across the little girl's bed; and there were the moon fairies, working very busily about Edith, twisting the moonbeams into ropes. These they stretched over her, securely fastening the ends to the sides of the bed.

Finally Edith awoke with a start and saw the gleaming moonshine ropes. They were so transparent that she thought she could put her hands directly through them and scatter them; but, lo! she could not even lift her arms, so securely was she bound to the bed. Then she struggled to free herself, and all to no avail. Angry and exhausted at last, she lay still and gazed about her. She was amazed to see strange, tiny beings prancing over the bed and floating above it. One fairy held a wand made of a wee moonbeam. Her wondrous silver hair floated away down to her feet. Rainbow colors shimmered on her shining gown. She waved her wand, and the fairies immediately sat down on the bed, forming a circle round Edith, who was too astonished even to exclaim.

"Moon fairies," said the one holding the wand, from her place at the foot of the bed, "this little girl thinks she is very beautiful. Do you think so?"

Edith smiled proudly, expecting to hear them say, "Yes!" So, imagine her surprise when they shouted in chorus, "No, your majesty!"

Edith flushed red with anger.

"Why not?" asked the queen.

"She looks very well *outside*, but she's not at all pretty *inside*," said one fairy who was made of green moonlight and wore a long pointed cap woven of dewdrops, and it sparkled with a thousand lights.

"What do you see inside?" demanded the queen.

"Selfishness!" shouted a wee fay near Edith's ear. "She has entirely forgotten that others want to be happy just as much as she does."

"And there's ingratitude," broke in another. "She never thinks how kind and loving her parents are to her, and she grieves them with her unkind words."

"And stupidity," said a third. "She used to be bright; but she no longer tries to improve her mind, she is so satisfied with the outside of herself."

"Dear me, dear me!" said the queen, "what an ugly little girl she is! We must certainly help her."

"Don't you think we'd better paint on her face a picture of her mind?" asked a fairy who held a wee paint-brush in one hand and a big yellow daisy in the other. "I'll dip my brush in the brown center of this daisy and put freckles on her nose—for pride."

"And I'll turn her skin sallow with the yellow from a tiger lily," said another. "That will stand for selfishness."

"I'll blacken her teeth with a bit of midnight shadow," said a third. "That will be for the black words of unkindness and ingratitude she speaks."

Then the queen waved her wand over Edith, who fell at once into deep sleep.

When she awoke in the morning, she sprang from her bed and ran to the mirror, as she did every morning. But how she shrieked when she saw her reflection! Her lovely nose had large brown freckles on it, her skin was sallow, her teeth were grimy. She scrubbed her face and teeth with hot water and soap; but the ugly blemishes would not wash off. Her father and mother were much astonished when they saw her.

On her way to school no one said on passing her, "What a beautiful little girl!" But she did hear one thoughtless person say, "Mercy! Look at the freckles on that child's nose!"

What a pang the remark gave her! And she remembered with sorrow how many times she herself had made unkind remarks about others who were not pretty.

Edith felt very humble indeed as she sat in school. She was neither pretty nor bright, and nobody loved her, for she had not



been kind and thoughtful. She noticed little Harriet—plain little Harriet—who sat next to her. What a pleasant smile she had, and how kindly the teacher looked at her! How the girls gathered round her at recess time! Why was it? Edith saw, for the first time, that it was because Harriet's beautiful soul shone out in kind words and deeds and earnest work.

Edith decided to follow Harriet's example. She surprised and pleased her teacher by studying dilligently. She did not care to look at her nose now, for she could see the great freckles on it.

At the end of two weeks she was nearly at the head of her class, and this made her father and mother so happy that they ceased to grieve over her changed appearance. Then, too, Edith took pains to say and do kind things, and in turn every one loved her.

And so a whole month passed, and there was a full moon again. Once more the moonlight shone through the window and spread its soft radiance over the little girl's bed. Again was she wakened by the moon fairies; but there were no moonbeam ropes holding her down this time. The moon-fairy queen asked:

"Has she grown better looking?"

"Oh, yes, your majesty," said all the fairies together. "She is quite pretty now."

"And the outside doesn't match," said the fairy with the dew-drop cap. "Her skin is too yellow and her teeth too black."

"The freckles on her nose ought to be taken off," put in the fairy with the paint-brush.

"Then shall we make her look exactly as she did before the last full moon?" asked the queen.

But Edith said:

"If you please, moon fairies, I would like you to leave the freckles on my nose. I might grow proud again."

"Very well," replied the queen, as she waved her wand over Edith, who fell asleep at once.

When the little girl awoke in the morning, she dressed, and when she looked in the mirror—for she no longer ran to it the first thing on getting out of bed—she saw that her teeth were pearly white, her skin like strawberries and cream, and on her nose were only a few pale freckles.

Do you think Edith grew proud and thoughtless again? Oh, no! The moon fairies had shown her that it does not make so much difference whether we are beautiful outside if only we are beautiful within.

FLORENCE PELTIER.



### BABY'S BED TIME.

The twilight shades are falling fast,  
The sounds of earth are dead.  
The end of day has come, at last,  
When Baby goes to bed.

The eyelids white are drooping low;  
'Tis time that prayers were said;  
And to the land of nod we go,  
When Baby goes to bed.

And now the little limbs are free  
To kick and roll and tread;  
For this is what he likes, you see,  
When Baby goes to bed.

We'll put the warm, soft nightie on—  
He cuddles down so deep.  
And then comes food to grow upon  
When Baby goes to sleep.

Now spread the little blankets o'er,  
And round his dainty feet;  
The tiny body stirs no more  
When Baby goes to sleep.

He's crooning to the angels soft,  
To them his thoughts are sweet.  
Guardian wings are held aloft  
When Baby goes to sleep.

HUGH GLENN MURRAY.

A MESSAGE TO AUNT ANNIE FROM THE SUN  
FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

One day I sat at my window, and all of a sudden I felt a warm kiss on my cheek. Raising my eyes I saw the bright Sun looking down into my face as if he had something to say. With a smile I said: "Well, can I do anything for you?" With a merry twinkle in his eye and another warm kiss on my cheek, he said: "Yes; please listen. I want to send a message to the girls and boys." And this is the message he gave me:

"Dear children, I am your warm friend, the Sun. I am in the universe to make it better, and happier, and to spread sunshine. You may wonder how old I am. I have lived so many years I cannot remember when my first birthday was. I have such a sunny heart that my face is always shining, as yours will be, my precious children, if you will only have kind thoughts and do good deeds; and you may laugh, too, in the merriest way if you are kind and good. I give people some very broad smiles sometimes, and then I go on my way happier.

"I have been very busy to-day, and happy, too; but you know that busy people are always happy. I can always find plenty to do; but I am never too busy to visit my little friends. They sometimes say, 'What a long way you have come, and you never seem weary in well doing! If the rain clouds hide your face you never fret, but you wait patiently till they pass by, when you seem to shine brighter than ever.'

"You see, I cannot help anybody unless I am happy. I cannot be happy unless I have a shining face. I cannot have a shining face unless I have a kind heart. A shining face and a kind heart do a great deal of good in the world. Many times doctors say smiles and sunshine cure their patients. Now, by this time, you know of some of the work I have been doing.

"The spring has come, and that has meant still more work for me; for I have had to wake up the flowers that are asleep under the sod, and the trees, bushes, and grass must have a good shaking to get them fairly awake, for they are much like sleepy children. Sometimes I will work hard to rouse them, and then a

chill at night, a few cold drops of rain or a handful of snow will make them hide their heads.

"I can never sleep, for I must all the time be doing good. Now, when you see me in the early morning with my head coming up the eastern sky, you must not think I have just crept out of bed, nor again when my head is disappearing down the western sky, you must not think I am tucking the clothes around me for a long sleep; for I never close my eyes.

"Dear children, when you are cold stand in the sunlight, for that is God's fire that warms the earth. In the Spring the plants are putting on their clothes to be ready to labor for God in the Summer; then I work, too, to make all these beautiful children brave and strong, that they may give food, fruit, and flowers to the girls and boys. The rain helps to make these children tender and kind. The Autumn comes and the trees, grass, and plants begin to be tired, and as fast as they can, put off their clothes, to be ready to sleep. Then Winter comes and the plants are all asleep. By-and-by God spreads a great white blanket of snow over them to keep them warm, just as some loving hand spreads the soft, white blankets over the girls and boys while they sleep. In the spring God tells the Sun to send a finger of fire away down into the ground to wake the plants up, and the trees, grass, and flowers begin to stir and they hear God saying: 'Come, my children, it is morning; wake up, for you have work to do.' By-and-by they raise their heads from the earth's warm pillow and open their eyes to the spring daylight. Turning their faces skyward their perfumed breath seems to say, 'Dear God, we will grow in Thy loving service. While we slept You cared for us. As we waken You nourish us from the bosom of the earth. You quench our thirst with cooling drops from the heavens, and you warm us from the Sun's bright fire. Like a little child we are awake by day and asleep by night, and Thy hand guides and guards all Thy children through the days and nights of the changing seasons.'

"Now I must spread sunshine on distant countries. I have had no food and no sleep, but it is not what I receive, but what I bestow that makes me happy. Good night; God willing, I will shine for you to-morrow."

ANNIE KNOWLTON HINMAN.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A BOOK OF SECRETS. WITH STUDIES IN THE ART OF SELF-CONTROL.  
By Horatio W. Dresser. 138 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons,  
New York.

I do not know when I have read anything of Mr. Dresser's that I have liked so well as this book. It is a book of practical aids and suggestions to true self-control. In fact, the message of the book from first to last is the acquirement of self-control. He points out very clearly the distinction between the emotional side of man's nature and the deeper feelings. He says "Feeling is consciousness of force, acting and being acted upon. No phase of existence is more profound. Again it is through feeling that we act—that is, we act when the soul, overcoming resistance, accelerates or institutes a new direction of force. A man who is controlled by his emotions is a flighty sentimentalist. He lacks balance, sanity. \* \* \* To pass beneath all emotions and thoughts is to discriminate between alternatives of feeling, to discover a finer quality of feeling. This finer state is spiritual, intuitional, compounded of love, educated by wisdom, and acted upon by the soul. It has been tried and tested. It has deepened through years of experience and thought. \* \* \* The soul knows God by intuition. It knows of its own existence and that of the world by the same habitual, immediate relationship. There is no space between." This book is one that will commend itself to all who are earnestly seeking to acquire true self-control.

VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY: HOW TO BE A YOGI. By Swami Abhedananda. 188 pp. Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the Vedanta Society, New York.

In this book Swami Abhedananda gives explicit directions on how to attain to Yogiship through the different Yogi practices. The book will prove to be one of great interest to people who are interested in Oriental philosophy. One difficulty that the Western mind experiences in the study of Oriental religion or philosophy is that there is so much imagery and allegory that it makes it difficult of understanding. Such, however, is not the case with this

book, as the Swami writes in a clear, direct manner. His chapter on Breath will elicit more than ordinary attention, as there is much in it that will prove helpful. The Swami says: "A true Yogi must be pure, chaste, spotless, self-sacrificing, and the absolute master of himself. Humility, unostentatiousness, forgiveness, uprightness, and firmness of purpose must adorn his character. A true Yogi's mind should not be attached to sense-objects or sense-pleasures. He should be free from egotism, pride, vanity, and earthly ambition." The book makes a valuable addition to Vedanta Philosophy, which is taking such a hold on the minds of many people in this country.

REALITIES OF LIFE, BEING THOUGHTS GATHERED FROM THE TEACHINGS OF THE REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A. By Jessie M. Oliver. 248 pp. Cloth, 3 shillings—75 cents. Published by Elliott Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, London, Eng.

This book is full of the wise sayings of a great mind. The compiler has shown splendid judgment in her selections. It is a book that will commend itself to thoughtful people, and one that will without doubt exert a most beneficial influence upon the mind of the reader. The short, pithy statements which strike right at the very core of things must of a necessity exert an influence for good. We quote one or two passages which will give some idea of the good things to be found in this little volume. "The greatest tribute to the necessity of religion is that it survives its outworn forms; the greatest proof of the essential truth of Christianity is that, in spite of the twaddle talked every Sunday throughout England in the name of Christ, Christianity is still alive. \* \* \* Prayer is the real spiritual dynamic; it really does accomplish its end by bringing to our side those mighty spiritual agencies which are able to effect the purpose of God. \* \* \* There is something in the nature of every man greater than himself—something which he needs must love even when he betrays it. Nothing can quite drown the divine undertone; the light in every man by which he must be saved is too well lit ever to be put out, however it may be blown in the winds of passion and dimmed in the fogs of vice."





ADOLPH ROEDER.

Photo. by Hollinger.



# MIND.

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GODS, HEROES, DWARFS, AND GIANTS.

A STUDY IN SYMBOL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY ADOLPH ROEDER.

## *Part I.*

The superficial student of mythology is pleased with the sequence of pictures given in the stories, with the symmetry, beauty, art, and harmony displayed in them, and with the grace of adjustment, the gentle sympathy, the keen wit, or the bold hardihood of the story, as the case may be. That read and appreciated is all that he looks for, and there he stops. In exactly the same way the observer of Nature takes in the glory of a sunset on the horizon line; of a beautiful landscape with its trees and mountains, its rivers and lakes, its dwellings, and the lowing of the kine and the bark of the dog; beyond that he is not interested. But the scientist recognizes, back of these beauties, certain laws and forces which he has resolved into an analysis, which, although not the ultimate analysis, is an analysis deserving of the name. He has traced back the beauty, harmony, grace, and symmetry of natural things, a certain set of laws and forces. Why should not the student of mythology see, back of the mental imagery projected upon the background of history, a similar set of forces and laws? As in things physical there is a certain something, called "gravitation, vibration, heat, osmosis," why should there not be back of all mentality such things as justice, kindness, friend-

ship, wisdom, utility? Why should not one of these sets be just as much of a series of forces as the other?

Basing upon this consideration, without further deliberation of it, it seems to me that the historic background apparently given to symbolic pictures, and the historic variety of the people who made the myths, invented the Sagas, and shaped the figures, should count for much in one way and for little in the other. If I study Shakespeare's "Hamlet" or "King Lear" I am interested in the humanity of the men, not in the question of their historicity, and I try to understand what Shakespeare meant by placing these bold figures into the framework of circumstances, a combination which he weaves about them, for Shakespeare was evidently an intelligent man, and he evidently had a purpose in writing both "Hamlet" and "King Lear;" as much of a purpose as Balzac had in writing the "Comedie Humaine," or Ibsen had in writing "The Doll House." But, if these men have intelligent purposes in their writing, is that intelligent purpose to be denied the Greeks when they write the story of Zeus, or of Hephaistos, or of Hera? Is it to be denied to the Roman when he writes the story of Mercury, or of Silenus, or of Hercules? Or is it to be denied to the Hindoo when he writes the story of Vishnu, or of Rama? Or is it to be denied to the Egyptian when he writes the story of Isis, Osiris, and Horus? For are not all these people intelligent people? Are not Seneca or Sophocles as intelligent as Shakespeare; and Antigone and Oedipus as truly symbolic as the somber Dane or the miraculous Scotchman? Therefore, historic variety really goes to show rather the intelligence of the people who made the myth than the historic truth of the myth itself. And, on the other hand, it may be safely assumed that, in the creation of the wonderful figures of gods and heroes, of dwarfs and giants, the makers of myth-

well with the making of myths. It would be stultifying to the intelligence of these men if we were to think of an Egyptian believing in a literal Isis, or Osiris, or Horus; or a Greek believing in a similar trinity called Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto.

Admitting the intelligence of myth makers and the evident purpose inspiring their other literary efforts, it may be safely assumed, also, that there is not only intelligent effort but also intelligent purpose back of the myth. And one of the most satisfactory ways of arriving at intelligent purpose is that adopted in mathematics when there is a question of number or the relationship of number. Given a number of fractions or a number of roots or a number of involutions or evolutions, we resort to the process called "the finding of the common factor," and as soon as we have found a common factor in any one of its forms, either as a denominator, or a multiple, or a differential relation, we can proceed to the solving of a number of problems all containing this common factor or common process.

The common factor is not at all an unknown thing in mythology. Every one knows that the stories of a paradise, and the stories of a deluge, and the stories of the Incarnation, and the stories of the Fratricide, and the stories of Virgin Nativity, and the stories of transmutations or changes from one form into another, and other stories are common property of all nations. Sometimes we can see how one story in a certain series grew out of the other through the fact of the migration of peoples and ordinary historic consequence. Sometimes we cannot. In either case the resemblance in the story is sufficiently close to permit us to think that, whether there be external, historic, or chronological sequence or not, the similarity does not depend upon these two factors. It depends rather upon the generally coincident activity of human mentality. In

time, no matter whereabouts on the earth they may be located. Thought generated in the race mind doubtless proceeds exactly in the same way and according to the same lines as thought generated in the individual.

Hence, when we find a story common property among various nations, and find that we cannot follow the lines laid down by students of mythology, whose aim it is to trace the origin of one story from another, or of the same story in one nation from the same story in another nation, we can feel perfectly at liberty to think that the same story can arise independently in different sections of the race mind at one and the same time. On this assumption it may be of interest to the reader to follow the sequence of thought which is here to be given.

In the vast mass of matter there is a certain quantity of material which is distinctly impersonal, and another quantity quite distinctly personal. It is to this latter category that we turn our attention in this article. Evidently there is personality about the stories of the gods, and a similar personality holds true in the stories of heroes. In the same way, there is personality about giants, and personality about dwarfs. About this centralized group of personalities hovers a cloud of partly human, partly animal figures, and around these are grouped series of animal figures, distinctly so, and around these again come foggy and indistinct figures, both artificial and natural. Such figures as Zeus, Apollo, Juno, and Venus are distinctly personal as Deities; and such figures as Perseus, Theseus, and Herakles are evidently personal among the heroes; and such figures as Goliath, and the giants of Norse mythology, and the Children of the Emim, and Ymir, and others are evidently personal; and the seven dwarfs that take care of Schneewittchen, and Alberich, and many others are equally personal. This is the inner group of four sets of personality. In the concentric circle, lying immediately about this group, and composed of figures all combining the human and the animal, there are many that must be quite familiar to the reader. The Cen-

taur, the Sphynx, Minotaur, Dagon the Fish God, and the strange composite figures seen by Ezekiel and called Cherubim, all belong evidently to this group. While the serpent, whether called Satan, or Fafnir, or Loke, and the lion, and the unicorn, and the eagle, and the raven, and the dove, and Apis, the bull, and the swan and other animals are similarly in evidence as animals without very distinct reference to humanity except in their association with humanity. And Miolnir, hammer of Thor, and the Tarnkappe, which renders folks invisible, and the staff in the hand of Moses or of Aeskulap, and the altar of incense and the tabernacle, and other objects are evidently artificial without reference to personality except so far as their association with the personal element of those who handle them.

While again the waves of the sea, and the flame of fire, and the flash of lightning, and the roll of thunder, and the mountain, and the tree, and the egg, and the precious stone as they are introduced in symbology and mythology are evidently forces and objects from nature.

Taking up the group of personality which stands in the center of these concentric rings, and which naturally falls into the fourfold form, as do the points of the compass, or the ages of man, or the seasons of the year, or the times of the day, or the four right angles at the center of a circle, or the quadrature of the Holy City, we find ourselves facing four distinct sets of beings in all mythology. There is one set which is evidently designed to represent a something generated on the side of mind, and another set a something generated on the side of matter. In the broad dualism of antiquity and of modern days, the gods represented in their totality mental traits. They are evidently the offspring of the effort made by the race mind to understand abstract spirituality. Let us take up this idea a little more at large.

It is evident in quite a number of cases that the writers and creators of Sagas and legends aim distinctly at spirituality and at mental traits. There is no doubt that the story of the birth

of Minerva, as told by the Greeks, is not a Nature myth. Its design is evidently to portray the fact that Wisdom springs from intelligence after intelligence has observed caution, for Jupiter, after devouring Metis, gives birth to Minerva in the peculiar way that is told of him. Namely, Vulcan splits his head with the hammer and the goddess is born, fully armed and fully equipped. Quite evidently the creators of this story used these personified traits to represent the fact that man becomes wise only when caution is associated with intelligence. They also involve the idea that wisdom is an intuitive something, born fully shaped. Here we have evidently a story designed to convey the operation of mental forces. When we read the same story in Hebrew mythology, and read that Eve is formed from the rib of Adam, we find a story more closely associated with natural objects, and yet we suspect that it is no more a Nature myth than was the other. If Jove gives birth to Minerva from the head, and if the Greek insists upon this arrangement, why should not the Hebrew be at liberty to insist upon the fact that Adam gives birth to Eve from the heart? For the skull of Jupiter evidently stands for the brain, and is so accepted. Why should not the rib of Adam stand for the heart and be so accepted? For look upon the matter itself. The intuitive side of man's nature gives birth to a peculiar affectional wisdom, but with some that wisdom springs from intelligence, that is from the head, while with others it springs from love, that is from the heart. The father who says the right word to the wayward boy just at the right time acts from wisdom, born of intelligent experience. The mother who does for her baby just the right thing in an hour of peril, without instruction and without previous experience, acts from a similar wisdom, begotten of love. It would be perfectly natural in reading the Greek story to look for its companion piece somewhere, and to feel rather grateful to the Hebrew for furnishing it. This method of interpreting renders the story more intelligible and more dignified. Any interpretation involving too great a share of

literalness in these stories, results disastrously, and reason does not always feel satisfied with the results so disastrously obtained.

Take another story. Hephaestos (Vulcan) is lamed because he has been thrown from Olympus. Jacob is lamed because he has wrestled with an angel. In the one legend, the natural impulses of man, as evidently represented by Vulcan and Jacob (let the reader follow the entire reasoning process of Jacob, in which he indulges in all his associations with Jehovah and Esau and Laban and any of the other personalities with whom he is brought in contact), are said to be lamed by the fact that they are dissociated with spiritual powers, for Vulcan is thrown out from the seat of the gods, while in the other case it is said that Jacob is lamed because of his too intimate association with spiritual forces, represented by the angel. Which of the two stories is the more correct? Is man's natural mentality shown to be lamed by dissociation with spiritual things, or by association with spiritual things? I think the answer is "both." For nothing is so lame or so utterly incompetent as a materialistic or a naturalistic mind absolutely devoid of spirituality. And, again, nothing is so thoroughly lame as that same mind when it wrestles with a spiritual question. The two legends are the two aspects of the same question. For the natural side of man's mentality with its necessary concomitants, the conception of space and time, of duration and extent, of substantiality and materiality, of matter and forces, of condition, relation, and sequence is not by nature outfitted to really grasp the essence of justice, mercy, sympathy, kindness, and other distinctively spiritual things. Hence, both the Roman and the Hebrew are perfectly right in their conception of natural mentality which they call Vulcan and Jacob.

This article would far over-step its limits were we to endeavor to follow out, in detail, any of the many coincident factors that are found by comparative study. It will be necessary to limit this essay to the consideration of just a few vital

points. Any one studying the personality of the gods will note immediately a certain number of coincident factors. There is, in the enumeration of the gods, an evident desire to *subordinate* one to the other, and in all mythology there is created a series of demigods, who represent lower mental faculties; and the student instantly recalls the fact that memory is a lower faculty than reason, and that reason is a lower faculty than intuition, and that intuition is a lower faculty than love. Hence, the mind naturally adopts the theory of subordination in the mental regions. In the same way there is always a peculiar *association* of mental faculties. Memory associates with reason readily. It is exceedingly disloyal to intuition and refuses to associate readily. Hence, among the gods, there are loves and enmities. Again, one mental faculty is able to accomplish a thing in only one way, another has a variety of ways of doing the same thing. Memory can only remember, and the deity representing memory can do only one thing. But reason can be exercised in almost any direction, and the deity representing reason (for instance, Mercury) is portrayed as being exceedingly versatile and ready to adapt itself to any set of circumstances. A thief reasons by the same faculty as does an honest man, and a burglar who breaks open a safe and the man who builds a safe use exactly the same method of reasoning. Hence, Mercury's versatility is not confined always to the regions of honesty. He is as ready to be dishonest as he is to be honest.

But among all the things said of deities, the main, vital point is that in which they all coincide; namely, their tendency earthward in one form or the other. The tendency of deity is downward. Whether this tendency take the form of a general interest in human affairs, or whether it take any other of the strange, weird, fantastic, or beautiful forms under which these ideas come to us, the idea itself is always there. The gods associate with men. They descend to them. They leave Olympus, Valhal, or Heaven; they descend to take an active



interest and an active part in the affairs of earth. Or they become incarnate on earth. In some of the narratives, this incarnation takes place once, in others it occurs frequently. The Hindoo thinks of Brahm as descending in no less than ten incarnations. Each of these incarnations is distinct. They are six hundred years apart. The last incarnation is said to be that of the white horse. The Roman thinks the same thought; the Greek thinks the same thought. The stories sound differently, but they all convey the same idea.

*(To be continued.)*

“PRAYER is a breath of fresh air—much else, of course, but certainly this. It is inspiration on a hilltop for new toiling on the plain.”

THE saddest spectacle in this or in any world is a rational and moral being smitten with spiritual death, alive only to what is material and earthly, living without God and without hope.—*W. E. Channing.*

WE shall be glad—really glad—of everything that has come to us, no matter if it is sorrow or pain, when we find that our experience fits some one else’s need, that some one else can build on our lives.—*M. D. Babcock, D.D.*

NOT in husbanding our strength, but in yielding it in service; not in burying our talents, but in administering them; not in hoarding our seed in the barn, but in scattering it; not in following an earthly human policy, but in surrendering ourselves to the will of God, do we find the safe and blessed path.—*F. B. Meyer.*

MEN have often looked for God’s revelations of himself through prodigies, by miracles, in written books. All that God, through outward media, could effect of self-revelation was luminously done when the physical universe took shape. The moral and spiritual self-revelation of God must be through the spiritual substance of humanity.—*Joseph May.*

## ADOLPH ROEDER: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Adolph Roeder was born in 1857, at Baltimore, Md., and was trained in various schools. He entered the ministry of the New Church (Swedenborgian) at the early age of twenty-one. He held the German Pastorate at Baltimore and English Pastorates at Frankford, Allentown, and Vineland for fifteen years, and has held a pastorate at Orange, N. J., since 1896.

Mr. Roeder has been an active worker in a great many departments of life. In church work he has organized the German Synod, of which he is President. In 1890 the Synod had 3,000 members in America and 1,500 in Germany and Austria. He also organized the New Church Educational Association, of which he is president. Its membership now exceeds 1,000 and is rapidly growing. He has been the editor of the "Children's New Church Messenger," "Kosmos," "La Royanne du Seigneur" (a French paper), and "Bote der Neuen Kirche" (a German paper), and has done a splendid work with these publications.

He has written many tracts and leaflets, and also the following books: "Light in the Clouds," "With the Easter Lights Upon Us," "Handbook of the Science of Correspondences," "Sea Pictures," and a few others. He has contributed to magazines both in this country and in Europe, and his articles have commanded wide attention.

In music and poetry Mr. Roeder has written and translated many poems, among which we may mention "Thy Words," "Shadows of the Valley," "Stranger's Yesterday," etc.

In Civics Mr. Roeder has founded the Civic Club of Orange, N. J., and is its corresponding secretary. He has also founded the Civic Sanitation Association of the Oranges, and the State Civic Federation, of which he is president.

In fact, Mr. Roeder is a man who interests himself in the well being of mankind. Not in one way, but in many, whatever will work for the greatest good will receive his most earnest attention.

He is a member of the New England Society, Academy of Political and Social Science, and many other societies both at home and abroad.

Few writers are gifted with any clearer or more sympathetic way of writing than Mr. Roeder. I have before me a little paper entitled "The New Christianity," and I will quote from some of Mr. Roeder's editorials to show his sympathetic grasp of the spiritual life.

"Many a holy thing lies buried in man's spirit. Deep within the stillness of his soul's inmost life lie the holy impulses and innocent thoughts of his childhood; there slumber the purity and chastity which he felt in his first married life; there rest in their graves all the great and splendid ideas which he once wished to carry into execution for the welfare of his fellow-men. All this was before the world and self and the restless pursuits of life buried these holy things under the leaden weight of care. And they will all rise again, when the Lord is risen in them—that is, when man enters eternity and beholds the face of the Everlasting Father."

In the following quotation he shows how man can choose his spiritual dwelling either in the secret places of the Most High or the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"Man can choose his spiritual as well as his natural dwelling place. He can bury himself in the mire of envy and unkindness; he can live in the valley of superstition; he can burrow in the clefts of the rocks, where in life's spring and autumn the streams become raging torrents; he can also scale the rock-fortresses of spiritual thought and the heights of heavenly love. In the valley he will have the fog of false judgments; out of the mire will come upon him the fever of pride; in the rock-clefts he will hear the thundering tumult of the empty world. On the heights the bread of peace will be given him, and the waters of rest from the Divine Truth are sure."

Mr. Roeder's spiritual insight is also shown in the following quotation.

"At every period in the life of the universe exist certain gigantic events which the constantly advancing development of humanity, by means of the

life and spirit of God, overcomes and puts aside. These events or conditions are usually at first useful and endurable forms of life, but become gradually unendurable and harmful, and are then rejected and destroyed by the Divine Spirit. Such was the feudal system, the system of serfage, the system of slavery. Such systems are called in the Word giants, and their overthrow by the Spirit of God is called the battle with the giants."

Mr. Roeder's personality is one that attracts people to him. He has a fine presence and is very magnetic. One cannot listen to a lecture or a sermon of his without feeling the inspiration that is back of the spoken word. He has the faculty of making the most intricate subjects plain to the listener. He is an indefatigable worker and is never so much at home as when he is trying to make clear the way of life for others. He is just in the prime of life and it is the writer's conviction that he will accomplish even far more in the years to come than in the past. His spiritual insight is reinforced by good common sense. While a thoroughgoing idealist he is not content to live in the spirit without giving expression to the inmost desires in the external world. Whatever he finds to do he does it with his might. He is a kind-hearted, genial, broad-minded man, as well as a man who is accomplishing a vast deal of good for his fellow-man.



CALL it imagination, call it wonder, call it love, whatever it be that shows us the deeper significance of the world and humanity and makes the difference between the surface-light of sagacity and the interpenetrating glow of worship, we owe to it whatever highest truth, whatever truest guidance we have.—*James Martineau*.



THERE are no failures in life. From the point of view of the world, it is true, some of the greatest successes are counted failures. And, from the point of view of Heaven, some of the greatest failures are called successes. But, strictly speaking, from the point of view of cause and effect, in a world which has eternal justice at the heart of it, there are no failures. We reap as living souls the measure of our sowing. We get what we ask. We are the spiritual offspring of our dream.—*Hugh Black*.

## BROTHERHOOD AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY H. AYLMER HARDING.

When a common impulse shall divinely lead all men to a common weal in the solution of industrial, social, and various other problems now before the world, we may expect the common seal of brotherhood and the reign of Autarchy or the highest form of government, *viz.*, the ruling of self. The question: "What has the New Thought to do with Socialism" has long been vexing the writer's mind. All over Canada from time to time come peculiar and very fourth-rate magazines and shoddy papers purporting to teach "higher truths," and written by agitators impregnated with an ardent spirit, less of real reform than of chronic kicking against existing conditions. These papers are tinged with a certain semblance to New Thought literature, and are neither genuine, so far as the real spirit of New Thought is concerned, nor truly socialistic.

What constitutes the New Thought is our first subject; what constitutes Brotherhood our second, and their relation to Socialism the third.

The New Thought stands for a more live, real, personal recognition of *power* in the human soul. Power to achieve, accomplish, create, restore, renew, rebuild; power to manifest and express outwardly the divine life within, regardless of mere external conditions and inharmonious environment. The New Thought stands for mastery of self through faith in this power, and concentrated aspiration to uproot selfishness and surrender to the will of God. It stands for one vast temple, that of the universe, and one lesser, *viz.*, the human heart. It stands for the daily and constant supremacy of the God man. It stands, in short, for supreme self-government or Autarchy.

Brotherhood is a term hourly upon the lips of Masonic and other fraternities, and it is capable of various meanings according to the plane of thought of those using the term. Upon the purely physical basis we have brotherhood established in members of one family tied by the bonds of a common parentage. From the moral and intellectual standpoint, if you unite a company of men having a common purpose or motive at heart, you have brotherhood of a kind; it matters not that the objects are immoral, the purpose half formed, impractical, or threatening the peace of a community. Of such, however, is not the kingdom of heaven. Brotherhood is elastic and expansive; it is a convenient phrase, capable of being constantly used to justify the most detestable acts upon the plane of sensuality and so-called conviviality.

It seems that the chief essential toward the maintenance of successful brotherhood upon any plane must be a mutual recognition of principles, whether acted upon or not. Principles, then, form the basis of brotherhood success. In religious circles brotherhood is becoming more universal. That psychic wave of spiritual thought responsible for our growing perception of the Oneness of things is doing much toward a more real, vivid insight into the fact of our inter-relation with God as a great mutual principle upon which all social relations and principles are based. As we get further away from the cramped and restricted conventionalities of an orthodox sect, we see that larger brotherhood of individuals linked together by a common search for TRUTH, and view a vast company who with strong purpose and lofty faith follow the Master along that path which is at once "the Way, the Truth and the Life."

In the recognition of mutual principles, in the membership of common parentage, in the oneness of purpose there is brotherhood, and on this higher plane of spiritual thought we may dwell together in a more perfect unity since we are all "Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." In this recognition of mutual inter-relationship, selfishness can

have no place; *there is no lower self*. There is but one life to live, the Christ life, which is both the normal and ideal. There is but *one* Master to follow, but *one* purpose in the universe, but *one* end and aim for each part of the great plan, each human mosaic in the divine scheme of design. We have, then, in brotherhood to accomplish that perfect surrender of the human will and the perfect elimination of the selfishness which is the backbone of so many fraternities of to-day.

The god of wealth is now high enthroned, and wealth is identified with power. The scheming millions tumble over each other in futile attempt to worship at his shrine and each receive some special mark of his favor. We are face to face with mercantile problems of enormous moment. The world literally seethes with industrial interest in the solution of difficulties and the overcoming of obstacles to better economic conditions; the better and more equal distribution of wealth, more just return for labor, the relations of employer to employee, the various demands of socialistic and other fraternities, the problems connected with monopoly, the race question, narcotics, the liquor traffic, the social evil, the housing of the poor. All these problems merge into individualism and personal appropriation of Truth manifested in life and character. There we have the key-note—character. We waste much time with troubling about external conditions and the temporary improvement of externals. Character is the whole thing after all. If we can but teach men to help themselves we have done more than the taking of a city. Once upon a time a poor prisoner was doomed to spend his youth in the gloomy chamber of a great stone turret overlooking a wide expanse of magnificent country. All the light he had came from a narrow window so high up so that he had to stand upon his bed when he wished to gaze out. One day his warder came to him, and, to his unspeakable surprise, conducted him to a loftier apartment at the top of the tower, possessing many large windows. Think what this meant; picture to yourselves

the joy of the added liberty of view. This larger view added new life, new interest, fresh zest, hope.

It is this larger view that we want, and it is just this that the New Thought supplies; its message some one says is "the same path, but more light." The problems of Socialism, when regarded from this larger view, all merge into one expression, namely, brotherhood. This spirit is in the air. We are entering upon a new cycle called the Soul age, we are getting down to the causes and roots of things, and we see that these conditions of unrest must quickly pass away, that the great Christ Spirit is a leveler of human distress as it is a raiser of human aspiration. We see that since all reform must manifest from within, that the time is shortly coming when our latent power shall burst forth and change and sweep away all inharmony and feverish disquietude. We know that Christ government is identical with self-government, character growth, and character supremacy; that the larger view of life (with its inner meaning and manifestation) and our perfect dependence upon God and sonship with Him become the great and lasting solution to all problems, however complex. That "all things work together for good" is a great spiritual and scientific fact. That the Kingdom of God within provides the highest psychic development, the clearest intellectual foresight, and the best prophecy for the fulfillment of the more perfect social and economic conditions which make for brotherhood and for the maintenance of the highest New Thought Spirit and practice is a great and glorious fact.

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You know—or will learn by-and-by—that we never need lose anything which has really made our life blessed, except by our own fault. If we have taken the loveliness around us into heart and soul, and not merely glanced at it idly, it has become an immortal possession; for all true beauty is poured into our lives out of the Heart of Him who is the Infinitely Beautiful, and every gift He bestows is perfect and indestructible.—*Lucy Larcom.*



## REINCARNATION.

BY FRANK D. MITCHELL.

Belief in reincarnation dates back long before the dawn of history. The doctrine probably originated in India; thence it spread to the Egyptians and to the Aryan races of central Asia, to whom it was known centuries before the time of Christ. From the East it spread to Greece and her colonies, where it can be traced as early as the sixth century B. C., and thence to Rome. Among its illustrious ancient adherents may be mentioned Pythagoras, Plato, Virgil, Ovid, and probably Cicero. It was familiar to the Jews of the time of Christ, and seems to have been believed by Jesus himself.\* Coming down to modern times, one might cite passages from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other poets, pointing more or less definitely to a belief in reincarnation. Many if not most of the great German philosophers believed and taught it, and among modern thinkers it seems to be steadily gaining ground. So much for its history.

It has often been observed that not even the most primitive races of men are destitute of a belief in immortality. Agnosticism on this subject is a comparatively recent and limited development. But the grounds of the belief have not always been all that might be desired. Spiritualism and psychic research claim to afford a logical and scientific proof of immortality, but this claim is open to question. Even if it be granted that the genuine phenomena of spiritualism are produced by departed spirits, which is by no means certain, yet the spirit life is entirely colorless; the spirits contradict each other, so

\*Compare John ix: 2, Matt. xvi: 13-15. In both passages reincarnation is unmistakably implied, and tacitly approved, though Jesus did not hesitate to condemn such errors as idolatry, sorcery, and the like, and denounce them strongly.

that nothing certain can be discovered about them, and the personality of the medium can never be entirely eliminated from the findings. Moreover, if the spirit life is our sole hope and destiny after death, what are we to say of the time before birth? For surely we cannot hold that a new soul is created every time a child is born. And what is the purpose of any earthly life at all, if it is followed by a blank and colorless existence? Obviously these problems cannot be solved by spiritualism. Reincarnation, on the other hand, predicates a beginning from God, at the bottom of the evolutionary scale, in the mineral world; and surely metaphysical investigation can go no further back than that. It explains the purpose of life in harmony with the most modern scientific doctrines. And it gives us the hope of something better after death than rapidly floating around in empty space and answering the idle questions of the curious. "The theory of rebirth," says Hume, "is the only theory of immortality philosophy shall ever harken to." And Huxley says of it, "None but hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of inherent absurdity. Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality."\* Thus the theory of rebirth is at least sufficiently promising to warrant us in investigating its main arguments.

Of these there are three: First, it supplements and explains evolution; secondly, it explains the inequalities of life on a basis of justice, and third, it accounts for the phenomena of genius. The first two we may dismiss briefly, as sufficiently evident from what has already been said. The third, however, will bear further examination, and to it we now turn.

How, asks the reincarnationist, shall we account for the many cases of precocious genius among children, except upon the hypothesis of preëxistence? In other words, "Where did

\*There is a great tendency among many writers to confuse reincarnation with metempsychosis or transmigration. The latter terms should be strictly confined to the doctrine that human souls reincarnate as animals; much confusion has resulted in many minds as a result of departure from this usage.

genius go to school?" Mozart not only played but composed when he was but four years old; Blind Tom, and many mathematical prodigies, though idiotic in other respects, displayed at early ages unparalleled genius along certain lines. Even talent is, for the most part, not found among their ancestors, to say nothing of genius; and even if it were found its inheritability, as an "acquired characteristic," is open to question. Moreover, the coördination of powers shown is so marvelous and complicated that the probabilities against even a single chance case are practically infinite. Clearly, then, the theory of rebirth is the only possible explanation of these cases.

But there are several persistent objections to the theory of reincarnation, and, unless these objections can be successfully met, the theory must fail of acceptance. The most important of them are: First, the apparent waste of time in infancy; second, the absence of objective proof of the identity of such men as Cæsar or Alexander or Jesus in different incarnations, and third, the absence of any memory of past lives. Let us consider these points in the above order, and see what weight attaches to each of them.

In reply to the first objection we may say that man cannot evolve alone; he is by nature social, and it is in society that his evolution must take place. In order to develop his higher nature he must form friendships and family ties. But death gradually carries off his loved ones; he cannot readily form new friendships; his physical powers are impaired by age, and without a new body his evolution must come to a standstill. Evidently he must get a new body, whatever the cost. But to say nothing of the importance of his infancy in the spiritual development of his parents, it has great advantages for him, so that the waste of time is only apparent. His intercourse and play with other children give him much that could be obtained in no other way. Again, researches in hypnotism have shown that the subconscious powers of the child, unlike his undeveloped conscious powers, are little if any behind those of his

parents, and thus his subconscious evolution, a most important factor, goes on unseen and unsuspected, almost as rapidly as in his parents. Yet again, if one of the objects of existence is an understanding of life, it is obviously advantageous to approach the problem again and again, each time from a different point of view, free from old prejudices. Infancy, then, is not a waste of time.

A little thought will clear away the next objection. Each life, while taking the soul forward, also ties it down to certain limitations. But the soul is by nature free, so that it must throw off these limitations as mere incidentals as soon as they begin to interfere with its further progress. Thereafter, whatever their sentimental value may be, they have no use, and must be replaced by a new set. But the upward path lies not from worldly greatness to more of worldly greatness, but rather to spiritual progress; and the misery caused by a career of conquest begets karma which may take the conquerer into a life of humiliation and misery on his next return to earth. Likewise, the further progress of a spiritually great man is not furthered by his being known to the multitude; he works best in solitude and obscurity, and is only hampered by notoriety. These facts explain why great men are not recognized as such in subsequent lives.

We now come to the third and greatest objection, the alleged total absence of any memory of past lives. But can we be sure that we have no such memory? Most of us have certainly at some time or other had a feeling of recognition under some new circumstances; something we cannot have met before in this life has nevertheless a strangely familiar appearance. And while an unverifiable statement cannot be accepted as scientific evidence, yet there is no *a priori* ground for attributing invariably to fraud or delusion the statements of many men who claim to possess a definite conscious remembrance of one or more past lives. Many psychologists assert that nothing once known can be forgotten; and we have well-known cases

where a man of unquestioned veracity, on the point of drowning or other sudden death, has seen his whole life pass before his mind's eye in an instantaneous flash, with a vividness and detail almost inconceivable. May not memories of other lives, then, lie, like these memories, in the subconscious mind, only a little farther below the threshold of consciousness?

But would memory of the past be desirable for most of us? Would it not rather be a hindrance? Most people are not yet ready to coöperate in their own development, but must be forced along by knocks from inexorable laws. Ordinarily we learn only by the experience of the present; neither the history of the past, nor any chance insight into the promise of the future can afford us any help. And if we look back with disgust on even the acts of our present life, once we have outgrown them, how much greater would be the burden of shame if we were forced to drag around the memory of all the imperfections of our undeveloped past! How impotent would be the alleviation afforded by the memory of our loved ones! Moreover, in the words of Emerson, "God shields us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened. Then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream." A general knowledge of reincarnation is not desirable; on this ground, even if on no other, memory of the past would have to be suppressed. Manifestly it is only for the chosen few who have advanced far enough to learn from it, and understand it aright.



THE strength of a man's determination and desire almost decide his destiny. If he does not desire earnestly and strongly to be a really good man, he has a poor chance of becoming so. That poor, cold, languid half-wish that is all many men's religion ever rises to is seldom worth anything. At any rate, it cannot lift him into the higher regions of the religious life.—*Selected.*

## THE SUN BOOK: AN ASTRO-METAPHYSICAL STUDY.

### IV. THE CREATION ASTROLOGICALLY AND ALCHEMICALLY INTERPRETED.

BY JOHN HAZELRIGG.

In directing attention to the occult side of the astronomic allegory of the Creation in order the better to apprehend the art of begetting, or the linking of Cause to Effect, we necessarily pass from a contemplation of the physical heavens into the inner realms of astralic vibration. In this step we supersede the province of astronomy, a science restricted to that outer law by which is determined the celestial altitudes, distances, magnitudes, and the periodical revolutions of the heavenly bodies. The interpretation of the inner law belongs to Astrology, the mother of the sciences, the parent of the philosophies, the heart and soul of every nature doctrine—and yet to-day of them all the least known and understood.

Lacking a clear apprehension of the inner truths sought to be expressed, one might pardonably be disposed to view as highly extravagant many of the technical expressions made use of in practical astrology. These convey to the uninitiated a lesser meaning, perhaps, than does the nomenclature of any other science, and in significance are as elusive of the mental grasp as physically are the cosmic ethers which surround and envelop our being. And yet terms more befitting the sense intended could not well have been chosen, breathing, as they do, an idealism perfectly congruous with a system of thought that has to deal with the most exalted conceptions of soul and destiny. Thus, the "governments," the "dignities," and the "exaltations" of the planets, the "lords" of the signs, and the

"mansions" of a chart, and similar qualifications, lend to the conditional values which they variously represent an imagery royally suggestive of divine dependencies, of supreme relationships, and of methodical governance throughout the sovereignties of the Universal Kingdom.

Material science barely impinges upon the causal spheres, and being restricted to the outer or physical operations in nature it consistently confines itself to a practical verbiage which appeals more directly to the intellect. With such the general mind is more or less familiar, whether understandingly or not. On the other hand, mystical thought is not so easily externalized, therefore the veil of allegory and the parabolic privilege are utilized as necessary media through which the *soul* of things may be made more luminous to the outward senses. The pages of Holy Writ, from Genesis to Revelation, teem with mystical formulæ in which are to be perceived wondrous analogies that point indubitably to Astrology as the master key to the incipient as well as the unfolding processes in nature, and such as proclaim beyond question its importance as the true interpreter of divine law.

After all, the creation and evolvment of a universe is no more marvelous or incomprehensible than are the germination and growth of a plant, the conceptive and gestative processes of the animal embryo, or the successive stages of generation, corruption, and conservation in natural species; one and the same law manifests similarly in each, and is perforce identical in every act of procreation and unfoldment that Nature undertakes.

The aim here will be to establish the logic and the philosophy of this statement, and its compatibility with the basic doctrine of the stars, as will be evident in the following elucidation of the real import belonging to the planetary and zodiacal assignments to which reference is made above.

Without concerning ourselves with the anterior mysteries of the Archetypal World, wherein subsist the incorporealities

of non-being, we may the more practicably begin our inquiry with the first movement of the Life Essence outward into the realms of external manifestation. This movement, or primal motion, within the germinal realms is genetic with the "vital heat," or inward fire (symbolized by the Sun) that abides in the center around which revolve the homogeneous particles of every circumference. Thus, the Sun at the center of our sideral system is the vital source of all its motion, and endues with energy and life every atom of which it is composed; the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and the molten furnace at its center is consequent to the operation of this vital principle; while the human monad, the microcosmical man, physically and spiritually responds to the energizing fire at the heart of his being. Accordingly, Leo ( $\varOmega$ ), the heart of the Grand Man, becomes the "mansion" in which resides the solar principle.

In this ascription is to be understood the reason why in hieratic symbolization Leo stood for violence, which is the character of fire, and so portrayed in the descent from the skies of the Nemean Lion that was slain by Hercules, whereby he accomplished the first victory in his cycle of twelve labors—otherwise the solar transit through the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

But this "vital heat," the positive potency in manifestation, would, by reason of its consuming nature, prove destructive rather than generative were there not a reciprocal principle to nourish and sustain its activities. The Divine in nature exacts systematic polarities as indispensable to the harmonious consociation of its energies, from which necessity arises *duality*, the eternal fiat that proclaims everything as double—and so postulated in the Hermetic doctrine; a fact that is self-evidenced in the polar opposites of cause-effect, positive-negative, male-female—qualities mutually essential and neither of which could be without the other. As fire is immanently positive, active, it is logically insistent that its polarity should be one



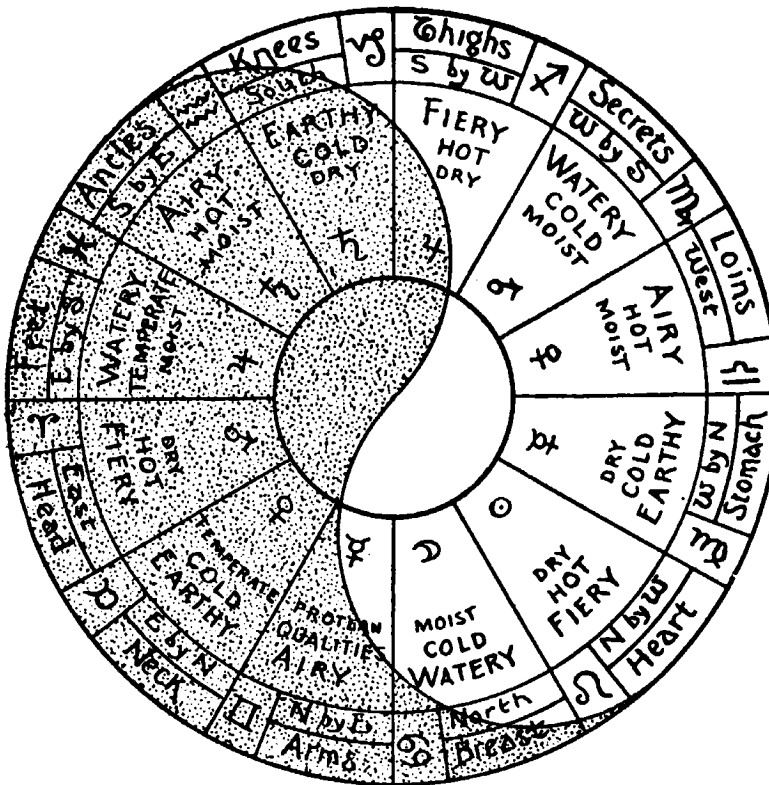
of passivity. Hence, the science of alchemy recognizes "radical moisture" as the equilibrant of "vital heat," and places it under the governance of the Moon, whose astrological sheath is the maternal sign Cancer (♋), of the watery triplicity.

The astrological symbol for this sign is similarly constructed and doubtless a replication of the sacred glyph of the Chinese "Yang and Yin" (represented by dual whorls interlaced in a circle; see Plate), emblemizing manifestation, or the "Gate of Humanity." The meaning here intended is obvious, and is easily identified with the significance of the tortoise by which the Hindus typified this sign, as showing the reëmergence after the deluge. Mystically it meant a portrayal of the physical as a reflection of the spiritual, of which water is ever the symbol. Water is the universal menstruum, the element through which only may generation and the virtue of all natural things be perfected. "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." Indeed, if one will but view the first chapter of Genesis in the light of the spirit instead of the letter, he will find therein the key that unlocks all the mysteries of generation as well as world building—initial processes to be found further elaborated upon in many subsequent allegories contained in the Holy Bible, or Sun Book.

To recapitulate, in the primal duad, Sun-Moon, is represented the generative potency combined with the maternal or sublunar element, an extension which comprehends and unites primordial spirit and cosmic matter. For just as spirit precedes "vital heat," so is matter subsequent to its corporate union with "radical moisture;" forces that we find consistently allied with the zodiacal activities expressed respectively through Leo and Cancer, the houses of the celestial luminaries, through which avenues of manifestation the potential makes its first step towards the actual.

With this brief interpretation of the dual values attaching to the primal impulses in the creative act, we have covered the

first step in our thesis, and will now attempt to elucidate astrologically the gestative processes by which the Life Essence, projected through celestial channels of luminosity, is fixed, putrefied, calcined, made fruitful, and so individualized. Thus may the reader more clearly perceive the majesty of divine logic as epitomized in this, God's own science, which came into being and is constitutional with the First Thought, therefore is without possibility of alteration or emendation. Neither is



it subject to the wantonness of anathema or scurrility, no matter what the effort of the puny mind to mislead or destroy; such might as feasibly strive to subvert the ordinances of high Heaven itself as to attempt an overthrow of the *truth* of Astrology.

But that a clearer cognizance may be taken of the celestial principles as potentialized through planetary media, it will be necessary first to acquaint ourselves with the constitution of the Elementary World, wherein is afforded distinctive channels of mediation through which proceed the generative essences. For which purpose will be found in the accompanying plate the astral zone, composed of magnetic circuli corresponding to the four divisions of elements included astrologically in the twelve signs of the zodiac. These are allegorically described by the prophet Ezekiel in his visions, the real import of which will be more duly appreciated in their true interpretation as having reference to the scheme of the heavens and the four astral triplicities, Earth, Water, Fire, and Air.

"In the vision of God brought he me into the land of Israel, and set me upon a very high mountain, by which was as the frame of a city on the south."—*Ezekiel*, xl. 2. Capricorn ( $\gamma\varsigma$ ) is the polar elevation (mountain) of the normal zodiac, is the south sign (see plate), and is the opposition or polarizing point of the Cancer or lunar activities. Saturn is the "lord" of this sign, and in Astrology rules the *frame* of man as well as the universe.

"And out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures."—*Ibid*, i. 5.

"As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle."—*Ibid*, i. 10.

"And as for their appearance they four had one likeness, as if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel."—*Ibid*, x. 10.

The forces here typified are likewise referred to in the Book of Genesis as the four rivers of Paradise, and analogically indicated in alchemical science, under the four wards of the stellar key, respectively as (a) bull, earth, carbon, salt; (b) eagle, water, nitrogen, mercury; (c) lion, fire, oxygen, sulphur; and (d) man, air, hydrogen, azoth; also in the figure of the Egyptian Sphinx, with its human head, body of a bull, claws of a lion, and wings of an eagle. All individuation, to be a part of unity, must partake of these four natures. Nor could it be otherwise, for every projection from out the seat of latency

into individualized form has passed—as expressed in the Hebrew tradition—through the “fires of severity” and been “assuaged by the waters of mercy”—a mystical allusion to the enforced necessity of the dual principles, vital heat and radical moisture.

I advert here to elements in the sense of their purity, and not to those of a visible nature, as the latter are but the result of unequal commixtion, and are manifested only through such contingency.

The elements are the matrices through which is subministered the spiritual nourishment necessary to the unfoldment and propagation of the creative energies, while between them obtains an interdependence such as gives to each an equal importance in their mutual relations. Thus, fire is the igneous principle, the inciter to action, in order to accomplish which it must first become endued with the Divine breath; in other words partake of tenuity that it might enter into and quicken all things. Hence, the office of air, which is most essentially of a spritual virtue, whence *spiro*, to breathe. But as fire cannot impel to activity without air, or else would be quickly extinguished if deprived of it, so could neither of these attain to fruitfulness without impregnation through the medium of moisture, or water, which is the menstruum of nature. Impregnation, however, implies a passive matrix, and this is vouchsafed through the earthy element, denominated by philosophers as the womb of nature. Or, the mutuality of these may be thus illustrated: Fire prevents the drowning of earth, air hinders the suffocation of the fire, while water conjoins and prevents combustion or destruction by congelation through the fixative properties of earth. Thus is equilibrium maintained by a unity of the whole, and, consistent with the necessity of a trinity in unity, do we find three of these elements to be actively concentered in that of a fourth, or passive agency; which may be further elaborated by the following analogies:

LION		MAN		EAGLE		OX	
Fire		Air		Water		Earth	
☿ ♋ ♌		♂ ♎ ♏		♊ ♒ ♑		♈ ♉ ♊	
Sulphur		Azoth		Mercury		Salt	
1	+	2	+	3	+	4=	10=
							Unity

We have here four avenues of manifestation, of three signs each, called Triplicities—the “wheels within wheels” as revealed by vision to Ezekiel; the co-relationship between which being thus established, I will now proceed to explain the pertinency of the terms “lords,” “exaltations,” “detriments,” etc., as related to the involving processes of the seven astral principles.

As revealed in the enforced coöperation of the Sun and Moon principles, duality is not only a divine postulate, but is the very first decree that obtains in the external working of natural law. For every spiritual ray that descends from out the Highest, seeking to realize its true destiny through avenues of manifestation, is of necessity quickened and sustained respectively through the procreative functions of vital heat and radical moisture.

But that the initial act may approach an orderly consummation, the generative beams of the Sun and Moon—lest they divaricate and so fail of the divine purpose—must undergo *fixation*, that thereby an embryotic center of energy may be established, and the gestative processes properly entered upon. This is accomplished through the media of the elemental or individualizing essences as comprehended in the fixed stars which constitute the zodiac, or mystic circumference, of every created being. “This is the meaning of the declaration that man is composed of foreign particles, having reference, of course, to man under process of evolution in the elemental world. Like this world, he is composed of elements covering the human principle itself, and these are usually classed under twelve heads. That is to say, there are twelve differing kinds

of substance in man's entire psychical and physical structure, a number that was deemed of the utmost importance in the oldest schools of philosophy." (*Hermetic Philosophy*.) This sublime truth is found depicted in the Lord's Supper, with Christ, the center or Sun-principle, surrounded by His disciples, or the twelve mystic determinations; the same great truth is embodied in King Arthur's Round Table.

In connection with these fixed domains as the cosmical channels through which the involitional activities are polarized, we come to consider the first of the mediative influences through and by which manifestation is perfected—that of Saturn, the crystallizing potency in nature, and in Divine operations the symbol of the World (+) of Soul (D) ♄. His is the province to corporify, to convert into the elements of form and figure, whereby is demonstrated the limitation of matter; his the *framework*, the bony structure, "the frame of a city on the south" which supports and gives fixity to the several parts in the organic constitution of all created things—whether a plant, an animal, or a Universe.

In Astrology he is accorded the rulership of Capricorn and Aquarius—the knees and ankles of the Grand Man—these signs being allied in nature to his functional necessities as a neutralizer of the luminous beams which descend through "the waters of generation."

"He measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters, and the waters were to the *ankles*."—*Ezekiel*, xlvii. 3.

"Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters: the waters were to the *knees*."—*Ibid*, 3.

In his negative aspect Saturn is cold and dry, as indicated by the Capricorn activities, of which sign he is the "lord;" in his positive aspect he holds forth in Aquarius, and therein is hot and moist. By reference to our diagram the reader will

to the luminaries; for the dryness of his Capricorn sheath is contrary in nature to the moisture of the Moon, while the moisture of his Aquarius activities is elementally at variance with the dryness of the Sun. And so in Astrology Capricorn and Aquarius are said to be, respectively, the "detriments" of Moon and Sun.

Many modern astrologers, at their wits' end to find an abiding place for Uranus, are unkindly disposed to rob Saturn of his philosophical rights, that Uranus might be vested—though in this case putatively—with a paternal function. But in the light of this interpretation, made rational through known principles in alchemic law, one may appreciate how intelligently and thoroughly the ancients builded when determining the zodiacal assignments.

Fixation—and for that matter the incipient phase of every regimen—is possible only through contact with a law of opposites or contraries, by which the precedent motion is momentarily arrested and a reverse order instituted. Alchemically, this is denominated *fermentation*, and in that science is symbolized by the Capricorn ideograph. Thus, Saturn as a representative of the earthy element, operating through the dry and negative qualities of Capricorn, his "exaltation," is enabled—conformably with this edict of contraries—to neutralize and fix the celestial ray of humidity emanating from the lunar principle through the maternal channel of Cancer; while with the moisture of the airy Aquarius he counterpoises the burning dryness of the solar heat typified by the Sun in Leo; following which act the fermentative processes which lead to putrefaction immediately begin, for only out of corruption can come incorruption.

It will be noted that Saturn in his objective, earth nature is cold and dry, while yet containing subjectively a moist, aërial spirit—"for which reason, in the procession of the gods, he is designated as the astral deity who presides over the Holy Triad of manifestation, and astrologically is accorded the

rulership of the airy triplicity, or the celestial sphere in which are polarized the activities essential to mundane consciousness."—*Metaphysical Astrology*.

And so, in this active assertion of his prerogative as Pan, the Protean Intelligence, he "fixes the volatile, and volatilizes the fixed," that is, materializes the spiritual, and spiritualizes the material. In Astrology Cancer is a movable, volatile sign, and Leo is a fixed one, representing the moisture and heat of generation. This reference to Pan will recall the remarks in the preceding paper concerning the functional value of Capricorn, the Goat, as the beginning or inception of every cycle, or creation.

Though Saturn is oft termed an infortune by reason of his crystallizing properties, this would seem an illogical estimate of his true virtues as an equilibrant in the spheres of generation; for while opposed to the Sun by his coldness, such temperament is in strict accord with the lunar element. On the other hand, though his dryness be antipathetic to the Moon, it indicates in degree a sympathy for the solar nature.

Thus wise does Spirit descend into matter, thus is the first step taken towards individuation, thus is sounded the first note in the music of the spheres.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. . . . And the evening and the morning were the first day."—*Genesis*, i: 3, 4, 5.



RETIREMENT secures me from too much of this world's din. Thus I get leisure for building myself up in a recollected consciousness of God.—*Albert Bengel*.



THE lessons of adversity are often the most benignant when they seem the most severe. The depressions of vanity sometimes ennoble the feeling. The mind which does not wholly sink under



## ENVIRONMENT AS RELATED TO GROWTH.

BY E. A. SEE.

The new thought that is so widely and so rapidly possessing the popular mind that power resides in the self, makes essential and necessary a clear view of the relation that the self sustains to its environment.

While previously it was in great measure thought that the self was the creature of the circumstances under which it unfolded, the new thought has come with such force and such logic that the earlier moorings are almost entirely lost or given over, and the self has been exalted as the only necessary element for consideration.

Hence it is opportune that the bearing of the whole question be brought into account that the bright light of the newly revealed truth may not be thought as displacing the light of the earlier view. It ought rather to be considered as an illumination of the earlier considerations than as displacing them.

The question revolves upon what constitutes one's environment and what is its relation to one's growth. There is a world exterior to ourselves. Its existence is independent of the measure of power possessed by us. That exterior, together with ourselves, constitutes the universal. The relation which these infinite number of parts bear to one another is not the condition of the unity of the universe, but reversely the unity of the universe is the condition of their relation. A self is a part of the universal. It is not possible that this self should know the infinite. One can never know the things about him, the trees, the landscapes, the heavens, a speaker, a book, sculpture, or music exactly as another knows it. This is proved in practical life. He can never know that he knows any of these things in their entirety. He can only know his idea of them. The self can only know its own soul.

That part of the infinite that has come into my consciousness is to me the whole of Being. That part which can come into my consciousness constitutes, I presume, all that can properly be called my environment. Certainly that which may affect the soul can sometimes come into consciousness, and that which cannot come into consciousness cannot affect it. Our environment, then, is only the unappropriated part of ourselves, and the process of growth is the process of appropriation.

The power of each self proceeds out of the universal. It is a part of the universal, but not all of it. So minutely is man related to his environment and so clearly does he mould his life out of what that environment furnishes, that it has appeared that he is actually controlled by it. Probably no person can violate his own nature. His life as a whole will be symmetrical, whatever be the details of its manifestation. Each individual can know this is true of himself, but to others it may not appear true, as they have not the vantage of his point of view. This symmetry of each life is conditioned upon the unity of all life, and the necessity of each keeping within his own bounds is to preserve the unity. The life course is set by the universal, but its details are determined by the life itself. Much work is done on board a ship, but none of it to make the ship go. The life's voyage is set, but the specific acts in that life must be determined according to its environment.

Where it seems that environment controls, man has not learned that power is in himself. It is a case of shifting under the influence of circumstances as opposed to using these circumstances to mount to ends sought. My environment is the complement of myself. In it is the condition not only for my physical, but also for my intellectual and spiritual life. In it is the means to sustain me and the means for my growth. Every life is placed exactly where it should be, and is in touch with the environment needed at that hour to unfold itself.

own hands, and that the power of his will is the measure of his ability, that whatever he wills to do that he can do. It is simply a postponement of possibilities to neglect to see the advantages that your immediate environment offers for your unfoldment in the contemplation of the supposed advantage of some other environment. You must take hold of life where you are, and do the thing that is at hand for you to do, making the most of it for your own uplifting. Do not think your present environment is the limit of your life, and give up hope of realizing your desires. You will attain to other opportunities as you are developed to improve them. The world exists for you. Every flower, every land, planet, thought, person, country, and age has something in it for you, and it is in your power to appropriate it to yourself, and this appropriation is the condition of your unfoldment. You are not a beggar, cuffed about by circumstance and taking only the crumbs that drop to you, but you are a king, to whom the whole universe pays tribute.

The question turns now on how shall the self use its environment. The *power* is in the self. How shall that power be *exercised*?

It is often said that you can make your environment, that you can harmonize it with yourself. So long as this is made the primary move you will find your guns spiked, your wheels blocked, and time will reveal that you have not changed your environment and that you have made no progress. *The secret of accomplishment is to harmonize yourself with your environment.*

Here is the secret of the power of thought to mould conditions. We come into harmony with our environment by refusing to recognize that the influences that have irritated and disorganized us have in reality that element in them. The appearance to us of the presence of this element is consequent to our concerning ourselves with that which is not our own. If my associate is fretful it is naught to me. I need not concern myself about his affair. His fretting is his matter, not

mine. I have a work already in hand that demands all of my strength. I cannot divide my forces by concerning myself with what he thinks is essential to his life, when I know it serves me nothing in mine. The fretting and antagonism I find are from constructive forces operating in other lives. Let those forces work there. They are not for me. They irritate and disorganize me because I am concerning myself with that which is not my own. The element in them is constructive, but it appears to me destructive because I falsely relate myself to it. My proper relation is to have no consciousness of it. It is not for me. It is for another. Let each man give heed to his own.

This is the process of harmonizing yourself with your environment. We are not to control it that it may not control us, but we are to control our relation to it. If we fail to do so its means to sustain us and its means for our growth will not avail. Each person has the power to use such of his environment as he will. It is the use that each makes of it that determines the rate of his growth. The checks to growth—that is to say, the distresses, losses, sicknesses, cares, and trials that come to us—are the consequence of our attempt to force conditions, of our attempt to make environment what it is not rather than to make use of it as it is. We act thus because we fail to see that the lack is not in our surroundings, but in ourselves.

“God screens us evermore from immature ideas.” The environment we contemplate, when we overlook present environment, we seek too soon. A young man grows up in a rural district, attends the village school, teaches, goes to the city, enters a law office, becomes a member of Congress. A contemporary still lives in the country town, having passed his youth and early manhood in contemplation of advantages he would have in the city *were he there*. The congressman adapted himself to the environment of his early life and used what of it was of advantage to qualify him to embrace the opportunities that the city and congressional district should offer.

The other young man failed in his early unfoldment, and, if by some chance he should have found himself landed in the city, he would have been wholly unqualified to profit by its advantages. Success as well as character is a growth. There is no bypath for a short cut. In the environment in which we find ourselves at any stage of life are means that we may use to qualify for larger opportunities. To harmonize ourselves is to use these means and to refuse consciousness to things that serve otherwise. Three things are to be kept in mind. First, that the power of growth is in the self; second, that the means of growth is in the environment, and third, that the condition of growth is simple union between the self and its environment. This is true not only of material accomplishment, but also of intellectual and spiritual accomplishment. Whatever your position in life, whatever the circumstances that seem to circumscribe that life, you will, if you are diligent, find somewhere correspondences that will serve to bring you to the consciousness you seek.

What I have thus far said is simply that observation must be taken of the thing to be done and of the conditions to be observed. Observance of the conditions to which your act shall conform is adapting yourself to your environment. Certainly it is not adapting your environment to you. A person comes into the room where you are reading or composing. Immediately you adjust yourself to the new condition and pursue evenly your own course as if without a visitor. This is harmonizing yourself with your environment. Neglect to do this and the presence of the visitor so divides your thoughts that you cannot carry on your work.

To present an argument so shaped as not to antagonize, to treat your question from the standpoint of your hearer instead of from your own standpoint, is to harmonize yourself with your environment. Leadership is not the exercise of masterly control over a company, a class, a commonwealth, but is conformity to their hopes and aims. The struggle and

aspirations of the many find expression through the one. He who becomes a leader has noted the conditions to be observed. He has harmonized himself with his environment. A political party that endures does so by continually adapting itself to the persistent or changing demands of the people. The environment that is the condition for its life is the popular mind. It continues in power by harmonizing itself with its environment.

If it is now reasonably clear that the first essential to a successful life is to conform to the circumstances under which you work, we may note how our environment may be changed, and how of necessity it is changed. It is to be observed that our environment is not only our material surroundings, but also our fellow creatures. It is mind as well as matter. Each individual mind is a part of our environment. Environment, then, changes in two ways. First, through the action of our own mind, and second, through the action of the minds of others.

Through the action of our own mind we alter our premises, shift our possessions, or travel or dwell in other places. Through the action of the mind of others our country place may become a town or grow to a city. The joint thought of the increased community may bring fruit and bric-a-brac and the treasures of the Orient to our door; build lecture halls, theaters, churches, and colleges; provide library, opera, drama, and the higher spiritual counsel. Thus is our environment changed. We do not change it arbitrarily. It is changed through the operation of our minds and through the operation of the minds of others. So much on how our environment *may* be changed. Observe now how it *must* be changed.

While all things other than ourself constitute our environment, we, as a part of the surroundings of another self, help constitute its environment. So, while we are harmonizing ourselves with our environment, we are harmonizing our mind with the minds of our fellow beings, and our fellow beings, likewise, in harmonizing with their environment are har-

monizing their minds with ours. But other minds, as is our mind, are continually adjusting to a higher environment necessary in the process of their unfoldment. This causes a continual readjustment by us, and our readjustment necessitates likewise a readjustment by them. Here appears how it is that power to shape our life, to create environment of our own choice, is in our selves. Our thought forces, continually sent out for what we desire, operate on other minds, and through the action of these other minds the objects of our desire take form and come to us.

It might appear that this result is not absolutely sure to follow, since it is known that a self-mastered mind is beyond the influence of any thought except of its choice. But be it known, also, that every self-mastered mind is always open to the good, and thought forces sent out for good will always find an open door. It is the closed doors of other minds that make our projects run amuck. But when we will good only our will shall come to pass and every desire be met, for every mind is a ready servitor of the good, since the good of one is the good of all.

It is seen that in the process of our growth we deal wholly with mind and not at all with matter—with our own mind and with the minds of our fellow beings. You cannot create a house out of nothing, nor can you reach your hand out into the air and pluck the necessary means to carry you through college or around the world; but you can intelligently set your thought forces at work, and the influence will enlist other minds, until, by them and yourself together, there will come to you the realization of your every desire.

But I have not yet stated the bottom truth. The unity that appears in the infinite diversity of mind as manifested through individual life is only the outshowing, the outer circle of what at the center is One—one Mind with myriad manifestations. So that the interdependence and coöperation of many minds is but the process of organizing and harmonizing one Mind.

To harmonize yourself with your environment appears to be the primary condition for creating environment of your own choice. To show why this is so is to put within the grasp of every person knowledge of how to make his life a success.

It is probably clear that the power of unfoldment is in the self. The means of unfoldment are outside the self, but the means without the power would not avail. The question turns, then, on what is the relation between harmonizing with our environment and the exercise of our power.

To get the answer to this question it is necessary first to recognize that the power in question is not will power, but thought power. Thoughts are forces. The will is the power of mind to control thought. It is the will that turns the whole energy of the mind in a certain direction, that concentrates it to a certain point, or to a certain purpose, but it is the energy thus directed, not the power which directs it, that does the work. Before being sent out by the will this power is in the mind, but is potential. The will brings it to activity, and this activity constitutes what we call thought. Thus are thoughts forces. By the will we can turn our mental energy into one thought, or divide it into many thoughts, or, failing to exercise this control, that energy is given up to thoughts occasioned not by ourselves, but by things or occurrences about us, and we become a veritable spendthrift, wasting our forces on what avails us not. Keeping your thoughts wholly within your own control—under the direction of your own will—I will call self-organization. Now, then, the need of harmonizing yourself with your environment before you can create an environment of your own choice is that you must needs first have self-organization, and to be self-organized you must of



Here is the whole story. When you are disturbed by the fretting of your associate or by the management of affairs in which you are interested, you are dividing your forces and lessening by so much your power to accomplish desired ends. To harmonize with your environment is simply to refuse to expend force in matters that do not avail. Denying thus you preserve your whole power to the accomplishment of your purpose. Anything that scatters your mental forces works disintegration. Worry, fear, anxiety, haste, grumbling, criticism, slander, malice, jealousy, hate, are all disorganizing elements. The rise or fall of your hopes for better times on the report of the shift of circumstances is the clearest evidence that you are unorganized and that you have no guarantee that you will accomplish anything. *The power of accomplishment is in yourself, not in the circumstances.* You must give over doubt and fear and anxiety, and take on purpose and trust *and pursue evenly and resolutely your own course.* Your thoughts of distrust concerning your own success and your deleterious thoughts of others divide your mental forces, and by so much reduces your power to use your environment for your own advancement. The power thus wasted, when you do not rise above such profligacy, is the determining factor by what measure you will fail of your accomplishment. Furthermore, thought must never be spent upon the future, but must always engage itself with the immediate work in hand. The future is built upon the present. A living in the future is a waste of force, and lessens by so much its own possibilities. The present is the guardian of the future. Act now. Act always as if the whole sum of existence depends upon the present hour, and act only in keeping with your heart's desire, and what so ere you will shall come to pass. Jesus' statement that "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," is seen to be a scientific truth.

Circumstances do not conspire to make a man great. A great man conspires to take advantage of his circumstances.

"I will do that which I will to do" is possible by progressively using the environment that will lift in the direction sought, and by disregarding the environment that would divert your force.

Finally, then, the relation of our environment to our growth is that it is the means of growth, but its value to us as a means depends entirely upon how we relate ourselves to it. If we so pertain to it that we preserve self-organization we can create an environment that will serve our every need.



### NORTHFIELD CONFERENCES AND SUMMER BIBLE SCHOOL.

The schedule of religious gatherings to be held at Northfield, Mass., this summer is fuller than ever before. In addition to the resumption of the Northfield Young Women's Conference, which was omitted last year, the Summer Bible School will continue its second year and be in session the whole of July. Among the prominent teachers secured to address the sessions this summer are the following: Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Rev. R. J. Campbell (Dr. Joseph Parker's successor), of London; Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, B. A., rector of St. Paul's, Portman Square, London; Rev. George Jackson, M.A., of Edinburgh (Methodist); Prof. Frank K. Sanders, of Yale Divinity School; Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Yale University; Rev. Samuel Chadwick, of Leeds, England; Rev. R. A. Torrey, fresh from his remarkable work in Australia; Rev. John Hopkins Denison, of Boston; Mr. Robert E. Speer, of New York; Mr. John R. Mott, of New York; Hon. Samuel B. Capon, of Boston; Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, of Chicago; Rev. H. C. Mabie, of Boston; Rev. Wm. Lawrence, D.D., of Chicago, and Rev. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn.



No longer forward nor behind  
 I look in hope or fear;  
 But, grateful, take the good I find,  
 The best of *now* and *here*.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## THE FESTIVAL OF LIFE.

BY M. J. WOODWARD WEATHERBEE-RICE.

"I tread the stage," says one, "as a fine gentleman. I was not asked if I should like the part, but, seeing that I must play it and that there is that within me which cries out against slovenliness, I play it as an artist should."

Over against life as looked upon and as lived by such an unconquerable soul there is another type and on the wheel of destiny the miserable victim lies limp, bewailing the fate that binds him to "this mighty, whirling wheel of strife and stress," and these are the types of men that make or mar the beauty of living.

To every one there comes the question, "What shall we do with life?" Is it something that, had we been consulted, we would have refused? And is it, therefore, to be flung away at will, as the veriest bauble? Or shall we labor to be Lord of self.

Seeing how one converts the stuff that we call life into power for good, a power that blesses wherever its life stream flows; seeing, also, how the life of another becomes as a poisonous miasma, we cannot be indifferent as to the sort of life we live. Whether life as we know it be simply a flower of a day, limited to the short space of three-score years and ten—or whether this is but one scene in the play of life, upon which the curtain may lift, and fall, and rise again in other worlds, it does concern us to use well this gift of being. Nor can we so much as dare to say "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," for even then, perchance, "what dreams may come."

There is an old philosophy, thousands of years old, and it teaches this: That the mighty force back of the universe which has brought us into existence has brought us into the world for her sole pleasure, and that when that pleasure is ac-

complished she will take us to her rest. That we are to ask nothing, that we are to plan nothing, but simply to let her will flow through us as the ocean through the empty shell.

Live we must according to the highest that is in us, and then if our highest endeavors are thwarted, and life as we look at it seems to have aborted, yet we can unreservedly leave the results with the power that brought us into life, without a fear but that a better purpose than we could have conceived of will turn our misfit work into a thing of perfect design and beauty.

The highest endeavor, the will to do one's best, is the whole requirement, and with this ends our personal responsibility.

"Not one thing shall be in vain,  
Not one effort shall fail at last.  
What if death and joy and woe abide,  
Pain is not different from pleasure if I will both."

What is pain but the disappointment because of our frustrated wills. Just here we find the cause of all the misery in the world. God's will should be our will in all things. "Not my will, but thine be done." But it is not so, for, from the very beginnings of life, our sole purpose has been to have our own will in all things.

One says, "I will do my very utmost to be rich," or "I will get me a name among men, and fame and power," and this will, so selfishly centered, naturally clashes with the interests of many others who, in turn, have also each their selfish ends in view.

What is the secret of the whole matter but in the renunciation of the self and the finding of one's pleasure in whatever comes to him. "Except ye be as little children," says the Christ, "ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." See the peacefulness of the child life. It has no responsibility, it asks no reward—and this is blessedness, and this is rest. Let it not be asked whether we like life, since life shall be the thing we make it, a comedy of errors, or the fruiting of a holy past. Come then what will come, if, in our upward climb, we but

strive to help those who are in the same hill country, putting aside all impatience and covetousness, there shall be no tragedy in the life, but a something greater than we could have dreamed of. If we let the will of this father and mother love flow through our being we shall wrong no living thing, we shall cherish good will to all men, we shall be as children in the kindergarten of God, led as He directs, and though we may have failed to become rich, as the world counts riches, or great, or famous, we shall not sigh that the lines have not fallen to us in pleasanter places, we shall the rather be thankful for our destiny, glad that we can show to the world what we have done with our life.

By our love and trust and faith in the Power that leads us the glory of the promise shall be made plain to us at the end of the game—that all we have done has subserved some good end.

The tragedies of life shall cease to be tragic, since pain and pleasure are both according to the will of God. Life shall then become, in the face of every disappointment and thwarted ambition, a season of content. Something of good shall have been found in every experience, since all has been through the infinite purpose of the Most High. Life shall not then have been lived in vain.

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BLESSED are those ears which listen not after the voice which is sounding without, but for the truth teaching inwardly. Blessed indeed is the soul which heareth the Lord speaking within it, and receiveth from his mouth the word of consolation.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

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GRANT me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I have may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of wealth as none but a prudent man can bear use. This is prayer enough for me.—*Socrates.*

## MILTON AND DANTE.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

The worship of Milton appears to be on the wane. Neither the stately majesty of his style nor the peculiar line of reasoning which he follows is strictly in harmony with modern feeling. Dante, on the contrary, is gaining in favor as the development of thought at the present day makes easier of apprehension the deep philosophical truths which underlie his wonderful allegory. The "Inferno," it is true, is far less pleasing than Milton's hell, and at times violently shocks one's sensibilities by the grotesque and hideous details of its imagery and the apparent delight of its author in the torture of his helpless victims. But, as we apprehend more clearly the hidden meaning of the allegory, we see that Dante was not picturing the future torments of his enemies, but their immediate, living present, as it appeared to him. The horrible environment is the life each man of them is living; the sorrowing soul is each man's truest self, imprisoned and outraged, crying for release.

The "Inferno" has been much more carefully studied than the other parts of the "Divina Commedia;" its philosophical analysis and classification of human vice and weakness have been intensely appreciated and admired, while comparatively little attention has been bestowed on those final cantos of the "Paradise" which, to my mind, are the glory of the whole poem. If Dante's muse had remained in the regions of sin and wretchedness she would not have been deserving of immortal fame, for it needs the prophet's vision, which can penetrate beyond the incomplete and formless present and detect the dawning glories of the new heaven and the new earth, to give to mankind that which is worthy of his divine nature. The "Inferno" is the vision of sin; the "Purgatorio," that of man's

purification through suffering, and the "Paradise," his ultimate perfection, seen in a misty, rainbow glory that is almost too delicately splendid to be apprehended by mortal eye or ear, even as the sun's orb is too brilliant to gaze upon, except through some kindly medium that veils its brightness and enables us to know a little of it by ignoring much. The veil thrown over the eternal glories in Dante's "Paradise" is so thin that the eye is at times fairly dazzled and thought lost in the ineffable splendor of the vision. This is the reason why so few have been able to follow this master poet beyond the "Purgatorio," where he leaves solid ground, so to speak, and soars into the empyrean.

Dante was a philosopher; Milton, a theologian. The latter attempted, it is true, to shape his theology into a sort of philosophy, but that first essential of philosophic thought, a strictly impartial standpoint and absolute trust in his own "inner light," whether looked upon as reason or as intention, was, to a great extent, lacking in him. He looked to the Bible as the court of last appeal, and built up its fanciful Oriental allegories into a literal system of dogma. His mind was typical of the spirit of the Reformation, as his character was a fairly accurate type of the Puritan. The great reaction against the tyranny of Rome over men's minds and souls resulted not so much in their finding the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," as in their fleeing for refuge to an authority scarcely less liable to abuse than that of Rome. Milton's aim was to justify the ways of God to men, but he sought to do this not through insight into human nature so much as through an elaborate argument intended to excuse, without truly explaining, the mystery of God's dealings with humanity, which, on the surface, seem so arbitrary and unjust. He found his explanation in external agencies of evil warring against the Divine Power, and in a supposed "scheme" by which the

the best part of "Paradise Lost" is Satan. The Prince of Darkness is above all a prince. It is this Godlike quality in Satan that constitutes at once his grandeur and his charm. He is no embodied principle of evil, even if such a thing were thinkable; he is only a perversion of the good, and it is the good, the noble, and the heroic qualities in him that make him so delightful a figure to contemplate. Standing on the "burning marl" he is not conquered, but supremely master of the situation through his own inherent divinity. If Milton's purpose had been to show the utter powerlessness of circumstance over a mind conscious of its God-nature, he could not have succeeded better than in the dramatic scenes after the fallen angels recover from the shock of their descent into hell, and, assembled together, make plans and carry them into execution for making of their new abode a fit dwelling for beings of celestial origin. There is more of God in Satan than in the conception which Milton has given us of the Heavenly Father, in "Paradise Regained." Benevolent, but rather helpless, until the Divine Son proposes His plan for the redemption of humanity, the Creator of heaven and earth, as portrayed by Milton, makes little impression upon us. He has sent Satan and his companions in sin to a place of physical torment, but Satan is more philosophical than the poet, and wiser than God Himself, when he utters those immortal words,

"The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

No wretched victim this, able so to demonstrate his divinity even amid the horrors of fire and brimstone. Rather does he proclaim evil triumphant, and an adversary in the field against Jehovah whom no weapon that has yet been thought of can overcome.

As dramatic art these scenes could not be surpassed. As the very "organ-voice" of poetry, Milton certainly stands without a peer. He was a musician, and the musician's soul is evident in all those magnificent passages where the rhythm and



tone-color of the words carry the listening ear by storm. But he was not a philosopher nor a seer. His understanding of the meaning and ultimate end of the love of the sexes is so far below Dante's conception that it should hardly be mentioned in the same breath. To him woman is man's tempter, and his safety lies in subjugating her, rather than in subjugating his own lower nature. He cannot see in her, as Dante does, the symbol of that "eternal womanly" or intuitional nature which leads man to God. His rhapsodies on the subject of purity in love are vague and weak, and his whole attitude toward woman is such that one cannot wonder that he never found happiness in his domestic relations.

Take as an illustration the following passage from "Paradise Lost":

"To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:  
'My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst,  
Unargued, I obey; so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.'"<sup>\*</sup>

And this:

"Sleep on,  
Blest pair! and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no more."<sup>†</sup>

It might seem appropriate in this connection to question whether anthropology reveals any such state of slavery for woman in those prehistoric ages when man lived in the innocence of the brutes. Certainly the habits of wild animals do not support this view. On the other hand, if Eden represents a future, not a past condition, it seems equally absurd to suppose that any such condition of bondage or of contentment with ignorance could possibly exist together with a perfect expression of the true nature of woman.

Comparing Dante's view with this we notice a contrast that would seem to place him among thinkers at least two centuries

<sup>\*</sup>Book IV, lines 634 to 638.

<sup>†</sup>Lines 773 to 775.

in advance of Milton. In mediæval chivalry, as it existed on the continent, there was a very strong impulse toward the recognition of the ideal in womanhood and the spiritual in love. It is true that this impulse led frequently to such disregard of established standards of morality as to degenerate into license, and frequently lost its quality of ideality in a mere weak sentimentality which the true woman cannot help resenting "as insipid if not as insulting," to quote from our own Longfellow. But Dante's nature was too truly great to be led into such weakness, and whether Beatrice is the idealization of a mortal woman or the personification of an idea, the position which he gives to her in his great poem, which he declared was written to her memory and in her honor, establishes his attitude toward woman and the meaning which he saw in true love.

It is interesting to trace the mental processes of the two greatest poets since Homer who have attempted to deal with these loftiest of themes. Let us compare their theories as to the origin of sin. Milton, taking the statement of St. James, that "when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death," and then letting Satan represent lust, works out a genealogy for sin and death in a very picturesque, though horrible, allegory. He afterward adds to their family the pangs of conscience, a hideous brood that prey upon their mother, sin, though why it should be sin that suffers, rather than lust, the first cause of the trouble, is not easy to see.

Dante's views on this subject are given in the words of Marco of Lombardy, whom Dante questions when he meets him in purgatory, in regard to the mystery of sin.

"Forth from his plastic hand, who charm'd beholds  
Her image ere she yet exist, the soul  
Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively  
Weeping and laughing in its wayward moods,  
As artless and as ignorant of aught,  
Save that her Maker being one who dwells  
With gladness ever, willingly she turns

To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good  
The flavor soon she tastes; and snared by that  
With fondness she pursues it, if no quick  
Recall, no rein direct her wandering course."\*

Virgil also is represented as giving him instruction on this point.

"The soul, created apt  
To love, moves versatile which way soe'er  
Aught pleasing prompts her, soon as she is waked  
By pleasure into act. Of substance true  
Your apprehension forms its counterfeit,  
And in you the ideal shape presenting,  
Attracts the soul's regard. If she, thus drawn,  
Incline toward it, love is that inclining,  
And a new nature knit by pleasure in ye.  
Thus as the fire points up, and mounting seeks  
His birth-place and his lasting seat, e'en thus  
Enters the captive soul into desire,  
Which is a spiritual motion, that ne'er rests  
Before enjoyment of the thing it loves."†

No metaphysical reasoning has yet improved upon this explanation. Sin is not an entity, neither is the tempter a personal Satan, but wrong-doing comes from the soul's eager, though ignorant pursuit of happiness. Milton's belief in outside agencies influencing man and causing him to sin, is very clearly set forth. He says of the fallen angels:

"They themselves ordained their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-depraved: Man falls, deceived  
By th'other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none."‡

It is instructive to compare the most inspired passages of both writers referring to the vision of the Almighty, and those describing Christ. In Book VII. of "Paradise Lost" we have a very pictorial description of the creation of the earth and of man. Christ as the Logos, or Word, "without whom

\*Purg. canto XVI., lines 86 to 96. Cary's translation.

†Purg. canto XVIII, lines 19 to 32.

‡Paradise Lost, Book III, lines 128 to 132.

was not anything made that was made," is represented as the creative force, not apparently through any necessity inherent in the philosophical conception which the poet held of the nature of the Logos, for elsewhere he fails to carry out the ideas of any of the philosophic schools which treated the Logos as a principle to be understood philosophically. The purpose of the poet is distinctly poetic and dramatic, and it is useless to look for close or accurate reasoning regarding the principles with which he deals.

Dante makes no attempt to picture Deity. In fact, he declares that such an attempt would be no less than impious. He professes to have seen the vision, but says of it:

"As one who from a dream awakened, straight  
All he hath seen forgets; yet still retains  
Impression of the feeling in his dream;  
E'en such am I: for all the vision dies  
As 'twere, away; and yet the sense of sweet  
That sprang from it, still trickles in my heart."\*

In the vision of heaven, through the successive glories of which he is led by Beatrice, he describes the saintly multitudes, the glory and the splendor and the peace; but Christ is represented by the symbol of a constellation, and no words attempt even in symbols to convey an idea of the appearance of God the Father. Once only the image is employed of a triple orb, three in one, as if reflected one from another, "as rainbow is from rainbow." In pictorial splendor he falls far below Milton in these scenes, but the impression left upon the mind is much more uplifting than that made by pictures, however gorgeous, of an anthropomorphic God. And there is plenty of gorgeous pageantry in other scenes. The first vision which he obtains of Beatrice, who had sent Virgil to lead him to that point on the way where she could be permitted to come to his assistance and summon him across the sorrow-conquering stream of Lethe to her side, is a picture modeled after the type of the visions of Ezekiel and of John. The imagery is brilliant and

\*Para. canto XXXIII, lines 55 to 60.

vivid, but above all, the idealization of human love portrayed in this meeting, and in the description of the rest of the journey, must surely be a glimpse into the poet's heart, where the fancy must have grown out of some cherished ideal.

Beatrice's first words are of stern reproof that her lover should have fallen so far short of the high standards she set for him. His persistence and aspiration make it possible for him to cross the stream of Lethe and go the rest of the way in her company. As they go she instructs him in the truths of higher spiritual knowledge, and so they pass on together until the divine love that fills him has "eclipsed Beatrice in oblivion." He further states that

"Naught displeased  
Was she, but smiled thereat so joyously  
That of her laughing eyes the radiance broke  
And scattered my collected mind abroad."

This was what she sought always to teach him, *i.e.*, that his love for her was but a reflection of a better love yet to be attained. In one passage when he is inclined to gaze upon her too adoringly, she reminds him,

"These eyes are not thy only Paradise."

Still on and up they go, and still the glory becomes more ineffable and the peace and blessedness of his soul more perfect. Less and less is he able to put into words the experiences through which he passed in thought or the glories which he saw. At last the "towering fantasy" comes to an end, simply because the wings of thought can carry it no further, but drooping, weary with their unprecedented flight, are folded quietly, to await in the far future the realization of the divine ideal which, as a haunting dream, has been the inspiration of the poet's life.



God has put it into man's power not to fall into real evils, and the fact that we cannot avoid death shows that it is not a real evil, else God would have put it in our power to avoid it.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

## SUCCESS IS MAN'S INHERITANCE.

BY GRACE ADA BLANCHARD.

That portion of the past referred to as the Dark Ages, has extended over a period of such duration that man has but recently emerged from its shadow. With the coming of the dawn he is able to discern that he is no longer the slave of his environment. He stands on the threshold of a new age, an age in which heredity plays no part, and no boundary line dwarfs his aspirations. The chains of bondage lie scattered, and he steps forth a free man, fully equipped to challenge destiny, which is but a myth of the imagination. Never in any period of existence has man had the advantages that are his to-day. Though he has been progressing and making discoveries for two thousand years he has but lately found himself—found the creature with all the elements necessary for the perfect man, who, by his will power, creates his own environments. He learns that the philosophy of Epictetus is unsuited to the times. This philosopher says, "Seek not that thing which happen should happen as you wish, but rather wish the things that happen to be as they are." From such conditions there would be no advancement, it would mean to be satisfied, to accept as inevitable the undisputed sway of destiny; but the new age, with its new thought movement, comes to man as the emancipator. It is full of glorious promises that are vindicated through his own efforts. He must be willing to accept the truth that there is no failure only as the idea of failure becomes an occupant of his mind. It is a law of Nature that the impressions made upon the mind are involuntarily carried out by the actions. Circumstances are powerless to bring about success where failure is dwelt upon. On the other hand, failure is unknown in the atmosphere of success thoughts and desires.

Failure and poverty are the natural results of ignorance, or a disregard of these laws.

The common expression, "Providence willed it so," can not be borne out by facts. Many an unjust accusation is heaped upon so-called Providence, when, in truth, the willing was done by man. The suggestions that lodge in the mind shape themselves into realities. When the mind is filled with success thoughts the very surroundings seem aglow with it, and conditions and environment become coöperative with endeavor. Too often, as the result of indifferent action, the fancies of the mind far excel the creation.

There is absolutely no attainment that man may imagine that he can not realize. If he is capable of building great things in his imagination he is equally capable of bringing about a material reproduction of them. Great achievements are the result of high standards, for it is the low ideals that invite failure and encourage defeat.

Power is born of desire; no man can earnestly desire to live upon a high plane and yet be compelled to live upon a low plane, since we live in that state of development that we create for ourselves. Success comes from self, from a corresponding condition of thought and desire. That which one desires to do, or to become, sooner or later will be achieved. The will must not be permitted to enter into a state of lethargy. It must be aroused, that it may incite steadfastness of purpose. When this quality lies dormant we have a structure without a foundation. Resolution is in truth the forerunner of all progress, the handmaiden that overcomes obstacles.

In this age there is no excuse for inactivity. There is always a place for those who make it. When man comes into this world he enters a vast workshop, the materials are at his hand, and the tools waiting. He is here for a definite purpose. His work is born with him, and Nature has qualified him to do whatsoever he earnestly wishes to do.

Some writer has said that every hope is a sure prophecy of

its fulfillment, which is an irrevokable truth, for the reason that desire for anything keeps us in touch with it. That which is man's in anticipation may become his in reality since he lives in an age when he can laugh at impossibilities. He was intended for success, and, if he becomes an alien to his own inheritance, neither environment nor the world is to blame. He has defrauded himself, and of necessity becomes a bondsman to limitations of his own creating, since no combination of circumstances or surroundings has the power to rob a man of his natural endowments. These are the weapons tempered to do battle with self and the world, and win the victory. In this new era, radiant with promises, man learns that laurels belong not to the chosen few, but that they are the reward of perseverance and resolution.

Man has reached the very acme of success when he understands the importance of the will to do and the will to be. Without this *willing* process every effort is handicapped; but when the will and earnest endeavor coöperate there is no power on earth or in the heavens above that man can not cope with, no aspirations too high for attainment. The materialization of dreams does not belong to the age of fables, but to the practical age in which man lives to-day. Dreams of great achievements are not idle fancies of the brain, they are real, they are tangible objects to be appropriated by the dominant character. The path that leads to triumph is paved with such characteristics as courage, firmness, persistency, and earnest effort. These are the elements that man can not afford to ignore. They are the strong allies that give their support only through encouragement, and win the reward that unerring justice meets out. The failures to which men succumb are almost invariably due to aimlessness or indecision. They can not be attributed to matters that are beyond control.

Let the mind be filled with sincere desire for success, for higher and better conditions, and almost immediately there is a moulding of the things wished for into realization. The old



dogmas taught that there was no escape from environment, it was pictured as hopeless thralldom. But the more progressive age maintains that man makes his own environment, that dominion and plenty are his if he but wills it so. The shackles have fallen from him, and he begins life as a fresh creation, with the reënforcements of hope and courage.

How the irresistible force of purpose cuts its own channel has been demonstrated over and over again. Since the beginning of time it has been in evidence, and to-day we find the same truth making every appeal to the irresolute mind. Man must win through his own efforts. The success standard is within reach of all. It requires only man's absolute faith in his ability to overcome obstacles, and to always maintain a cheerful, hopeful, but determined attitude of mind. To dwell persistently upon well rounded ideals is to develop one's faculties to the utmost. It means for man that he may become the arbiter of his own destiny, for adversity loses its power when we have a clear conception of our undertaking, and then put all the force of our being into its accomplishment. Not from the distant pastures, that seem always green, need man hope for the realization of his dreams. He has but to listen to the call from within that pleads for faith in himself, faith unswerving that supports man's great purpose and wins for him the victory.

The attainment of success not only claims earnest endeavor, but demands of man that he shall love his work, since it is an irrepealable truth that we become one with the thing we love. When man is willing to let go the old thought of limitation he opens for himself a grand vista of wonderful possibilities, and may, like a good architect, realize the perfection of his plans. He is strengthened by the knowledge that invincible determination has moved the world. There is not only *one* "tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," but, as often as the ebb and flow of the ocean, the tidal waves of success sweep over despair and lay at man's

feet his heart's desire. The struggle may be long and hard, but "victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting." Before man, on the great plain of life, there are two states of existence: bondage and liberty, and he alone must make the choice, for no man can choose for another.

Let this one suggestion find lodgment in his soul, that whatsoever a man's aim be, let him think of it, strive for it, live in the anticipation of it, and he can not fail to attain it.



#### LIFE—WHAT WE MAKE IT.

"O this world is full of trouble!"

But your simply saying so  
Helps to make the trouble double,  
Scatters gloom where'er you go.

Do you know you set in motion  
Waves of thought which seethe like fire,  
Which increase this world's commotion,  
Adding misery most dire?

"O this world is full of pleasure!"

Do you know your saying so  
Helps to bring the heart full measure  
Of the joy it longs to know?  
Do you know you set in motion  
Thoughts which yield their fruit of peace—  
Peace which quells this world's commotion  
Makes the world's great heartaches cease.

'Tis a question we're to settle;  
We may gather on life's road  
Wayside roses, or the nettle  
Prickling with its poisonous goad.  
Chords or discords in life's chorus,  
What we list for we will hear;  
Make the future just before us

## THE NATURE OF SIN.

BY A. C. BIGGS.

In this era of widespread interest in all metaphysical subjects,—when so much is being said and written concerning matters of vital importance to the individual and to the race,—it is especially unfortunate that there are so few words with exact meaning in the language of Philosophy. This diversity in the meaning of terms is found not only in the higher phases of philosophic speculation, where some latitude of definition may be permissible and is sometimes unavoidable, but also in those “well-beaten paths” of metaphysical wanderings that even the most practical men and women sometimes enter, and where such indefiniteness is not only the cause of much confusion but also of positive harm.

In the language of *any* science there should be consistency in the definition of terms. However, this most elementary principle is almost generally violated in the metaphysical writings of the present day, and perhaps in no other instance quite so flagrantly as in the various treatises bearing upon the nature of *sin*.

The common definition of *sin*, “a violation of Law,” is wanting in accuracy, and is also a contradiction of the generally accepted definition of *Law*. With the meaning that we have almost universally attached to the word, Law itself admits of no violation at transgression. It is not a command nor a precept. We could not with any rationality speak of a violation of the law of gravity, for where there is no tendency to gravitate the law of gravity does not obtain—consequently there could be no violation.

The man that is pronounced immoral or wicked may dis-

obey all commands and transgress all precepts, but it is impossible for him to violate a single *law*.

Since it is so clearly impossible for sin to be a violation of moral law, we are constrained not only to recognize it as existing in perfect accord with law but to be even one of the legitimate results of its operation.

There is a force in Nature that tends to make men better. It is this force that causes each individual to have an ideal that is nobler and grander in every way than he is himself. This ideal is but one of the forms in which Universal Intelligence is manifesting itself. We call it the Soul of the Race functioning in the individual. Thus Nature provides the ideal for the individual as an incentive to development—as an incentive so to utilize what he has already attained that it may serve to bring him to a realization of the things that lie beyond.

Before Mind began to function on the plane of individual self-consciousness, there was no wilful forsaking of the ideal. The development of the vegetable and animal life has been made in unconscious response to the prompting of the impersonal force of the merely conscious mind. But when man attained self-consciousness he in a measure became the maker of his destiny. He became free to continue in his development toward the ideal and to enter the realm of exalted conscious enjoyment, or to ignore his ideal and to try to content himself with the relatively crude pleasures that surround him. When he thus refuses to listen to the promptings of Nature's voice, refuses to utilize his attainments as a basis for further progress, refuses to continue in his career of development toward the ideal—he *sins*.

As our ideals differ, so do our sins. To him who accepts the Christ of Palestine for his ideal, it is a sin to refuse to strive to become Christ-like. Buddha is the ideal for millions, and those of them who refuse to strive toward Buddha-like perfection are also guilty of sin. But one man's ideal Christ dif-

fers from that of another. No two Buddhists have the same ideal of the Buddha. By the very nature of things it is impossible for any two men anywhere to hold ideals that are precisely the same. Consequently, each must have his individual ideal and his individual sins.

Forgiveness of sin is simply the natural result that follows when one who has permitted himself to retrograde renews his efforts to realize the ideal. It is naught but development, and development always brings its own reward.

We may repeatedly halt or even retrograde in our career of development, but the way to forgiveness is always open to each of us. A vision of a higher life is constantly with us as an incentive to continue toward a more perfect realization of ourselves. It was the voice of this Christos, or Ideal of a Better Life, entreating us through Jesus of Nazareth when he said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."



#### A SONG.

COUNT not as lost  
Affection unreturned.  
The heart that overflows with love  
Has yet some blessing earned.

The sea yields up unto the sky  
Its waters which, in rain,  
Descend upon the grateful earth,  
And join the sea again.

Thus Love up-springing, ne'er is vain;  
Decreases not, but grows,—  
And arid lives beneath its spell,  
"Shall blossom as the rose."

CHARLES EDEY FAY.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### THE NATURE AND VALUE OF PRAYER.

I AM often asked what part prayer can play in the New Thought, as if a consciousness of our Oneness with the Father would preclude any communion with him. The truer comprehension of the New Thought would make us see that instead of occasional cryings unto the Lord we would grow so near to him that we would, as Paul expresses it, "Pray without ceasing." Prayer, in the sense of petitioning for special favors, may very probably seem less necessary than under the old idea wherein we thought of ourselves as separated from the Source of Supply; but prayer, in the sense of vital touch, is the very germ thought of our whole philosophy.

Yet the question is reiterated in various ways as, for instance: If one no longer believes in a personal God why should he, or how can he, pray? Why should he give the matter any attention whatever?

This then makes it necessary to explain somewhat our concept of God. Some regard God as personality, and claim that He should be worshipped; others say that God is law or principle and needs no worship. The New Thought, on the other hand, recognizes the absolute lawfulness of Love and also its superpersonal character. We might say that God is all the personality in the Universe and much more than personality. God is Infinite Love, limitless and supreme, but personality is limited. As regards law being God, we know that law could not create itself, and that the whole creation evidences an intelligent law-giver. Love's method of creation is the very essence of law.

We can stand, as it were, aside from the life of Love and argue and question continually, yet arrive at no real knowledge; for, as the wise man of old has well put it, "Who by searching can find out God?" No intellectual activity can by any manner of means lead us to the comprehension of that which is beyond intellect.

Jesus threw light on the subject when he declared that "the pure in heart shall see God" and also in that statement that "no man at any time hath seen God." This would seem to contradict the first statement but it refers to the physical man, the physical sight. As we come to know Love by exercising ourselves thereto we actually do see God with the inner or spiritual sight. When we keep the outer man and will subordinate to the inner, then the Word of God is made manifest in the flesh.

But the question may be put in this form, If God freely giveth us all things why, then, should we pray? He is more willing to give than we are to receive, truly, but herein lies the answer, for prayer in its highest form is a *receptive attitude*. Through meditation we learn how to receive the good gifts that our Father is waiting to bestow. "If any man will hear My voice and open the door I will come in to him and sup with him." We must open the door before Love can enter in.

Now man has always felt the need of prayer, and we find the instinct working itself out in one form or another in all climes and races, as far back as we have any records. Two thousand years ago a woman of Samaria asked Jesus where men should worship God, whether in Jerusalem or in their own sacred mount in Samaria, and Jesus' answer took the emphasis off from place and centered the thought on the manner or way. To worship God in any true sense we must be "in the spirit;" the flesh profiteth nothing. The spirit is the quickening power, and the spirit is in all and through all. That concept which puts God far off in the distant heavens keeps man powerless, for, so long as we hold that thought, God will be distant to us. We cry unto him yet fail to

recognize him in our own inner sanctuary. When we know that it is God that worketh in us to will and to do, then we can go on in the consciousness of power which will fruit in works of the spirit.

Jesus said, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." But you say that is impossible; that you pray for health, strength, worldly goods just because you haven't them. How then can you make yourself think that you have them? But Jesus having awakened to the reality of spirit, and knowing that this outer world is but the result of that inner life—a bodying forth of that which exists within—saw that whatsoever we truly desire that we actually have, and the having will become evidenced in the outer world.

Many of us think we desire spiritual gifts, but though we may, to a certain extent, we have stronger desires which prevent our development along the spiritual lines. If, for instance, a man knew that a certain development would cost him all his worldly possessions, his present friendships, his reputation even, he might shrink back and finally refuse to yield himself to the operation of an all-embracing Love, and this would prove that he desired personal happiness, or safety rather than growth in faith, hope, and love. We have at this moment the amount of inner wealth that we desire, for always the answer to our prayer (that is our desire) is contained in it. "Prayer is the heart's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed." We may have all the spirit's gifts that we truly desire, but we cannot receive such possessions if we are not willing to open the soul to the Giver, and this opening of the soul to spiritual possessions cannot coexist with a worship of any material wealth or comfort.

Many people claim that they have many desires which have never been fulfilled, and which they felt never would be realized. That is just the point. Doubt kills, and the lack of faith is fatal to any realization of power. Faith is the substance of things, and unless we believe we shall receive we can realize nothing,



Being without faith is like a workman who has tools and ideals, but no materials with which to build. If we harbor doubt in regard to our own ability, God's willingness, or the realization of opportunity, it clogs the flow of power so that all we feared instead of that which we desired comes to us.

The ideal is the real, and if we can vividly apprehend the inner life of Love, sooner or later an outward expression of health and power will follow. Two people who are both out of health will show very different results. One, realizing vividly the abounding life which is in all and through all, knowing that it is natural and right that he should be strong and well, puts his whole heart into the matter, exercises his will and soon manifests that which he saw to be his. The other may say he believes in God's power and willingness, but he does not appropriate the blessing that might be his. Our recovery is a question of realization, not one of time or the kind of disease.

Our knowledge of law is nothing to us if we do not place ourselves in harmony with it. And we may be filled with world knowledge, have, as Paul said, all knowledge and it profiteth nothing. We may say we *believe* a thing, but in that very statement there is implied a possibility that it may not be true; but when we say we *know*, then there is something to build upon. And we may actually know God, whom to know aright is life everlasting. There are thousands of people who are believing the New Thought for one who is actually experiencing it.

At the heart of life everything is pure and steadfast, so doubt cannot come to us from the highest part of our being, but it comes from the conditions of thought and outward manifestations of life. Having the wrong concepts we draw wrong conclusions and become subject to doubt and fear. There is absolutely no room for doubt when we open our hearts to the great Heart of Love, for then do we know God in very truth. You might say that though faith expels doubt, doubt, on the other hand, expels faith.

But deep within the heart of things the eternal verities remain secure. They may be and often are hidden, as a cloud may obscure the sun, but in time they will shine forth with undimmed brilliancy.

When we desire health earnestly we will think health, we will be attracted by our sympathies and ideals to the health-giving thought, the healthful people the world round. We will turn more and more to the Source of Health, and, as we come to know God better, we will realize fully that to-day is the day of salvation, we will come to know His presence, and in touching Him we will be made whole.

Many people think that a soul may be saved without any effect on the body; but a salvation that leaves us with a sick or weak body certainly cannot be very complete. To be saved, that is to come into conscious and, therefore, loving relations with the Spirit of Wholeness will necessarily result in the expression of a whole and complete life. The greater or soul life includes the less—the physical life.

Dis-ease, the very word meaning as it does a lack of ease, shows that we are lacking in our conscious possessions. We are not living enough in touch with strength, patience, gentleness, courage, and all the other qualities of love to manifest them in a complete way.

In allowing the mind to dwell on weakness or disease we relate ourselves to the very thing we would avoid. Others are constantly relating themselves to poverty through their fear of it. They are living in the future and fearing lest they come to want; they lay up against a rainy day and habitually center the thought on material possessions, not in a hopeful but in an anxious way.

This was not the Christ idea. He saw that if one consciously related himself to the eternal riches the symbol expressive of his possession would not be wanting. "All these things shall be added unto you," not, perhaps, to the extent that the self-seeker

**"Whate'er thou lovest man that to become thou must,  
God if thou lovest God, dust if thou lovest dust."**

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# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*  
FLORENCE PELTIER.

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*FOR THE CHILDREN.*

---

"There was a stillness over everything,  
As if the spirit of heat had laid its hand  
Upon the world and hushed it; and I felt  
Within the mightiness of the white sun  
That smote the land around us and wrought out  
A fragrance from the trees."

—E. A. Robinson.

## *LULLABY.*

Sleep, my baby, sleep;  
Mother watch will keep.

The sun has gone to rest,  
The bird is in her nest.

The chicken seeks its mother's wing—  
She loves the little yellow thing.

The stars begin to shine,  
Sleep, my babe, 'tis time.

Thy heart is full of love.  
Thou art gentle like the dove.

The Christ spirit

## THE VIOLET AND THE CHILD.

"I am greatly surprised," said the little violet to herself upon awaking one morning, after a long, winter sleep. "Certainly, this is the most surprising thing I have ever known. Last night when I went to sleep, I was a full-grown violet, and the mother of three pretty baby flowers. To-day here I am with my head just enough above earth to know that I am really existing. Last night I was old; to-day I am young. Last night I was a mother; to-day I am a child. I have often heard of strange things happening; but this is the strangest thing I have ever heard."

It was on a winter evening that the violet had gone to sleep, the very first evening that winter had mantled the little garden in which she grew. And, when the cold came she had gradually become very numb, and had sunk into a deep sleep. Her sleep had lasted for many months, and, as we cannot measure the time of sleep, how was the little violet to know that she had been sleeping many months instead of just one night?

"Who is that little girl coming this way?" continued the violet. "I really believe it is Rosie Darling, the very same child that gives me water every day to drink. But no, it isn't possible! This child looks older than Rosie, and a great deal larger. One night couldn't possibly have made such a change in her."

The child came to where the violet grew, and gently moistened the new-growing flower. When she saw the tiny plant whose head was just peeping forth above the earth, she clapped her hands in delight.

"Oh, I am sure that is a little violet," said Rosie. "It cannot be a weed, because it is growing in the violet bed."

"Now, that certainly isn't the same child," said the violet, appearing very much puzzled; "if it were, she ought to know me after seeing me so often. How thoughtless I must be getting! How should I expect her to recognize me since I have passed through such a dreadful change! I wonder if anything so remarkable has ever happened, like this, to anyone before?"

Rosie seated herself beneath a tree that grew near the violet, and closing her eyes began to doze, when she heard a voice say softly:

"I wish that little girl could talk to me."

Rosie opened her eyes and stared at the violet, and for the first time, she saw what a beautiful face the flower had. She had never noticed that a flower had a face, and you can imagine how surprised she must have been when she did realize it.

"Oh, what a sweet face you have, dear flower!" she cried joyfully.

The modest little violet blushed with delight, and dropped her pretty, sparkling eyes, and softly said:

"I am so glad that you can talk to me. I want you to tell me, oh, so many things! Last night, when I closed my eyes and went to sleep, I was the mother of three little violet children; but to-day I am a child, and I have no mother."

"Last night, when you went to sleep?" asked Rosie.

"Yes, yes;" answered the violet.

"That cannot be," said Rosie. "Last night you were not here."

"Oh, yes! I must have been. If not here, where?"

"Your head was not above the earth, and I am sure you must have been sleeping beneath the ground," Rosie replied. "Last night when I came to sprinkle the violet bed, I did not see you."

"How strange it is," said the violet.

"Strange, indeed; but no, it is not strange at all," Rosie said thoughtfully. "I can see so clearly, violet dear, *why* you thought it was last night you slept. One winter evening, when the cold wind blew and the snow fell gently, I did not moisten your fair head as I had always done, but, instead I spread a cloth over you to shield you from the cold. But, when morning came I found you dead."

"The mystery is greater to me than ever. You say I did not sleep last night—that instead of sleeping I have been dead?" To-day I live again. Is not that strange?"

Just then a great ugly eagle flew to the ground where Rosie and the violet sat. Said he, "Child, you and your flower friend seem very much perplexed. I am a fairy in a bird's disguise. May I not tell you what you wish to know?"

"You surely cannot be a good fairy," said Rosie, feeling very much frightened. "A good fairy would not take such an ugly form."

"Dear child," sighed the great bird, "those who are beautiful are not always good. Sometimes the one that repels us most possesses the purest soul. But come, get upon my back with your little friend, the violet, and I will take you up beyond the sun, where those, we on earth call dead, live again."

Rosie seated herself upon the eagle's back, and taking the violet, away they flew. They journeyed far over the great blue sea, and high above mighty mountains. When at last they came to the sky they found the great sky-gate ajar; so they entered. They found themselves within a beautiful garden in which grew many flowers. The eagle stopped near a bed of violets, and Rosie climbed down from his back, and she and her little flower friend went among the flowers.

"Oh, what joy!" exclaimed the violet; "these are my people."

Suddenly from among the flowers three tiny voices called out in a rapture of delight: "Mother, mother!"

The violet rushed to her children, and nestling their heads upon her breast, wept with joy.

"Eagle," said Rosie, turning to the great bird, "how did the little violet's children come to live up here?"

"They were good when they lived on earth, and loved their mother. Their hearts were as pure as the dewdrops. The sun never shone upon three heads so free from evil thoughts. They loved all things, and all things loved them. They thought of God, and God welcomed them to His world. For all who love God, He loves, and they will live again in a world as fair as the world of the flowers," replied the eagle.

"And I, too?" asked Rosie.

"You and all," said the eagle. "There is a world for all of us."

The eagle showed Rosie all the flowers, and told her how they had lived upon earth, and how good their lives had been. The violet talked with her children, and they told her that some day she would come to them, and stay always. She learned many things she had never known, and when parting with her children, her eyes were not filled with tears, although she knew that she must go back to earth.

"Some day we shall be together always," they said to her, and she was very glad.

When evening came, Rosie, the eagle, and the violet went back to earth. Rosie seated herself beneath the tree and yawned; for she was very tired after her long journey. The violet went back to her bed of soil to rest. The eagle flew away.

BERT W. WENRICH.



## GRANDFATHER'S STORY OF THE BLUEBIRDS AND WRENS.

(*Part I.*)

It was in the month of July, the day having been delightful, though warm. I had done little, keeping in the shade, till four o'clock, when I went out to commune with Nature and finish a sketch of a bunch of yellow daisies (or velvet button weed). This I completed before tea time, after which I went on the South piazza and spent the time in the pure enjoyment of my "*angel pets*" (my bluebirds). They were feeding their little ones for the night.

How strange and yet how beautiful that such visitors should have been sent to bless my sight and recall the delights of my boyhood. I had not seen a bluebird for many years; and could I have had the privilege of choosing from the feathered race a pair of birds to take up their abode near my dwelling, during the summer time, bluebirds would certainly have been my choice. They are the most quiet and gentle of birds; only their sweet little whistle is heard as they meet and congratulate one another.

The mate had a favorite seat where he watched for insects, particularly those on the wing. It was on the top of a graceful, drooping, or weeping, hemlock, where the topmost sprays separated and hung over like a parasol. There he would sit, turning his head and sometimes tipping it on one side. When he saw an insect below him, he'd flutter out and remain suspended over it—like a humming bird, when about to suck the honey from the most delicate organ of the flower—then swoop upon it, carrying it to a more secure seat, where he prepared it for the *baby angels*—as I desire to call his children.



He then flew to the tree in which his house was built, alighted in the same hovering manner, reached his head into the nest, where the sweet little voices were calling for the delicious morsel the fond parent had prepared for them. Giving it to them he glided swiftly away to make room for the mother-bird to deposit her share of the delicate repast. Thus they took turns in this labor of love and duty. Soon they reared their birdlings and prepared them for the duties of life, giving them one lesson after another in the art of flying, till they became experts in the winging process.

ANNA L. SLINGERLAND.



*WHY?*

We were talking one morning,  
Eleanor, dolly and I;  
Eleanor from dolly adorning,  
Climbed up, and asked me, "Why  
Is it, that my little dolly  
Can't run about and play,  
Or laugh, talk, and be jolly,  
But sits here quiet all day?"

"She is young, rosy, and pretty,  
Has eyes that open and close.  
Now, daddy, isn't it a pity  
She never moves even her toes?  
While I can do as I rather—  
Talk, walk, or climb a great hill;  
Tell me, please, *why*, dear father—  
I'll be very good if you will."

Facing the question of ages,  
Then puzzling my tiny tot—  
A riddle to even the sages,  
*Why* "Life *is*—and death is not."  
I said, "'Tis hard to explain, dear;"  
Then whispered from fount of love,  
"Because *she* was made by hands *here*,  
But *you* were born from above."

—FREDERIC GILMUR.

## A BURRO'S SOFT SPOT.

In these days of constant travel, when vacations are the rule and not the exception, and the picturesque West has been seen and enjoyed by so many eastern children, there are probably but few who know nothing about a burro. At least you have seen its picture; but in that case you have not heard its bray. The bray of a burro is simply indescribable. To appreciate it one should try to sleep near a pasture where dozens of the little beasts make the welkin ring. They open and twist their mouths into terrifying shapes, pulling in and pushing out their sides at every hideous sound, so that to a child seated upon the back of one during such a performance it is an unlovely experience.

They are noted for stubbornness and there is a wisdom behind it. If they were not stubborn they would be worked to death. In their wild state I wonder if there were any stubborn traits! They are used by tourists to ride up the mountains where horses cannot go; also, because they are much cheaper to keep. I believe the diet of a burro is similar to that of a goat. A burro saves a person many a wearisome walk over dangerous trails if only it can be made to go. Often it takes more strength to get the burro along than it would have taken to walk. Miners and explorers use them to carry their packs.

There's an old white burro at Colorado Springs, resting in its old age. All the work it has to do is to have its picture taken, and the pictures are labeled, "I helped build Pike's Peak Railroad." This celebrated cog road was built with the help of burros. Everything was packed up its steep sides on their backs.

Children have burros for pets, although too often it looks as if they simply had them as objects upon which to vent their wrath.

Do you know the usual way to persuade a burro to travel? It is by kicking, beating, pushing, and pulling. It seems as if their hides must be without any feeling, for they stand so long under outrageous treatment. One burro seldom can be got to go alone; it wants the society of its kind. Woe to the person who hires a burro from a crowd of its fellows and attempts to go any distance with it! Here is an experience:

It was in the mountains of Colorado. A party of ladies made up a picnic to Fern Glen. They were to cook their supper out-of-doors, and gather ferns. One of the ladies had a little girl scarcely six years old, and thought it too far for her to walk. She decided to hire a burro and let the child ride and also use it to carry some of the parcels. She went to the burro-stand, got a burro and started for her tent. But the little animal refused to go forward; instead, it turned and walked back to its fellows every time the owner led it out. Finally, after some sharp switching, the owner urged it along the road a little way, and, giving the lady the switch, told her to beat it if it stopped. By alternately pulling it by the reins and using the whip the lady got it to her tent. She mounted the child upon its back, tied the basket to its side, and again started off. The burro moved smartly along to the main road, and then turned down to the old stand. The lady pulled it around only to have it jerk back, almost upsetting the child, who screamed with fright, declaring she would not ride.

At this juncture some one came to their assistance and they managed to reach their friends. A young lady volunteered to assist in driving the burro, saying it would be "jolly fun," and she could ride some of the time. They started gaily off, soon coming to a little hill. The burro stopped. In another moment it started and ran down the hill, leaving the mother far behind and giving the young lady some good running to keep up with the crying child.

After many trials they reached a pasture where some burros and cattle were feeding. This burro, named Nelly, pricked up its ears and trotted along in fine style through the pasture; but when it came to leaving the field there was another tug-of-war.

When the picnic ground was finally reached, the mother was too exhausted to enjoy anything. A fire was built and supper got, while Nelly twisted herself up into all sorts of scrapes with the rope and the bushes to which she was tied, ate all the paper wrappers of the luncheon and brayed to her heart's content. When they started for home, she swung into a brisk trot and they thought there would be no trouble. When they reached the pasture the other burros had congregated at the other end near the gate, and Nelly, with two women holding her back, made even

then pretty fast time across the field. As if to complete their agony, the young lady professed to see a bull with the other cattle in the pasture and was properly scared. They were far ahead of the rest of the party, they must go on, willy-nilly, for a burro is just as obstinate about going as it is about stopping. As for the mother, she had no fear. If the bull had been a lion it would have been the same. Her one thought was to get her child safely home and the burro returned before dark. So they got by the bull, if bull it was, in safety, the young lady taking off her hat, which was trimmed with red. They reached the place where the free burros were and there Nelly stopped. No amount of punishment would start her. They had about decided that they must leave her there for the night when one of the other ladies, who had reached them, suggested feigning to drive the other burros through the gate. This worked like a charm; but when she found herself on the other side alone, a wicked look came into her eyes. Every one gave up in despair. It was nearly dark and the mother in her weakness, helplessness, and hopeless condition, suddenly threw her arms around Nelly's neck and sobbed out:

"Oh, please, darling burro, go home!"

The burro instantly started and went peacefully and soberly down the hill, carefully crossed a bad piece of stones and water and so on home, like a lamb. They all cheered, but the mother did some thinking. One of the party stayed with her child at the tent while she drove the burro back along the dark, lonesome road to the burro-stand. No one was there, and she tied it to the fence, gave it some gentle pats, and painfully made her way back, thinking:

"Everything seems responsive to love; why are not our first thoughts always to try it?"

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.



GOD is in our souls, as our souls are in our bodies. He never ceases to speak to us; but the voice of the world without and the tumult of our passions within bewilder us, and prevent us from listening to him.—*Selected.*

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

**HUMAN PERSONALITY AND ITS SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH.** By Frederic W. H. Myers. Two Volumes. Pp. 1360. Price, \$12.00 net. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London.

This is the most exhaustive and in many respects the most important contribution to the literature devoted to psychical research in which the purely experimental methods of modern physical science are employed and relied upon for the solution of psychical or supernormal phenomena. It embodies the essential results of the labors of the English and American Societies for Psychical Research during the past score of years. The vast amount of material which has been weighed, sifted and classified, and which relates to phantoms of the living and of the dead, dreams, possession, ecstasy, and kindred phenomena, is here marshalled before the reader in an orderly and logical manner; while accompanying the evidence are the carefully reasoned arguments of the author, who was one of the most scholarly and engaging writers of modern England.

Professor Myers put the best efforts of the last twenty years of his life into this work. He began his investigations over thirty years ago, and for a long time inclined to the more materialistic conclusions of those who held that all alleged supernormal phenomena could be explained on the hypothesis of fraud or delusion on the one hand, or by telepathy and the subconscious self or selves on the other. His aversion to spiritualism was very pronounced, and his outspoken views aroused much antagonism among leading spiritualists. Later, however, the evidence pertaining to the survival of the human spirit after the crisis of death became to his mind overwhelming in character, he frankly accepted the central claim of modern spiritualism and in this work gives his reasons for so doing, in connection with a mass of psychic phenomena that to his mind cannot be rationally or satisfactorily explained on any other hypothesis than that under certain conditions the spirits of those who have died may and do communicate with those still in flesh.

The work is divided into ten chapters, the principal discussions being on "Disintegrations of Personality," "Genius," "Hypnotism," "Sensory and Motor Automatism," "Phantasms of the Dead," and "Trance Possession and Ecstasy." The work cannot fail to prove deeply interesting to all searching minds who are inclined to apply the methods of investigation and experimentation employed by physical scientists to psychical problems. Professor Myers was a very close reasoner and possessed much of the modern skeptical and critical spirit. Hence his acceptance of the claim that man's personality survives death, based as it was on the carefully investigated evidence of one of the most eminent bodies of modern scientists, is of special interest. The work is fully indexed and admirably arranged for the use of the student.

B. O. F.

THE GATE BEAUTIFUL, BEING PRINCIPLES AND METHODS IN VITAL ART EDUCATION. By Prof. John Ward Stimson. Illustrated with two color cuts and several hundred drawings and reproductions of famous studies and paintings. Art Buckram. Gold top. Pp. 420. Price, \$7.50 net; by mail, \$7.90. Paper, \$3.50 net; by mail, \$3.75. Published by Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J.

The great fundamental problems that most deeply interest students of the New Thought have never been more lucidly or concisely stated than in Prof. John Ward Stimson's monumental work, "The Gate Beautiful." Here the unity, duality, and triunity of nature; the omnipresence of life; the underlying laws that prevail throughout the universe and which find expression in geometric precision, albeit in manifold forms and infinite variety; the order and beauty everywhere present; the wisdom, intelligence, and love that find expression on every page in Creation's volume, are presented and discussed with the profundity of a deep philosopher and the beauty of expression of a poet and an artist. Professor Stimson shows in a most convincing manner how science, religion, and art are all handmaids of progress, engaged in the same labor—the discovery, understanding, and appreciation of the Divine Mind and its various manifestations—but each concerns itself with one side of the triangle and the labor of all does or should complement the work of each. He says:

"*Science*, in the strictest sense, searches the Creator's Truth, his law and authority in matter. *Religion* most properly prefers to manifest his Love in vital example, self-sacrifice, practical charity. But *Art*, most like the gentle dove symbolic of his gracious Spirit, emphasizes the attractiveness and tenderness of God; nestles to the lips of his sympathies; hovers in the aureole of his crown; heralds his coming glory and beauty in every opening lily or awakening rose. Spreading its pure wings over the dark waters of life, it seeks and finds our lost Ideals, bears to us the poet's branch of hope, the talisman of immortality; or like the Æolian harp attuned by tightening cords (even of suffering and abnegation), renders us more sensitive to every whisper of the Spirit's voice or passing touch of the Divine finger!

"There must, of course, be a correlated perfection which will embrace all these sciences in a loftier one that will become the truest adoration; and hence to-day the foremost thought is looking eagerly for the harmonic union of a true Science, true Religion, and true Art in one noble whole, that shall stand forth eternally, like those three symbolic Graces of Grecian times, with arms affectionately intertwined."

The author shows that one Life and one Law run throughout the universe. He tells us that:

"Divine light is ever ready to enter from God, Heaven, and Nature.

"God is the Creative Spirit—everywhere in space;

"Heaven is the Appreciative Spirit—everywhere in soul;

"Nature is the Constructive Spirit—everywhere recording and revealing the first, and appealing to the second."

We know of no better antidote to the creeping paralysis of modern materialism, that is so essentially degenerating in its influence on society, than this distinctly great work which appeals with like power to the rational, the emotional and the esthetic sides of life.

Professor Stimson graduated from Yale College in 1872. He then went to France, and, after graduating from the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris, spent five years in the study of art, its history, philosophy and underlying principles, in the various great art centers of the Old World. Later he was at the head of the School of Art of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and afterward founded and carried to success the Artist-Artisan movement in that city. The present volume represents the ripe fruition of a busy life, and it is far more than the work of a distinguished scholar, educator and artist. It is distinctly a work of

genius, and in our judgment is the most vital volume on the philosophy of beauty and the principles of art that has yet appeared. It is richly illustrated by hundreds of fine drawings and reproductions, among which the wonderful snow crystals and voice flowers will be particularly interesting and suggestive to philosophical students of life.

B. O. F.



An announcement of Fanny Crosby's Life Story (price \$1, Every Where Publishing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.) came to us the other day. The book contains an account of Miss Crosby's life from infancy to the present time (83 years); her career in the New York Institute for the Blind; her acquaintance with prominent men and women, etc. Accounts are given of her addresses before Congress (she being one of the few women ever given that honor), before State legislatures, and other prominent bodies. There are poems by Margaret E. Sangster, Will Carleton, and other famous people. The proceeds from the sale of this book go to Miss Crosby.



### BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR. Revised Wisdom for 1903. By Oliver Herford, Ethel Watts Mumford, and Addison Mizner. Cloth, 75 cents net. Elder & Shepard, publishers, San Francisco, Cal.

THE LOGOS—Of the New Dispensation of Time. By Sara Thacker. 107 pp. Paper, 75 cents. Published by the author at Applegate, Cal.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEANCE. By a Life-long Spiritualist. 64 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Lunt Brothers, publishers, Boston, Mass.

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES WITH PALMISTRY. By Julian Greer. 41 pp. Cloth, 25 cents. The Abbey Press, publishers, New York.

HIS CALCULATIONS. No. 4 of "The Baby Roland Booklets." By George Hansen. Paper, 50 cents. Elder and Shepard, publishers, San Francisco.



# MIND.

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No. 5.

## LIVE AND AFFIRM.

BY MARY ROLLINS MEAD.

Affirmation is the ground-work of all activity. In carrying forward any ideal the first step is in thinking whether it is possible or not to accomplish a certain result. If the mind accepts the possibility, then the work of showing how to prove that a thing is possible begins. The starting point for the work of all expression is: *I can, I will, I must do this!* Every achievement in life has been carried into effect with some affirmation as its directing energy, and the affirmation has never for a moment been relinquished or there could not have been a final result. The greatest monument in the world stands to-day in India as the result of twenty-two years of labor. Twenty thousand men worked twenty-two years to construct this monument. Gems and precious stones were brought in camel-loads from every quarter of the earth to furnish in-layers with material for building. After the death of his wife, it was the highest ideal of Emperor Shah Jehan to build for his lovely Arjund a peerless tomb which should speak for ages of his great love, and *re-present* in a measure the matchless beauty of his princess. How many difficulties must have been surmounted during the long years that this marvelous monument was in process of construction! Think of the twenty thousand affirmations which must have gone forth from the minds of hosts of workmen who said every day, each in his own line: "*I can do this and it shall be right!*" Think also of the continued affirmation of the great lover who for twenty-two years could

success in its completion! Without this watchword—the affirmation “*It shall be*”—in the minds and hearts of all who wrought this miracle of beauty and power, the manifestation of a magnificent ideal could not stand as it does, the admiration and wonder of an entire world. In every achievement, affirmation is the mainspring which produces all possibility of the fulfillment of desires. *I want, I can, I have*—these are the three steps in attainment, and affirmation breathes through the very first desire to be, or do anything. The moment a soul perceives something above, toward which it reaches with a desire for attainment, affirmation swings into line with desire and stimulates the soul to a constant blessed “Yes, you can accomplish.” The great things of life have been carried forward with little regard for the part which affirmation has to do with every achievement, and the busy world moves on bringing to light creation after creation which reveals the power of human beings to say *It shall be*, and *it is*!

The only realm of life which has not been touched successfully with the fire of affirmation is that state in which we dwell as physical entities. The human consciousness has not yet evolved as one of its first desires the hope of *re*-creating and renewing its physical body. Only the few have caught fore-gleams of the high possibilities which await the children of earth when the fact is fully demonstrated that just as much and more can be accomplished in affirming and working for the right to be well and happy as the race has yet achieved in all other lines. Individuals who see the tremendous possibilities in the new realm will bend every energy toward this high goal. Progress may seem slow to those who have discerned the need of the present time, which is to cry halt to the ambition which lends itself so much to beautifying the world and adding outside comforts only. Achievement in any line seems slow, and those who are ever calling attention to the mighty truth which must become evident to the masses, as the next step in advance is taken, are doing a wonderful work. Their affirmation will

be a jewel or an inlaid motto in the new social structure which must come, and is coming fast. Affirmations from every soul who discerns the splendid fact of God-power within, which can be brought forth in royal manifestation of health and harmony, are the impetus needed at the present hour to help onward the revelation of man's oneness with God.

The very first work which Jesus did after He had met and overcome temptation, was to heal so many people that His fame spread abroad because of this work. *After* He had accomplished such wonderful healing, He then gave the Sermon on the Mount; and again following that He healed not only a few, "but every sickness and every disease among the people." Does not this show conclusively that He considered bodily healing the first requisite toward living the Truth? Aside from the joy of becoming a workman on the Temple of Life, which is being established by those who are bringing their jewels—precious thoughts and high hopes—from every quarter to construct this building not made with hands (a higher state of health and harmony for the race), the continued affirmation used for growth is a power to be chosen above everything else on earth. So far, in our new method of creating better conditions in life, our activities have been limited, although the results are so astonishing that one thought is sweeping over the earth with lightning speed, awakening individuals as nothing else ever has done to a consciousness of untried powers. The secret of many degrees of success in overcoming difficulties with the power of thought lies in our ability to affirm. In our dim vision of a great light, before the eyes have become accustomed to its brightness, we discern only the outline of the splendid realm we are entering. Before us at present, we have the white light of the same superb truth which has been evolving all through the past ages, and now that it is dawning for this age those who catch the first gleam are like the prophets of old telling the people of events to come. They sense the fact just as Jesus taught it, while it is still shining from the

Great Source of Light, that *Thought* is the master-builder. Having builded so many perfect things, man can now build any life-structure which he chooses. His choice in the past has been to dominate everything except himself, but the time has come for a greater achievement than he has yet attained—conquering himself! Affirmations in this realm are watch-words of the soul—how important that they should be clear-cut, definite, purposeful, wisely directed, unceasingly held! In the beginning of any new order, all work is at first experimental. Those who are helping onward the establishment of a new system of living are obliged to do the best they can with the limitations which belong to any beginning. The use of affirmations in Thought Healing is indeed a fine art, and we are gradually developing a wonderful knowledge of how to use them. At first we were told that we must affirm our ideals and deny their opposites, but the broader view of the power we are developing gives us a consciousness that we can work to manifest health and harmony precisely as we work to manifest other ideals. If you begin the building of a house, you will first create your ideal or pattern; you will then select the material and work with patience to *re-present* your plan. Do you think that it would be possible to affirm that the house exists in the visible world simply because you have your perfect ideal, which is in fact the real house? Nothing can be established in the external realm of life except as it is first thought into existence, but there is always something to *do* as well as to think, and this is the point where many have had important lessons regarding affirmations.

If the floods come and threaten the destruction of your home, you will energetically turn the currents of water in another direction. You will not sit in the upper rooms and

out, and you will work with this affirmation to overcome the trouble. So with regard to the new departure we have made in trying to establish better temples, or bodies, in which the I AM can dwell peacefully. When the storms and floods of experience sweep around these outer courts of our being, we must rise to our full stature and assert our power to control the surging torrents of physical and mental discord. Why attempt to turn our affirmations that we are potentially perfect into denials of those experiences through which our inner perfection is unfolding itself? It gives the soul five thousand times more courage to go about reaping in the fields where it finds only weeds and tares, than it can possibly gain from simply gazing at clear skies and sun-tipped mountains. It is far, far more ennobling to recognize discordant conditions and affirm the newly discovered fact *that we are equal to every experience*, than it is to sit in the upper flat of our many-storied states of being and try to affirm an ideal condition which we have not created in the visible world. We are potential conquerors. From the very beginning of existence here we grow by overcoming. Even the first breath of a babe is something to overcome. Learning to talk and walk are lessons which make us conquerors. How could we become anything if there were no obstacles to overcome? Why, then, try to deny that there are lessons before us—deep lessons in learning how to unfold and make visible the ideal self?

*I Am, because God is!* This is the strongest affirmation to be found—*I can do what I will to do, because I Am!* I can be well, strong, happy, free! *Free!* How? By an unfailing determination to realize that the potential elements of Life—health, happiness, power, beauty, harmony—are the essence of my being, trying to manifest *now*; that by continued recognition of these elements I evolve them—bring them forth into visible manifestation. It is not enough to become in love with the work of manifesting these elements a little while at a time, and then feel discouraged when they do not spring forth. How

would any life-project succeed if those who carry forward the greatest movements should say in the face of seeming defeat, "This cannot be accomplished?" The very backbone of every achievement is the affirmation, *It can be*. Obstacles are drowned in a sea of definite purpose—swallowed completely in affirmations of victory, and lo! the ideal manifests.

This same plan of work must be followed in attaining a command over the physical body. First the definite, well-formed plan of what we most desire to be, then the steadfast purpose of holding the thought toward attainment. If health is the goal, keep that as a desire above every other thought, and as you picture it, dwell in it, long for it, and become willing to work for it, everything around you must fall into line and become subservient to this dominant idea or plan which you hold. Oh, it thrills every atom of being to contemplate the possibilities before us! Twenty thousand workmen gave twenty-two years, dominated by the idea or plan of one mind, to establish a monument which stands as one of the most beautiful creations on earth. How much easier it may be to call into being a living temple by dominating, if need be, twenty thousand elements of fear and uncertainty to affirm the eternal well-spring of health and gladness within our souls! Let our temple of life be the states or conditions we are learning how to create by constantly recognizing, living, affirming our God-given right to be happy, strong, and free. Holding ourselves, in thought, close to the highest that we know, is becoming centered in the Christ—self-controlled; that is, controlled by the indwelling spirit of God—centered so that we abide in the power and majesty of the Most High. We are then not acted upon by conditions. "When conditions no longer move an individual, he moves them without struggle or pain." Dare to formulate what you desire to be, then work in earnest and cease not to affirm for this end. Nothing can resist your affirmation if you know the truth of your being and affirm what is good.

## EMERSON: POET OR PHILOSOPHER?

BY LILLIENNE A. HORNOR.

The question implied in the title "Emerson: Poet or Philosopher?" is quickly answered. Emerson was a poet, a very rare and original poet. He was a poet because he was an optimist. He saw in nature the beauty and harmony of the universe, and to him truth, beauty, and harmony were convertible terms. His so-called philosophy is therefore all poetical. He had no talent for metaphysics or the abstractions of philosophy. Everything had to him a moral significance and existed for a moral purpose. To the philosopher there is no such thing as morality. He uses the term, but only for convenience. To him morality is a social convention, a fashion which changes, or may change, from day to day. The so-called virtues of society would be weaknesses under other conditions, as in a state of nature. Ferocity and deception are virtues among the animals. By these they exist; without them they would perish. Changed conditions bring in new codes of morals, from which we infer that what we call morality, is, to use Napoleon's phrase, merely a fable agreed upon. Hence morality has no place in philosophy, any more than it has in mathematics or, we are told, in art. Emerson had no sympathy with this view. To him morality had an absolute existence and the universe and everything in it a moral bearing. God was the spiritual center of gravity and attracted all minds. Everything tends to divinity. The world is only a show, a phenomenon, having no objective existence, but existing subjectively for exemplary purposes. Everything has its lesson, like a moral tacked on to

He was not a philosopher. Socrates said: "Philosophy is nothing else than a meditation on death." Emerson's was a meditation on life. He had no system, and would have none. He said: "Nothing interests us which is stark or bounded." His writings are fragmentary and show broken glimpses of truth as light is reflected from the facets of a gem. They have no beginning, middle or end, no regular progression and development, and their relation is merely that of his temperament. They contain much that will not bear analysis, much that is merely fanciful, but little that is not piquant and inspiring.

His want of system was, so to speak, premeditated. A man with a system is compromised. He would serve under no flag, would write on the lintel of his door: WHIM. He hoped it was something better than this, but said one could not spend the day in explanation. By refusing to define and state he avoided the possibility of refutation, though this alone would not have deterred him. The reason is, he writes to inspire, to stimulate; his aim is provocative. He expressly warns his readers to expect no system in him. The aim of a system is to settle things. This is exactly what he does not do. "I settle nothing, I unsettle all things," he said.

Individuality was the creed he preached. Whoever joins a society must surrender some part of himself. He would have every man be himself under all circumstances. This explains much of his apparent inconsistency; he laughs at consistency and says it is "the hobgoblin of little minds." He declares nothing is sacred but the law of our being, therefore we must never deny ourselves but respond always to our convictions. He carries the point so far as to say that if his inspiration is from the devil he will live from the devil rather than be false to himself.

It is easy to say what Emerson was. He was an idealist, a mystic, had little faith in reason. Digitized by Google Original from HARVARD UNIVERSITY



about his teachings. He is considered thin and airy and his teachings regarded as moonshine. Nothing could be more false. He is the most practical teacher the world has had in these late years. Perhaps as comprehensive a statement of his creed as his writings afford occurs in the essay on Culture. "A cheerful, intelligent face is the end of culture, for it indicates the purpose of Nature." "A cheerful and intelligent face;" that surely was an end to strive for, and is the highest of all summaries.

He is not practical in the sense that he teaches us how to mix caudle or half-sole shoes, yet if we think of it, intelligence and good-nature comprehend these, and more.

What he teaches is how to live, and there could be no more practical science than this. Dr. Johnson said a book should teach us how to enjoy life, or to endure it. Dr. Johnson's books taught us how to *endure* life, but Emerson's teach us how to enjoy it. The test of an effort is its success. Emerson actually does what he seeks to do. His books are like new wine. However gloomy or depressed, if we open one of them we are in a little while rapt away into a purer ether, where doubts and disappointments do not come, and are soon tingling with high hopes and generous resolves. We can not come near him without feeling the glow of his presence. He has the wand of a magician and works his unfailing spells and transformations. Of his visit in 1835 Mrs. Carlyle wrote: "I shall never forget the visitor who years ago, in the desert, descended on us, out of the clouds, as it were, and made one day there look like enchantment for us, and left me weeping that it was only one day." Carlyle wrote in his diary that it was "like the visit of an angel." Long afterwards, in 1866, he said: "Now and then a letter comes from him, and amid all the smoke and mist of this world it is always as a window thrown open to the azure." Herman Grimm said that when he first saw one of Emerson's books he was greatly attracted to it. He found there a sense of joy and beauty and truth, as given by the greatest of men.

reading him he felt as if he were listening to that person's conversations, and felt himself made captive by his thoughts. "He has his faults and his doubtful virtues," he wrote, "and is very likely capricious and capable of flattery, yet when I again read his sentences the enchanting breezes of hope and spiritual joy filled my soul anew." This is the testimony of all who have intelligence to read him. He was not a philosopher. He was a poet. His mission was to stimulate, to inspire; to suggest, not to formulate. He is, in fact, the great suggester. He breathes through the world hope and courage. He is the prophet of light and good cheer. In the presence of such an example, how can we refuse our belief?

Matthew Arnold has well said that the secret of Emerson's power is in his temper; his hopeful, serene, beautiful temper. The conclusion he arrives at, that Emerson is the friend and aider of all those who would live in the spirit, is also true, but it is not adequate, because it is partial and exclusive. It must never be overlooked that Emerson's aim was exclusively practical. If he was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit it was because it happened so, and not because of any special design on his part. He did not address himself specially to these. He hated clans and associations, and, most of all, pharisaical and high-stomached clans. We must make larger claims for Emerson if we would do him justice. No view which makes him out to be thin and academic will answer. We must look through these fine fancies of intuition and the Oversoul to the hard-headed Olympian Yankee who stands behind, who is deceived by no appearances, and who is at all times planted firmly on the solid earth. What I insist upon for Emerson is unquenchable optimism—which will be generally conceded—and practical good, which, to say the least, has not

and in him was no uncertainty. It is the fashion to consider him the most abstract of philosophers. Nothing is farther from the truth. He was the most astonishingly concrete of men, and if we do not see it in all his writings it is our own faults. Any one can see it in the "English Traits" and the "Essay on Plato."

The impression I wish to leave of Emerson is that he was a poet. A large-souled, urban, high-toned man. A prophet of courage, high endeavor, and cheerfulness. And, finally, one whose aim and whose accomplishment was and is solidly practical.



## THE NEW CREED.

Let thy desires grow and multiply,  
For they are messengers of promise sent  
To herald all the Infinite Supply  
That waits to satisfy thy discontent.

Take present joy as cause for thankfulness,  
Yet still look on to greater things in store  
Until by hope obtained thou shalt possess  
Thy heart's desire, and then reach out for more.



HELEN CHAUNCEY.

## EMERSON.

He came and touched a string on the human harp so long unused that ere its notes awakened sleeping souls the harper had departed on his way.

Even now many there be who must tiptoe and hold the breath that they may even catch faint echoes from the smitten chord that shall forevermore vibrate in unison with the music of the spheres.



DR. GEO. W. CAREY.

If men would attain to their highest inherent power it is as necessary that all barnacles of superstition be removed from their minds, as it is that the fungus growths of the sea be scraped from ships' bottoms, before they attain the results intended by their designer.

H. C. MORSE.

# GODS, HEROES, DWARFS, AND GIANTS.

## A STUDY IN SYMBOL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY ADOLPH ROEDER.

### *Part II.*

Deity is associated with the woman side of humanity in various repetitions. To the eye that has been trained to see what the Greek really meant by his stories, the repeated incarnations of Deity means simply the manifold way in which that peculiar something which we call spirit or mind or Deity or God manifests itself. For evidently the divine spark shows in one way when it strikes the soul of an artist or a musician; it shows in another way when it strikes the soul of a mechanic or an inventor; in another when it comes to the soul of the book worm; in yet another when it comes to the soul of a physician, the lawyer, the clergyman, the orator, the actor; in still another when it comes to the warped soul of the miser, or to the unhealthy mind of the roué. In other words, Jove has, from the very nature of the case, a number of manifestations. Some of them are deeply concealed in the inmost recesses of the soul. The divine afflatus, the secret and silent mystery that rings through poetry, that hovers beyond the background of painting, that quivers on the edge of music, that mysterious impulse comes secretly. And the Hindoo writes the story of Maya, and how her child is born of a ray of light. And the Greek writes the story of Danae, deeply concealed and hidden from all men and gods in a cave, and of how her child is born of a golden rain. And the Hebrew writes the story of the fierce Tishbite, and of the still small voice that comes after the angry rage of elements. It matters not through what particular brain the race mind seeks expression, it always tells the same story. In

other words, there is a series of the incarnations of Deity or a series of the settings forth of the spirit which comes secretly. On the other hand, there is a series of such incarnations that is set forth, not in the beauty of rhetoric, or of art, or of music, but in the actual physical beauty of created things. The beauty of a physical body, the harmonizing lines that build up the symmetrical something which we call "grace," the beautiful outlines of a landscape against its horizon, the mane crest of the horses of Neptune in the sea. All of these things are physical forms. They are not distinctly human, yet they are alive. The only type which connects these two ideas of something that is not necessarily human and yet alive, is the animal type. Hence, the gods are sometimes incarnated as animals, sometimes associated with animals, or animals are "sacred to them," as we have learned to call it. Nor does this close the list of the incarnations, since that divine something which we have learned to call "Deity, God, a Supreme Being, or a Spirit of the Universe," manifests itself in the absolutely pure harmonies of the universe itself; in the harmonic rhythm of the trees that sway when the north wind sings its rude song; in the lash of the waves on the shore; in the throb of song that lifts the veil of morning from the hidden nest of birds; in the weird concert of the summer night, when God's orchestra tunes up in meadow and bog and forest. Hence, there must be an incarnation of Deity in mythology which comes in the form of forces of nature or in the shapes of the vegetable kingdom, and the lotus incarnation, and the Ymir incarnation become intelligible factors. In fact, Deity is manifest throughout creation to the race mind, and the student is inclined to see, in what was at one time considered a multitude of gods or idols, simply the multiple expression of unital Deity. Just as the scientist of to-day is a little inclined to see in the various forms of forces a manifold manifestation of unital force.

—there runs a scarlet thread of parthenogenesis. For there seems to be a keen intuition in the race mind that there are certain sections of the human mind which are not fit receptacles for the pure and unalloyed influence of those higher forces which we have named "Deity."

There is a sordid and greedy and reckless and callous side to humanity which is unfit for publication, and into this, as the race mind perceives, the divine would naturally refuse to flow; as naturally as electricity or magnetism or heat or light refuse to flow over, through, and into certain substances. As there are conductors and non-conductors for physical forces, so there must be conductors and non-conductors for mental forces. A clean, human force refuses to travel through the unclean side of a human mind for the same reason that electricity refuses to travel through glass or rubber. And the race mind has chosen to speak of the clean side, the conductor side of the human mind, as the virgin side of that mind, and, therefore, logically insists that Deity shall always be born of a virgin. In other words, it follows its own analogies to their logical climax (as says the sentence, "The pure in heart shall see God") in various ways, by telling the various stories of the virgin birth of its Saviours.

If the conclusions thus far reached are at all legitimate, and there is a descending tendency recognizable in the spiritual forces, mythologically called "Deities," the mind would naturally conclude that there should be an upward tendency in the natural forces, clothed by mythology in the garb of heroes. This, from the simple necessities of antithesis. We anticipate, therefore, that a hero in mythology should constantly struggle upward from a lowly, usually obscure origin, to his ultimate, usually violent end, and then ascend from the grave to the stars, either as a constellation in the sky or as a canonized saint, or as a figure risen from the dead, or as any one of those peculiarly familiar forms of imagery whereby the race mind insists upon the ultimate elevation of human nature to spirit-

uality, with the same urgency wherewith it insists upon the final manifestation forth in natural forms of all the spiritual forces whereof it has any conception. In other words, Deity tends toward humanity; the highest types of humanity tend toward Deity. Again, in other words, gather the whole set of pictures together and they evidently group themselves about the twofold idea that there is either God-man or man-God, both of which are simply the synthetic and the analytic expression of the primal duality, and of a possible Divine Humanity.

If we trace the lives of the heroes, and there are many—Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and many others—we again come across a certain number of common factors. In the first place, there is a constant factor journeying and laboring. Every hero wanders. He either sets forth in quest of adventure of his own accord, or he is sent forth to do certain set tasks by the gods, or by the king, or by the evil principle, frequently represented as a witch, or a magician, or a giant. He seldom sets out alone, most frequently he is surrounded by a certain number of animals, whom he gathers about himself through certain service rendered, and who, in times of peril, reward him by a return of similar service. He is surrounded by humanity in larger or smaller multitudes. When so surrounded, he is, from the very beginning of the story, the central figure of the entire narrative, as in the story of Ulysses, Æneas, Buddha, King Arthur, and others. As the story progresses, the solitary figure of the hero becomes more and more pronounced, and the multitude dwindles away more or less swiftly. This is particularly true with the figure of the Christ, in the dramatic life of whom there is a narrow ring of twelve disciples immediately about his person, and a wider belt of seventy disciples a little more remote, and a yet wider belt, called "the multitudes," the people who follow him and who are fed, exhorted, and cured by him. This multitude and these two sets of disciples gradually melt away from the figure as the narrative progresses, until at the end he struggles in the garden entirely alone.

One almost suspects that the race mind in all of these stories has pictured forth its intuitive acquaintance with the fact that man, during his pilgrimage on earth, is surrounded by a certain amount of animal and human nature, and by a series of factors called "heredity," "environment," "chance," and "circumstance," "the course of events," etc., against all of which and with all of which he struggles until in the end true manhood is attained. This manhood then stands, of course, as a solitary figure at the end of the story, and is uplifted into ideality, and passes through one or the other form of anthropomorphic glorification. If the series of labors undertaken by the hero are closely scrutinized and compared, it will be found that he is invariably ordered to descend into hell at some stage of his work. Hercules to conquer Cerberus, Orpheus to reclaim Eurydike, Hermes to plead for the restoration of Proserpina, Æneas to see his father Anchises. Where the statement is not included in the popular traditional form of the mythology or theology of the people, it is added by the race mind by some other method of formulation. Thus the traditional stories of the New Testament in the case of Christianity, furnish no direct statement of the descent of Christ into hell, but the creed of the church has supplied that point. Evidently the race mind, typifying the struggle of man to gain the victory over himself, and to educate and train himself, has realized that in the progression of that struggle somewhere there is a descent into the lower depths of being. What man attains by sinking into the depths is a matter of difference of opinion. It is sometimes the element of watchfulness represented by Cerberus; it is sometimes one of the other factors of human character which he is supposed to attain by such descent. Over land and sea, in the air, in the garden, and on the



Polyphemus. When they take place in the air, or the hero flies through the air to get to them, they are mostly with composite creatures, with the Sphinx, with the Gorgo, with the Centaur, the Minotaur, with the Cherub, and other such composite figures. Perseus flies through the air to struggle with Medusa, Ezekiel flies through the air to struggle with the problem of the strange composite creature with four heads, six wings, the body of a man, and the feet of a calf, which is called a "Cherub." It is these latter features of the stories and the insistence of the race mind in associating flight through the air with composite creatures which first calls attention to the possible fact of the concealed inner meaning within these strange stories. The struggles on the mountain, or up the mountain side, usually involve the finding of a sleeper at the top. The American legend of Rip Van Winkle and its setting in the Catskills seems, at first, accidental, but when the Prince struggles up the mountains to find the sleeping beauty at the top and Siegfried struggles up the mountain to find Brunhilda at the top, and when the German Emperor, Barbarossa, is said to be asleep in the mountain, and when Christ, after his struggle in the Garden that lies on the mountain, comes back to find his disciples asleep, the student naturally sets aside the idea of coincidence and associates the idea of the mountain with dormant things. Of course we know the tendency of the human mind to speak of things being high and of things being low. There are certain low standards of life, and there are certain high standards of life. An ordinary human life, therefore, has its valleys and its mountains. The valleys are the ordinary dwelling places of men, in them man is conscious and awake; the higher levels of his consciousness are quite frequently dormant until they are aroused by some specialized effort or by some specific work. If the higher levels be called

race mind consistently expresses itself, whether that expression comes through a Greek or a Roman or a Scandinavian or a Hebrew channel.

These two factors—the factor of struggling over a certain area of territory, surrounded by a multitude which gradually disappears, leaving a solitary figure, and the idea of the coincidence of certain levels on which these struggles take place—indicate that the race mind emphasizes two factors in the making of a man. One is that he must struggle on all the various levels of consciousness and existence, and the other is that he attains always the one end, and that is absolute solidarity and unity of his individualized self.

So we have considered the general downward tendency of spiritual or mental forces, and the general upward tendency of natural or physical forces, as portrayed by the race mind in the various stories of the gods and of the heroes. The latter process we have learned to call “evolution,” and we have been enabled to recognize quite a number of the steps taken on the physical side of nature to attain certain organic structures which will be keen and alert to respond to mental or spiritual impulses. The other process is as yet unfamiliar. It will have to be called “involution” by appropriate apposition. I suspect that we are on the verge of discovering some of its laws and processes, and that it lies largely in the hands of those students of mental forces who are investigating the new psychology, and are watching the various activities of the mind and taking cognizance of the now familiar layerings of consciousness, the grouping of ideas by association, the mysterious automatism, and the psychic centers in the brain along the medulla, and the ganglionic centers along both of the spinal axes.

Given the two pictures in their broad outlines of the action and reaction of mental and physical things, as represented in general by Deity and humanity in mythological pictures, we have a dual outcome. We have gods and men struggling with giants and dwarfs. Evidently these giants are representations

of the gigantic forces of Nature and of spirit, while the dwarfs are equivalent representations of the minute forces of Nature and of spirit. Thus, for instance, the giant, interpreted according to Nature phenomena, would represent the gigantic thing known as the law of gravitation, which holds tremendous bodies in place over immeasurable distances, and the forces represented by the mystic formula, "centripetal" and "centrifugal" forces, a pair of twin giants, eminently deserving the name, and if Norse mythology speaks of Fafnir and Fasolt, and tells of their struggle one against the other, the story is not so very inappropriate in any one of its details. If interpreted on the spiritual side, the giant figure becomes some gigantic human factor, such as the element of maternity or the element of mother love, or the element of patriotism, of loyalty to certain standards, of fear, of curiosity, of any one of those gigantic human traits that are present throughout the race and that have such tremendous power. Contrast the hardihood and bravery born of mother love with the craven cowardice begotten of fear, and you have again two twin giants of tremendous proportions; tremendous not only in their extent and duration, for they cover the earth and have lasted ever since it began, but also tremendous as to their effects in individual cases or in cases of race life.

The dwarf, when interpreted from the side of Nature forces, represents the entire microscopic world, and all of the mysteries covered by our ordinary scientific cloak, designated as cohesion and adhesion, and chemism, bioplastic changes, and other such cloaks and gowns. And when interpreted according to spiritual standards, the dwarf represents the minute processes of the sensorium, the wonderful multiplicity and minuteness of impressions, the marvels of sight and see-

There can be, of a consequence, no serious difficulty in understanding the relative values of these two factors in the entire picture. Sometimes the gods require the exercise of gigantic forces for the upbuilding of what they propose, and the giants are compelled to build Valhal. Sometimes a man's mental side, that is the gods, is reported as struggling with physical nature, and the familiar story of the Titans is born. Sometimes the gods require the help of the minute forces of nature and Loge and Wotan descend into the cave of Niflheim to find the ring and the Tarnhelm. And sometimes man's spiritual side, that is to say the gods, must struggle with the dwarfish powers of Nature, but he must do so always by ingenuity and cunning, and not by force, as witness the story of Siegfried and Mime.

The entire picture, therefore, resolves itself into the fact that mental forces seek externalization or ultimation in Nature; that the gods tend downward toward incarnation, and that physical forces tend upward toward the evolvment of a physical form that will respond to spiritual impulses, and that both these forces on their way upward and downward, ascending and descending the ladder that reaches from earth to heaven, according to our story, are ready to meet both the gigantic and the minute forces of nature and of spirit as represented by giants and dwarfs.

God does not desire that we should pitch our tents in the valley of repentance and humiliation. He is satisfied if we only pass through on our way to the happy heights of peace beyond.—*Julia H. Thayer.*

#### HABITS.

We call them habits—all those little wrongs  
That trouble work and life. And yet  
We might make habits of our faiths and truths,  
Our loves and hopes—but we forget.

JAC LOWELL.

## THE DUAL MIND AND THE BODY.

BY J. C. QUINN, PH.D., LL.D.

A clear and intelligent understanding of the relations of the mental and physical in man is the foundation on which the science of mental therapeutics rests. This being so, we at once find ourselves in the domain of psychology.

Psychology may be defined briefly as the science of mind—a knowledge of the power within. The application of psychology to the mental and physical ills of man is called “suggestive therapeutics,” which many consider the most rational method for treating diseases and eradicating bad habits.

There is no doubt to-day among the thoughtful as to the great therapeutic influence of the dual mind upon the body, and all schools of medicine are beginning to recognize the great importance of mental therapeutics in the treatment of diseases.

First: Let us consider what is meant by mind and what is known about its relation to the body.

Herbert Spencer defines personality as “the permanent nexus, which is never itself in a state of consciousness, but which holds states of consciousness together.” This definition, it seems to me, is not complete, because we all feel that though the conscious mind would arrogate the personality to itself, that personality holds much more than mere “states of consciousness” together. It is to be remembered here that what is commonly called mind has hitherto been confined to *conscious mind*. All writers on psychology take the ground that mind is consciousness. In this connection Dr. Schofield, of England, writes:

“To talk of unconscious mind is said to be a contradiction in terms, and even the unconscious action of the brain, now generally admitted to be a scientific fact, was thought as late as 1876 a very objectionable doctrine. I am not aware of any reason why the whole region of the mind should

be limited to consciousness, although it is plain that the only mental processes we can fully trace are those of which we are conscious. Therefore, to grasp the relation of soul and body and the scope of mental therapeutics we must take a wider view."

Modern scientific research has given us a fuller and much more comprehensive view of what we call *Mind* than that hitherto held by psychologists. Psychology now informs us that what we have known as mind consists of two parts: the conscious and the subconscious, or the objective and the subjective mind. In other words, by mind we understand an external directing force that everywhere acts on matter, organic and inorganic.

In the organic kingdom this *mind* is designated by the term *life*. Here I regard *life* as practically synonymous with *mind*, if by life we mean the power that, with a definite purpose, directs the movements of matter whose first inherent quality is inertia.

In the inorganic world mind is known as Nature with a capital "N" and its actions are called "laws of Nature." They are surely laws of mind.

Regarding mind, therefore, as the universal directing agent and mover of matter, it seems to me that the conscious mind is a very small part of the whole even in us, while with regard to the unconscious organic creation generally it forms a very minute portion. To make this clear take a familiar illustration. A coral island in the South Pacific is a mere ring of rock in the water, of insignificant size to the sailor, but to the biologist or geologist it is the highest peak of a stupendous structure that rises from the bottom of the ocean as a mountain miles high. Commencing in the very smallest beginnings it remains unrecognized until it rises above the surface of the sea. All we see is the top of the structure and call it a coral island, in fact that is all we are conscious of except by soundings or occasional glimpses of what is beneath at low tides.

In the same way the conscious is but a very small part of the vast subconscious mind on which it rests. The conscious

mind has its seat, we know, in the cortex or surface of the brain only; the subconscious mind is the source of all life that lies below, down to the automatic action of each cell.

Consciousness is not, so far as we know, an inherent quality of the cortex, nor of the mind *per se*, but is the result of the interaction of the two; for when the working of the cortex, and hence the harmony of the two, is disturbed as by narcotics or a violent blow, it is lost. We are also by no means conscious of all that takes place even in the cortex, for innumerable sensations may, and do, continually reach the cortex, of which we are wholly or partially unconscious.

On the other hand, it would appear from recent researches that it is not possible to be conscious of any sensations that do not reach the surface of the brain.

The conscious (objective) mind has reason, feeling, and volition. By it, and by it alone, we direct and control the main expenditure of life and force. This, however, is not done so much by reason as by feeling. It is in the heart (the emotional nature) not in the head that our deepest feelings are rooted; the driving impulse by which men are moved to act comes from feeling rather than from reason. Dr. Mandsley, England, well observes:

"A psychology which finds the motive power of action in knowledge might be likened to a science which should find the cause of the tidal movements not in the moon, but in the moonshine!"

The subconscious mind is on a lower plane, and runs largely in grooves of habit, and follows closely change of association and sensation; but its powers far exceed, in the body, those of conscious mind. It controls all vegetative functions and all cell life. The unconscious powers of life can make eggs and feathers out of corn, and milk and beef out of grass. The new science relating to our protective organisms shows that they carry on, without erring, a thousand complicated and purposive operations, and form chemical combinations that no chemist can compass, work with ease and without fatigue,

and are only hampered when interfered with by the conscious mind.

This is apparent when the subconscious mind takes up conscious acts and transforms them into unconscious habits. It is ever doing this all through life, and ease and perfection in any pursuit entirely depend on the degree in which it ceases to be connected with consciousness and is carried on subconsciously. Playing the piano, skating, bicycling, skilled trades, and, indeed, almost everything, depend for perfect execution on the power of the unconscious mind.

The marvels of playing a brilliant piece on the piano, while at the same time conducting a vigorous flirtation, show also the greatness of our subconscious powers, especially when we remember that it has been shown by good authority "that in rapid playing the finger moves 24 times a second, each movement involving at least three muscular acts, which, if multiplied by ten, gives 720 muscular impulses *per second* for both hands."

But the subconscious mind can do greater things. In addition to carrying on the work of the body from the lowest cell, it can use unconsciously the highest cortical centers of thought which are ordinarily worked by the conscious mind.

If the conscious mind gives the cortex some work to do, like solving a problem, recalling a name, sound, or place, meanwhile occupying itself completely in some other way, the subconscious mind will at once step in and do the work and furnish the answer in a surprising way. It delivers the result at the doors of conscious mind somewhat like a prepaid parcel.

The subconscious mind will also work alone in forming impulses and recalling memories. But it will do more than this. During sleep, for example, thoughts arrange themselves anew. The powers of the subconscious mind can do more in this way than the most arduous efforts of the conscious mind, in arranging facts and ideas in due proportion. Hence, we like to sleep over a matter of importance before deciding, and



judges, in a difficult case, always like to take time to deliver judgment—often on the morrow.

More than this, we may read, hear, see, indeed, do almost anything involving the highest cortical centers unconsciously—the result being recorded by our conscious mind.

In addition to all this we may affirm that the mind includes not only the conscious and subconscious, but also the supra-conscious mind, which lies beyond at the other end. All the regions of higher soul and spirit life of which we are only at times vaguely conscious, but which always exist and link us on to eternal verities on the one side as surely as the subconscious mind links us to the body on the other. That is to say, the mind reaches all the way, and while, on the one hand, it is inspired by the Almighty, on the other it energizes (as already seen) the body cell or tiny amoeba, all whose active life it originates.

We may call the supraconscious mind the sphere of spirit-life, the subconscious mind the sphere of the body-life, and the conscious mind the middle region where both meet.

It has been well observed by a distinguished scholar and philosopher that “The spirit of God is said to dwell in believers, and yet His presence is not the subject of direct consciousness.” We would, therefore, include in the supraconscious mind all such spiritual ideas together with conscience, “the voice of God,” as another writer calls it, which is surely a half-unconscious faculty. Note, also, that the supraconscious mind, like the subconscious, is best apprehended when the conscious mind is in abeyance.

Visions, meditations, prayers, and even dreams have undoubtedly been occasions of spiritual revelations. As proofs of this see the following Scriptures: First, Cor. ii: 3-5; II. Cor. iv: 7-16; II. Cor. xii: 2; with Job xxx: 15-17, all cases where we have the workings of the Spirit apart from the action of reason or mind.

On this subject the Rev. Andrew Murray writes: “Deeper

down than where the soul with its consciousness can enter there is a Spirit-nature linking man with God, and deeper down than the mind and feelings, or will, in the unseen depths of the hidden life, there dwells the Spirit of God."

Once more the subconscious mind is ever at work, writing the records of the conscious mind on the body, in gait, gesture, and on the lines of the face. But we need not enlarge further here. The bearing of all this on mental therapeutics is, I trust, sufficiently obvious to the thoughtful reader.

Our field of action, while embracing the entire mind, is chiefly the subconscious region, which not only can be treated without the knowledge of the "ego," but which can affect, through its wondrous powers, the nutrition and health of the body to an illimitable extent, and indeed, is the real agent in the cure, where a cure is possible.



THE sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body.—*Emerson.*



DEMAND of every common thing of life, whether it be your body or your money or your daily experience, that it shall bloom into fine results in your own soul and in your influence on the world.—*Phillips Brooks.*



WERE not the eye itself a sun,  
No sun for it would ever shine.  
By nothing Godlike could the heart be won,  
Were not the heart of man divine.



*Goethe.*

WHAT I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally as arduous in actual as in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

## THE SUN BOOK: AN ASTRO-METAPHYSICAL . STUDY.

### V. THE CREATION PERFECTED.

BY JOHN HAZELRIGG.

If our carpist, the contemner of Astrology, will but carefully ponder the foregoing hints, in which he may be much assisted by a comparison of them with the familiar analogies to be observed in the procreative processes incident to every species of life, he will find food for many a day's reflection. Or, if an illustration in practical physics will appeal more agreeably to him, let him take any inflammable substance at the center of which abides a latent heat, which, for the sake of demonstration, may be termed the Primal Essence. Now, if he will permit to take place in this substance a suitable absorption of oxygen (fire) and nitrogen (water), combustion will ensue, motion will be created, and a vapory spirit or smoke be generated; and this latter coming into contact with an extraneous surface is condensed into a black soot through the Saturn principle of *fixation*. We have here visualized that which takes place in the interior world of generation. Involved in these coöperations of the Sun, Moon, and Saturn principles, is the action of the four elements, the one upon the other, for, according to philosophers, "fire is nothing but inflamed air," by condensation of which is produced water, and this being distilled and cohobated is potentialized into a residue of earth. These three principles, together with the four elements, may be said to constitute a mystic seven in manifestation.

And here, before going further, let us dwell a moment on the Biblical reference to this initial step, as well as some of the concepts relating thereto, that have been popular with the or-

thodox schools ever since their divergence from the Wisdom Religion and consequent immersion in the seas of dogma and darkness.

The process thus far covered embraces the first day of creation, as cited in Genesis i, 1-5. The "earth without form and void" signifies Negation, the archetypal Idea, the Unmanifest, until "the spirit of God (vital heat) moved upon the face of the waters" (radical moisture) and "divided the light from the darkness," *i.e.*, educed energy from latency, made visible the invisible, and thus made manifest the Word; for—"Straightway leaped out, or exalted itself, from the downward borne elements of Nature, the Word of God into the clean workmanship of Nature, and was united with the Workman, Mind; for it was consubstantial. And so the downward borne elements of the World were left without Reason, in order that they might become (associated with) the only Matter." The succeeding days of the creative act comprehend different stages in the gestative processes, as will be hereinafter touched upon.

This descent of Spirit into Matter is the Fall that the Bible imputes to every manifestation of incarnating intelligence—the projection from out of Paradise into the sensual, earthy, or Adamic element. And still one continues to read of new discoveries bearing upon the *geographical* locale of the Garden of Eden, from which Adam was so ingloriously expelled. Not satisfied with restricting God to a six-day labor contract, He must be accused of gross repudiation of His handiwork by a summary ejection of it from the sacred demesne. A nearer approach to blasphemy of truth cannot well be imagined than that afforded by ecclesiastical authority in the woful literalism with which it has vested these time measurements, as well as the cognate problems to which they ope the way.

There is yet another and equally divine view appertaining to these six days, for, as saith the Hermetic maxim, "Everything that is, is double." Therefore, there could not be a Fall without a Redemption, involution without evolution; hence, in

the spiritual evolvment of microcosmical man are to be found, as correspondent processes, the mystical stages of Baptism, Temptation, Passion, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension. Our present inquiry, however, has naught to do with this phase of the subject, though duality again presents itself in the joint consideration of the solar and lunar whorls, as depicted in our diagram (see preceding paper). In this it will be observed that the circle of the Zodiac is divided into halves, a passive and an active one—the negative or lunar arc extending from the beginning of Aquarius to the end of Cancer, while the positive or solar arc extends in a converse direction from the end of Capricorn to the beginning of Leo; while the functions belonging to the distinctive divisions conjointly with their mutual opposites in each semi-circle, declare polarity to be a factor as insistent in each of the successive regimens as in the fundamental proceeding.

Having discoursed on the functions of Capricorn and Aquarius as the proximate polarities of the luni-solar principles in manifestation—the celestial vehicula through which is intoned the first resonance of the Divine Word, we come now to direct our attention adown the sides of the positive and negative whorls to the immediately adjacent signs in each—Pisces (♓) in the lunar, and Sagittarius (♐) in the solar arc.

Consistent with the law of duality which obtains in every manifestation, a two-fold necessity is comprehended in these signs, each of which is under the dominion of Jupiter, despite the obliging tendency of a few moderns to transfer the rulership of Piscus to the *tridentifer Deus*. Both Neptune and Uranus belong to the odylic activities rather than to the sensuous plane of being, and may not, therefore, be reckoned with in physical operations; hence, their omission from our diagram.

In alchemic processes it is the office of Jupiter to putrefy that which first has been fixed through the coldness and dryness of Capricorn, for decomposition must ever precede germination. Saturn induces to crystallization, fixity, form, but not

until the life organization is imbued with the *soul* principle—the combining essence that unites Spirit to Consciousness—does it begin to assume individuality; hence why Jupiter is termed the Soul of the World. All Jupiter people are possessed of great soul qualities.

Now, as taught in natural physics, putrefaction is a disorganization of the elements of which a body is composed, and is accelerated chiefly through heat and moisture; and such fact is to be found clearly demonstrated in this second regimen of the embryotic period.

For herein the heat principle of the Sun operating through Sagittarius, of the fiery triplicity, first animates and molecularizes the fixity of Saturn as expressed through the coldness of Capricorn, while yet in its dryness reposes the sympathy necessary to a sustained unity with the beginning. But, as has been previously intimated, heat alone tends to destroy, and without a proper dissolution and equation of the elements an orderly motion could not ensue, and there could be no continuity of form. Therefore, while we find the solar principle essentially active in Sagittarius, similarly is the lunar humidity subserved by the moisture of Pisces. And through the contrariety of this heat and moisture, thus brought actively to bear upon each other, is begotten the hostility necessary to a disorganization of the primary fixity, whence ensues putrefaction.

It will thus be seen that, while Saturn through Capricorn has *fixed* and given *form* to the life essence, Jupiter in an administrative capacity incites to molecular activity, and so endues the same with consciousness; for in this putrefactive stage—the corruption through which comes incorruption—first begins the formation of the arterial system,—over which Astrology concedes the rule of Jupiter—and in which repose the incipient workings of the soul principle. “As regards the dual phases of the Saturn and Jupiter principles alluded to above, suffice it to say that the one stands related to the other as gestation is to generation, or affirmation to confirmation. It will

be observed that in the Jupiter symbol the crescent and the cross have exchanged places. Inherent Intelligibility, subsisting in the World of Soul (  $\text{h}$  ) has thus become quickened into instinctive attributes, intellectually cognized through the vehicular qualities of Jupiter, significant of the Soul of the World (  $\text{J}$  )." (*Metaphysical Astrology.*)

And so in these incipient impulses which constitute the putrefactive period and the beginning of the arterial structure, there is manifested in the evolving ego the first consciousness of a sidereal system of its own, a firmament or individual heaven with now its own central point of attraction. And from thenceforth this lesser world, or Microcosm, though consistent with the Macrocosm, is to all intents and purposes wholly divided from the Primal Source and endowed with a personality that renders it a thing apart, though still but an integer of the universal sum.

"And God made the firmament, and divided the waters (microcosm) which were under the firmament from the waters (macrocosm) which were above the firmament. . . . And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day."—*Genesis*, i, 7, 8.

It is of sublime interest, in connection herewith, to note the numerical significance attaching to these different processes, and the exact conformity to mathematical law with which Nature, never indiscriminate or purposeless, directs her every step. Thus the doctrine relating to the virtue and properties of number, as promulgated by Pythagoras, ascribes to the unit, or One, the principle of conservation, of identity, of existence, and of tranquillity. Capricorn as the first channel towards manifestation, accords with tranquillity, or fixity, which "binds together the chain of causes." In the second regimen, the stage of molecular disorder whence ensues putrescence, is involved the principle of the duad, or Two, "the origin of contrasts, the symbol of diversity, of inequality, of division, and of separation, a number of bad augury, characterizing disorder, confusion and change."

We come next to consider the signs contiguous to those previously discussed, the "mansions" of Mars—Aries and Scorpio—through which the elements of fire and water are again contraposed, but in reverse order to the preceding duad.

The office of Mars is to clarify and urge to increased activity that which has been digested by Jupiter. If you would have a proof of this statement, observe how choler, due to a superabundance of bile (Mars rules the gall and biliary secretions), fluidifies and excites the rapidity of the arterial blood (ruled by Jupiter). As in the present stages, a two-fold energy abides in the function of Mars, for while his active impulses serve to quicken and exalt the vital spirit of the Sun, yet his fiery and positive nature, as expressed through Aries, is so averse to the radical moisture of the Moon as to effect a calcination of the lunar activities; on the other hand, Scorpio, his negative house and of the same triplicity as Cancer, fortifies this tendency and transmutes his fiery energy into the procreative faculty. If the reader will refer to any treatise on the science of Astrology, he will find that Scorpio is allotted dominion over the generative system. Hence, sex is first determined in this third regimen of the infolding processes.

As indicated in the number Three in the Kabala, the element of fecundity is now implanted in the embryo. According to Pythagoras, "it is the number containing the most sublime mysteries, for everything is composed of three substances; it represents God, the soul of the world, and the spirit of man." We have had the first emanation and the soul, and at this stage the spirit is become animated, and the generative instinct and the power of multiplication has come into being.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, *whose seed is in itself*. . . .



ture, in her manifold expressions, ever adheres to the one method, for principles are eternal, unchangeable, ubiquitous. It is, therefore, logically probable that the intent and purpose of the first chapter of Genesis is to give in allegory the alchemical formulæ that obtain in every differentiation which Nature undertakes, whether there be involved the creation of a solar system, the constitution of a planet, or the lesser organizations which make up the animal and vegetable kingdoms. To the student of alchemy and of the celestial mysteries, there can be no doubt of this.

In natural sequence we come now to the two houses of Venus—Taurus and Libra. Just as Mars subserves the solar principle, awakening in the microcosm, through its exuberance or abundance of heat, the spirit of procreation, so does Venus, being cold and moist, temper his beams that the lunar or maternal principle in nature may become fruitful. Generation is concomitant with the procreative function, hence why in Astrology Venus is recognized as the natural polarity of Mars, and why she is said to be “dignified” in Taurus, and the Moon “exalted” therein.

But in order that Taurus may render fruitful, or endue with the power of propagation, the viscosity that is stirred up by the fusible heat of Aries—whose province is that of calcination—must first be equilibrated by an opposite element, which Venus performs through Libra, the scales or balance. Were not the amalgamating qualities of Venus thus brought to bear, vitrification would be the result; and, as known to the practical alchemist, such a contingency would mean the incapability of further change, and the work would not only be retarded, but returned to the fixity of Saturn—in this event meaning Death, because now beyond the power of resurrection. Nature, however, if unimpeded, makes no mistakes, and effects follow naturally upon causes. It is only when obstacles or violations are forced upon her that she withdraws her efforts and seeks the chamber of abeyance.

We come now to the last regimen, that which is perfected by Mercury through the functions of Gemini and Virgo, the channels through which comes the intellectual cognizance of selfhood, the ripening or birth into independent being. As in the heavens Mercury revolves next the Sun, so in this archetypal projection he stands next the new center now completed, and which henceforth dynamizes a world of its own. The stages of involution have been compassed, and thence evolution marks the turmoil of the external plane.

To recapitulate: Beginning at the center, from which the primal essences first seek the periphery of the circle of being, the order of operation of the seven principles is as follows—quoted from a philosopher of the sixteenth century:

1. The Sun gives vital heat to the creation.
2. The Moon gives radical moisture.
3. Saturn fixes this, and makes it fit for putrefaction.
4. Jupiter turns it into nourishment.
5. Mars calcines it.
6. Venus makes it fruitful.
7. Mercury makes it rational.

"And on the seventh day God ended His work which he had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made."—*Genesis*, ii, 2.

"These are the generation of the heaven and the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."—*Ibid.*, 4.

In the fundamental processes here discussed, De Morgan's definition of the science of algebra is peculiarly apposite—"the Calculus of Succession." For here, as in algebraic analysis, an unknown quantity is the essential starting point for the determination of a resultant value. This unknown quantity is in essence the Chaos (void space) of the mythological scheme, similarly of the heterogeneous mass from which the alchemist evolves his *Lapide Philosophorum*. It is biblically referred to as Nothing, because "without form and void." In Hermetic parlance we call it Latency, the seat of Energy. But in all these

instances its purpose is ever the primal one, for from this vague, fecund source—as from the unknown mathematical quantity—is deduced the succession of differentials of which a universe is composed, and of which Pan, in the Nature doctrine, may be likened to the first numerical identity. Indeed, this is his alchemical function in the creative scheme. Accordingly do we find him expressed in astral physics by the sign Capricorn, the principle of formalization.

Thus will be seen the full significance of the original rendering of the Samaritan text, "In the beginning the Goat created the heaven and the earth," a statement in which is involved the actuating principle of every outward effluence and the point of *beginning* in every spiritual zodiac of being, for as a principle in creation it constitutes the initial process of every manifestation.

One has only to examine and compare the various systems of worship—all of which owe their genesis to the primitive cycles of time—to find elucidated therein these same principles of the universal science, Nature. The Christian Bible may seem apparently different in purpose and design, but nevertheless it is identical in argument with the so-called Pagan doctrines. Throughout them all a system of correspondences is utilized for the better appreciation of laws otherwise beyond finite mind to grasp. But while astronomy limits one to a view of the outer or framework of the Divine Structure, through Astrology and Alchemy one is given the sacred privilege of penetrating to the inner or super-physical realms, and there viewing the eternally active forces that constitute the system of which Plato wrote, "All this is nothing but God himself (meaning the Creative Essence), who, having the beginning, middle, and end of all things in His power, keeps one straight and steady course according to Nature, with His inseparable adherent, Justice, who is ever ready to avenge the least deviation from His divine law."

*(To be continued.)*

## THE ASCENT OF MAN.

BY HENRY FRANK.

Ordinarily men rise not above the commonplace. The consciousness of the individual is limited to the universe in which he dwells. Man's knowledge is narrowed by the compass of his experience. And yet there are moments when the meanest catch glimpses of vague realms of the invisible. The consciousness of the race is arranged in diversified strata. These strata of consciousness lie one above the other, like the geologic soils, according to the higher evolutions of human experience.

We are too wont to conceive of the race as a solidarity. We forget that the extremes of humankind are as far apart as the lowest of the animal kingdoms is from man. The Australasian and the Caucasian are as widely separated, in capacity and achievement, as is the Australasian from the chimpanzee. If we contemplate mankind as a mass—the myriad swarms that cover the globe—we cannot possibly hold them in mind as a single and identical quantity. Humankind is variable, diversified, differentiated—whether contemplated as mere animals possessing only physical instincts, or as a mental force playing upon the physical factors of external environment.

The evidence of evolution from mammal to man—from earth-consciousness to human consciousness—lies in the existence of the imagination. However base, degraded, atavistic, or arrested a human being may be, the fact that he still evinces the germ of the Ideal in glimpses of the imagination, is the redeeming feature that releases him from the limitations of mere animalism and establishes the possibility of his infinite evolution. Nevertheless, in spite of centuries of development, humanity in the mass still abides on so low a plane that the differentiation between the nethermost stratum of man and the highest of the animal world is scarcely discernible.

How few of earth's billions of human beings ever even lift their eyes to the stars to contemplate their glories, or behold in the splendors of the sky more than momentary climatic conditions that favor or incommode their physical engagements! Man is potentially a poet, but actually a beast. We are wont to regard the American people as the ages' culmination of ascending civilization. We believe "we are foremost in the files of time and heir of all the ages." We have arrived after aeons of planetary evolution, and can utilize the stored-up products of the experience of the race. Nevertheless, what are we—we Americans? We have not as a people yet learned to down our physical passions—that Nemesis of the commonplace—to hold our nervous energy in the leash of utility—say nothing of having put an end to murder, robbery, and rapine. These savage instincts still prevail, howbeit in refined and modified phases. Not only have we not yet learned to control our animal passions, but not even our greed, our selfishness, avariciousness, hatred, and envy. Each man is still for himself and "the devil for the hindmost." Each, as it were, still thrusts his hand at his brother's throat and his fingers in his brother's pocket. It is, indeed, a deplorable fact that the mass of men even to-day still abide on the plane of mere animalism. Their true classification should be —*homo animalis*—the animal man. MAN is not yet a fact—he is but a promise.

While I am constrained to emphasize this inglorious truth, I am far from overlooking the fact that the tendency of nature, the stream of all forces, points to the constant ascent of the race through spiral avenues of evolution into the sphere of the infinite. Man knows no bounds. His human progenitor—the first man—is undiscoverable. His highest culmination, his spiritual form—the last man—is inconceivable. He is the product of progress, the child of the Eternal. The law of evolution points no more positively to man's ascent from the plane of the animal than it intimates his ascension to the infinite. Our philosophy may accept all the deductions of the physical

sciences without regarding them as necessarily conclusive or sufficiently inclusive. Man, the physical constituent, has without a doubt been unfolded from his mammalian ancestry. But man—the potentially infinite—within whose being we may discern the involution of universal powers, whose supreme potencies are still undiscovered and undreamed of—this man, this divine being, never crawled through amœba and trilobite, through mammal and ape, to the measureless proportions of human magnificence. He lived in all, yet was never limited to the consciousness of any. He overshadowed all life, but has never yet expressed the fulness of his own.

He is the man to be. Although he is as yet unrevealed, there be a few who even now vaguely discern him.

Evolution, as commonly propounded, is but a half truth. When the truth is all known, we shall see that our physicists—our Darwins and Heckels and Voghts and Buchners—have but touched the outer court of the temple of universal truth, under the shadow of whose portals they have been studying only symptoms and surface facts, while far-reaching and prophetic truths have escaped them.

The involution into the consciousness of man of the super-personal powers that pervade the universe is the basic force of all evolution. That science that penetrates the mere material symbols, and discerns the indwelling but invisible powers, alone approaches the final truth, and reads the true history of man. Nevertheless, the consciousness of man has developed but poorly even on the lower material planes of being. As I have already stated the vast mass of human beings still dwell on the plane of pure animalism. To feed the appetites and passions—to clothe the body with raiment—to be a slave to sartorial rules—to produce hats, shoes, gloves, shirts, robes, and gowns, physical instruments of transit and intercommunication and the substantial requirements of the race—are as yet the universal occupations of mankind. The masses have their feet in the tread-mill and their noses to the grindstone. The

masses work as machines and toil like beasts of burden. The masses use only the muscles and tendons of their bodies. To acquire mechanical rhythm and nervous tension sufficient to produce—like any other well-conceived mechanical contrivance—is their only ambition.

How few as yet think of the manufacture of brains, of the product of thought, of the exaltation of the intellect. Our age crowns the commonplace with the halo of the ideal. We seem to think that because so many books are made, so many schools exist, so much money is spent on education, therefore, the race as a whole is enlightened. But the mass of ignorance still to be found in the world is as yet so vast, compared with its area of enlightenment, that it may be truly said that the educated few constitute but an infinitesimal section of the earth's population.

The ascent from body to brain, or from animal to mental consciousness, although slow and disappointing, clearly illustrates the fact that there is a formative force which pervades the race that will sometime culminate in the perfect mental man—in the triumph of intellectual over brute force, of knowledge over ignorance. But when the human intellect shall have reached the highest stage of rational consciousness, are we then to witness a halt in the universal march of spiritual progress, or may we anticipate still higher and more complex evolutions of genius and power? Mere mental development is, after all, not the culmination of human possibility. In pure reason man does not attain his loftiest ideal. Science and philosophy never satisfy the profoundest yearnings of the human soul. These may suffice for sunlight and air, but without soil and moisture the seed will never fructify. The dry light of reason must mingle with the warm emotions of the heart and the tears of enthusiasm before the soul can soar to its highest heaven.

Man's first attainments are necessarily physical. He is of the earth, earthy, and of a truth there must be first the natural

By his physical prowess man removed the primeval forests, and made for himself a habitation and a home. By dint of native savagery and brute energy he plowed through war, carnage, and rapine to the splendid triumphs of a material civilization. He compassed the globe and commanded the elements. He bowled mountains into the sea and converted deserts into laughing prairies. On this plane he acquired the skill of physical conquest.

But here man could never pause. Anon, he felt the throbbings of a higher genius—the genius of invention and discovery—the prophecy of brain over brawn, of thought over things. Here the mechanic becomes the inventor; the engineer, the discoverer; the artisan, the artist. Man rises from the dullard to the dreamer; from the plodder to the poet. Events become epics; human speech flows in song and oratory, and history becomes the prolonged and picturesque plot of an evolving drama. But even on this plane man is still discontented. He discerns within himself a sphere of attainment beyond what brain and brawn, the moil of muscle and the toil of thought, could gain. Experience taught him that it was not only possible to do a thing well, but to do it right. He learned that it was possible to do it right, not only according to his own standard, but according to the standard of his kind. He learned not only to help himself but to strive also to help his fellows. In short, he conceived the moral law. On this plane man learns to lose sight of self and to consider the claims and rights of others. Here he passes from the sense of doing to that of duty—from indifference to obligation—from individualism to fraternalism. Here man has as yet but partially developed. The moral sense of mankind is still cramped and narrowed. Man observes the moral law chiefly for purposes of individual development, scarcely yet conscious of the needs of racial development.

Thus far our methods of education are chiefly at fault. We construe education rather as the training of the intellect than



the culture in the individual of those ethical forces that alone must constitute the final triumph of the race. We must not only educate the hand to cunning and skilful artifice, the brain to keen acumen and logical endeavor—but we must also educate the feelings, the passions, the appetite, the will, till all shall be fashioned into the mould of honor, integrity, and righteousness.

What true parent would be content to have his child trained in the skilful effects of manual culture, and know that his heart had been untouched by the finer forces of goodness, truth, and purity? The world needs not only good artisans—carpenters, printers, carvers, binders—or great professional geniuses—artists, architects, sculptors, painters, actors, orators, literati—but also great noblemen—men in whom the instinct of justice, the sense of right, and the passion for purity are so highly cultivated as to command the enduring praise of the world. Candor to-day is trampled in the market place, while intrigue and cunning are exalted. The shrewd tradesman is more respected than the poor but honest artisan. The money manipulator, who roams over two continents and inveigles millions of dollars and anxious lives in gigantic syndicates and risky speculations, is a more conspicuous and necessary citizen than the indefatigable schoolmaster who strives to teach the young how to be honest as well as thrifty, just as well as successful.

The result is that while we have the most intelligent populace that ever burdened the planet, we are becoming intellectual degenerates of whose fate we may well be forewarned. Pure intellectual education does not eradicate the degrading passions of the heart. In all of us there still lurk the primitive tendencies of our savage ancestry. In an instant we seem to fall from the estate of men to beasts; of denizens of peace to raging animals of prey.

So near to the skin of a human being is the roar of the lion and the howl of the wolf, that a sudden provocation throws men into the fury of a mob which lacerates and ravages the human

body with wanton and primeval savagery. Jew-baiting and negro lynching still survive in this age of supposed gentility and refinement, and in communities where it would little be suspected. Jew-baiting in Russia is as necessary for the gratification of the unsuppressed passions of the falsely educated masses as bull-baiting in Mexico or the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands in India.

Men are still but beasts in human form, and nature oft reflects this secret in the features of the fox, the serpent, the hyena and the lion, traced in the human physiognomy. The jails to-day possess more educated and "religious" prisoners than ever before. The murderers of our age can well afford to be without conscience but not without science. The bungling methods of the Borgias would be scorned by a Buchanan, a Harris, or the undiscovered slayer of Mrs. Adams. Our age is inclined to forget the savage in the savant, the gory murderer in the glory of an intellectual genius. Ruloff, some years ago, convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged, suddenly announced that he was the discoverer of a new key to the science of language, revealing the origin of human speech. The whole world instantly lost sight of his revolting deed, and could but admire his scholarly attainments. Petitions from the entire scientific world begged for his pardon, that the fruits of his knowledge might not be lost to mankind. The inconsistency in the situation lay in the fact that few seemed to be concerned in Ruloff's fate until they learned that he was a great linguistic scholar. They did not appeal for his freedom because of the humanitarian spirit that prompted them; but purely because of the selfish love of learning, which possessed them. As yet the ethical consciousness is but vaguely discerned by the majority of men. The principles of love, of duty, of justice, the fellowship of humankind, unselfishly reciprocal and mutually helpful relations—these are as yet but meagerly taught or appreciated by the masses of men. Our young need most painfully such education as shall train them in the higher

conceptions of truth, intellectual honesty, and social justice. That there are jutting peaks of human consciousness, stretching far away into invisible realms of possibility, is so unmeaning a fact to most of mankind that it is almost useless to proclaim it. But far above the peaks of physical, intellectual, and moral consciousness ascend the unfrequented reaches of divine and spiritual potencies, to dream of which is to most men crude insanity—to a bare few a reality too precious to proclaim to the uninitiated.



ALL of God's sun shines on our commonest day.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*



"FRET not thyself," said an old Greek dramatist—"fret not thyself because of *things*; for they care naught about it!"



FAITH is a sort of sight-draft which we draw upon the goodness of things for our needs in the business of living. Our only trouble is that we never make our drafts large enough.—*Harry White.*



THOU God of all, infuse light into the souls of men, whereby they may be enabled to know what is the root from whence all their evils spring, and by what means they may avoid them.—*Euripides.*



HUMAN help in our need, human forgiveness of our wrongdoing, human love in our loneliness,—these are the sacraments through which, at their sweetest and purest, we feel a divine help and forgiveness and love flowing into our souls.—*G. S. Merriam.*



SO MANY thoughts are just touched and laid aside, half thought and then forgotten, that it is pitiable how much is wasted in ourselves. We go through the meadows of our own hearts crushing with a careless step the flowers. There is no need to walk so fast.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

## PRACTICAL BROTHERHOOD AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

BY HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Carlyle says that "the history of the world is the biography of great men." We would say, the *history of the world is the witness borne in the works of great men to the Principle that made their greatness.*

The Principle of Creation that produced the universe is the same that has ever moved man to the doing of great things, to the creation of the mighty works that are scattered over this wonderful earth. It is not to one man in any age, but a combination of men that we must look for the magnificent monuments of matter or mind with which the world is enriched; men who wrought not for self, but for each other, who even in the misty ages, when the shadow of paganism shrouded the world, when brutality and torture were a phase of religious rites, banded together for the betterment of social and material conditions.

This was the beginning of Brotherhood. Aye, though it had many crude, even unlovely phases, yet the desire *to be and to do*, like the subtle fanning of fire into a flame, took possession of men and brought about that union of forces which wrought the marvels of art, science, and religion into such forms as will endure as long as the world stands—forms of beauty and grandeur, into which were wrought with consummate skill the ideals, aspirations, and history of their time and race.

To the mysterious Pyramids, obelisks and temples of ancient Egypt, India, China, Mexico, Yucatan, we may turn for evidence of the union of ideas, as well as the unity of labor which made possible the conception and completion of these

wonders that bear witness to the One source of inspiration, the One creative power.

The earliest corporations known were those by which the "sacred mysteries" were formulated as religious and scientific teachings, and it is to these priestly Brotherhoods we are indebted for the preservation and interpretation of their marvelous secrets.

This priesthood, possessing the wisdom of their country, were organized into grades and degrees through which the initiate passed in order to gain the desired knowledge. Architecture, as the most useful and comprehensive branch of knowledge and into which could be incorporated the symbols of all knowledge, was the most important in rank and practicability, hence the initiates were instructed in architecture and given charge of the work of erecting temples, monuments, tombs, etc., of which designs had been prepared by more advanced priests or Masters of the Order.

Organized, well directed, efficient, and intelligent supervision characterized the building of these miracles in stone, of which the Great Pyramid is a stupendous example.

Mr. R. G. Poole, a recognized authority, tells us, in speaking of the marvelous work here exhibited: "The Pyramid covers twelve acres of ground, its height was originally 480 feet, 4 inches, its base 764 feet square. The finer stone used for casings and lining passages was quarried on the other side of the river ten miles away, and the red granite used for linings was quarried at Syene nearly five hundred and fifty miles away by the river course. The labor of quarrying was enormous. The Pyramid is a model of constructive skill. Even at this date, forty centuries later, a sheet of paper cannot be placed between the casing stones."

Herodotus, the Greek historian, says the work was carried on "by relays of one hundred thousand workmen, and that each relay worked ten months and was then relieved by another. The total number thus engaged reached into the millions."

This was the kind of coöperation that accomplished the wonders of the world; the visible outworkings of an invisible idea. May it not have been the idea that the wide and treeless deserts of Egypt, the Nile with its mysterious waters coming from no one knew whence and flowing toward the unexplored and mighty sea, unknown and impenetrable, all were types of the boundless and eternal, of which this superb architecture is the shadowing forth?

Later in the annals of history, 715 B.C., under the peaceful and justice-loving Emperor of Rome, Numa Pompilius, were established famous *Collegia Fabrorum*, or Colleges of Builders, which embraced the hieroglyphic erudition of Egypt, the teachings of the Gymnosophists, or priest-philosophers of India, the wisdom of Hebrew kings and prophets, and the Dionesian mysteries, better understood as the arts of the Greek architects. These colleges were civil, religious, and independent and were granted the exclusive privilege of erecting the public temples and monuments of Rome.

Thus this Brotherhood of Builders patronized by the government soon became scattered throughout all the Roman provinces, and wherever the sword of desolation had wrought havoc and destruction these beneficent bodies, with their unity of aim and labor, erected monuments and taught the arts of refined civilization. Throughout every hamlet in the provinces of Rome, in Britain, France, Spain, Germany, Greece, Saxony, wherever the Roman Legion was victor, went the Builders.

How significant the word, and how significant of the work! Was it not Mirabeau who said "words are things?" What marvelous "things" have grown out of the word thus coined in the far away centuries of earth's fair morning!

A new era began when the Goths and other northern races poured down from the German Ocean with resistless might and overwhelmed the Romans. These conquerors introduced what is known as the Order of Gothic Architecture and from them came the grand cathedrals, palaces, and churches to be

found all over Europe. The lofty spires, pointed arches, and exquisite vinelike traceries bespeak the lights and shadows of the forests, the rugged caverns and beetling mountain gorges which inspired their design. Thus on and ever on with undying zeal, with increasing knowledge, with secret wisdom garnered through preceding ages, these banded workers, from age to age, wrought the imperishable proofs of their combined skill and spontaneous unity into the monuments they left behind.

Solomon, the wise, the magnificent, had in his early youth been given the best and most complete education his age afforded. He had gathered the learning of the Orient and was wise. In the language of Scripture, "his wisdom excelled the wisdom of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt."

And Solomon was a Builder! To erect a Temple to the Living God was his ambition, and concordant with this design the Temple at Jerusalem was erected according to the regulations and rules of the Master Builders of the countries wherein building was the highest art, embodying ideals of the loftiest spiritual character.

And thus we are introduced to the oldest known Fraternity in the world, the Brotherhood of Freemasons, who, as builders in every clime and race throughout the succeeding eons of a vast and hoary past, maintain an indisputable record. As one vested with the authority of knowledge so eloquently says, "this fraternity was old when the soldiers of Caesar landed on the shores of Britain; old when Alexander carried the civilization of Asia to Europe. It antedated Rome and Athens, the years of Confucius, Buddha, David, and Solomon, and who can know but the Grand Master of the long ago may have tested with plumb and level the foundation stones of the Pyramids?"

And this last is verily so. Masonic emblems, symbols, postures, and records carved on the adamant stone of monuments in Egypt, Mexico, Central America, bear witness of the antiquity of Freemasonry.

And what entitles this fraternity to be enrolled as the earliest type and synonym of Universal Brotherhood?

The researches of the philologist and the Orientalist reveal that "the conception of the Supreme Deity existed among the pre-historic races on the table lands of Bactria before the Aryan separations and the migrations into Scandinavia, India, Indra, and Babylonia, perhaps into China and Egypt; that that conception was preserved in the new homes of the migrating peoples as an esoteric cult, by an organization of men which cannot be better described than as a secret Brotherhood: that since the dawn of history there has never been a time when such a Brotherhood, devoted to that sacred purpose, did not, under one name or another, exist."

We are not seeking to prove that this Brotherhood, "under one name or another," was Freemasonry. We are not speaking for any special name, but a Principle. We are simply gathering up the evidence that the Principle that makes Brotherhood was expressed in those ancient days as unmistakably as it may be expressed now, and that according to all the evidence, Freemasonry embodies and has embodied, through mute ages of the mystic past, this idea of the living God, the conception and worship of whom was exhibited in the eloquent works of grandeur bequeathed to every age by these skilled and cunning Builders, whose ideals were *practically exemplified* in works of art which, "like mountain peaks gleaming in the light of the setting sun, tell of a day that is past, whose mathematics calculated eclipses: whose astronomy named the fixed stars and gave the planets their places; whose wise men knew Arcturus, and the belt of Orion and 'felt the sweet influences of the Pleiades' and whose later wise men, two thousand years afterwards, saw the Star in the east and came and knelt at the manger and worshipped."

In our next article we will trace the course of the Brotherhood Principle in its religious expression, and see what revelations it brought to the turbulent days of the Middle Ages.



## ABSORPTION: A UNIVERSAL LAW.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

All life is absorption—a sucking up, a blending of forces. Absorption and dissipation are the laws that govern all the processes of the organic and inorganic worlds. I say absorption *and* dissipation, but, properly, there is nothing but absorption. Dissipation is but absorption seen from the other side.

The sun dissipates heat and light, but the earth consumes both. Moving bodies pulse their vibrations into the atmosphere, and the atmosphere is lost in ether. The seed drops to the earth and is lost in the soil; the oak comes forth and in time passes into decay, and is soil again, and seed again, and oak again. In the gaseous flames of the nebular orb a universe of forces is absorbed, and from the flaming retort of fire they are belched forth into infinite space in forms both new and strange, to be absorbed again by withered worlds and passion-spent spheres.

A mighty and consuming thirst pervades things. Naked forces skirt the topmost heavens and the nether depths of the seas seeking to be clothed, hooded, wrapped, shod, absorbed in matter. Who are the dead but those who have absorbed life, who in confined silences await new unions in mystic spheres? Who are the quick but those who have come to this plane to imbibe planetary life and its myriad pulsing streams of sentience? Indeed, are the live aught but the peelings and tailings of ancestral existences—pale, wan relics of the dead, vibrant wraiths, trailing after them the forces and tendencies of their ancient lives?

The living breathe and move and have their being because they have absorbed their dead past selves, because they have passed through unimaginable modes of life and sucked into

their souls the breath of the Past. They stand before us mere echoes, sounding-boards on which a note or two of the Great Diapason is registered. As a sponge sucks up water, so do we suck up life. Our eyes suck in the colors and forms of the material world; our ears suck in sounds, our palates suck in tastes, our nostrils suck in odors. These sense-ducts flow to the brain carrying their flotsam and jetsam of impressions, and in that wondrous and ever-mysterious alembic the raw materials which the senses furnish are absorbed, minced, blended, and from the magic cells flow those complex ideas that give us "The Eve of St. Agnes," or "The Angelus."

What is that vast dream that underlies the somnambulism of the ages? What is that Idea which coheres through incoherency and stands forever calm through the Cosmic din? What is it for which the seer has pined, the saint has prayed, and the devotee has wrought? Absorption—reabsorption in the One. Names differ; tendencies change not. And whether we be Buddhists and accept the idea of the non-personal Divine Intelligence that is the substratum of the phenomenal world, where phantoms squeak and gibber and call it life; or we believe in the One of Pythagoras and Plato, or we accept the Christian metaphor of the Father; or we yearn for the Pure Being, or Non-Being, of Hegelianism, or crave for immersion in the Oversoul of Transcendentalism—whether it be any one of these, it is reabsorption we are consciously or unconsciously seeking. It is this intuition that is the basic concept of all religions and religio-philosophic systems.

Absorption in God is the primary instinct of the religious soul and the last hope of man. The temporal order is built of expediency; its construction has been piecemeal; its forms are transitory. It is a mere stop-gap between Eternity and Eternity. It is a buffer state. Built in time, grounded in the shifting sands of Change and Circumstance, it is destined to die with the planet.

It is the widest generalizations we crave. Science does not

crawl from point to point; it circles from generalization to generalization. Each ending is but a beginning, and each outermost an interior. The horizon broadens with our ascension. Line merges into line, circle into circle, cycle into cycle, and still the press is ever forward. We believe we are absorbing, while in reality we are being absorbed. We believe we are discovering, while in truth we are being discovered. With each new obstacle surmounted, the under, hidden private Self circles into broader life. We pierce the chrysalis of our last limitation and believe that in sloughing it off we are discarding it. But the Great Thaumaturgist never discards anything. The new is the old revamped. The skin we slough off drops silently into the Unconscious, where it is remolded nearer to the heart's more urgent desire. It emerges transfigured as our present self. The mind, like the heart, has its systole and diastole. We escape into higher forms of life by daily dying unto ourselves.

In Society—that vast and complex network of organized, objectified Will—this all-powerful law of absorption is seen at work pursuing as relentlessly and as inexorably its obscure end as in the purely physical or psychic world. The individual is canceled in the family, the family absorbed in the tribe, the tribe obliterated in the nation; and into the brain of great dreamers there now comes the thought of effacing all national lines in a brotherhood of man, a federation of the universal social spirit.

The social unit cannot escape the fate that awaits it. As surely as the needle turns toward the pole does part overlap part and the segmental become indistinguishable in the whole. This law that passes up through the circles of social change is to-day apparent in the commercial world. We hear much in denunciation of the trusts, those giant combinations of capital that absorb the small dealer and dangerous competitor, not by main force, but by a process as natural and as legitimate and as inexorable as the drop of rain is absorbed into the sea or the dew in the atmosphere. The trust is our widest commercial

generalization—the instinct of the sublime manifesting itself in the sordid world of give-and-take. As the great nations of the earth assimilate the smaller ones, and they, in turn, assimilate the tribes within their borders—so the great purveyors of the necessities of life are drawing into their hands the means of production and the machinery of distribution of the whole commercial world.

The logical question that now forces itself on the thinking mind is: Why not let the nation instead of the individual do this? Why not make the nation a trust and the people the trustees? Why not absorb these giant corporations into the fabric of the State, and put the stamp of approval on a law that will have its way, willy-nilly? This is the dream of Socialism. It is founded on the incontrovertible proposition that all things tend toward a common center, no matter how great may appear to be their surface diversity and differentiation from a common standard.

No one thing can long remain wholly independent. A human being may rise to indefinite heights on the rungs of his environment; but in these altitudes the air is difficult to breathe. Gravitation tugs. Forward man channels his own descent. A remorseless Nemesis pursues those who rise above the common level. The ligature which binds man to man in works and days cannot be dissolved with impunity. There are moments in life when the individual may, like Ibsen's Master Builder, achieve for a moment absolute Selfhood, but his fate is written on the scroll of natural law, and from his dizzy height he will be dashed to atoms. The ideal of absolute individualism aims, consciously or unconsciously, at achieving this quixotic independence. At the basis of individualism lies the competi-

is stucco, frieze, and gargoyle pasted on paper. The orb keeps to the plane of the ecliptic because of the perfect balancing of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. The human unit is over-balanced, overweighted. The centrifugal is greater than the centripetal forces in society. We are pulling away from each other. There is no common center. Each man's hand is against his fellow man. There is no cohesive power; nothing that welds. We are like comets that hurtle through space in purposeless gyrations, plunging from Void to Void.

Socialism proposes an equal balancing of these distraught forces. It proposes to weld man to man in a closer union, to amalgamate the Like, and allow the Unlike to flourish in that wondrous individuality that gives color, form, and symmetry to life. It proposes to absorb just so much as is necessary to construct a powerful center of social gravitation. In absorbing certain elements of individual life it will follow that great law which this essay has hinted at. The Socialist aims at restoring the equilibrium of mass and mass, a balancing of the static and dynamic forces; an equalization of responsibilities, and a union of effort. In the rending struggle for existence, as we see it to-day, there is a continual shifting of weights from individual to individual. Nationalization proposes a shifting to a common center, an absorption, a taking up, a revelation.

And thus are all things woven of one thread. Who shall trace the curvetings of Law? Circle on circle towers above our heads in rhythmic windings. Whorl upon whorl rises above us, and its mystic spirality is lost in the Unapparent.

Our souls are engulfed for an æon or two but to reappear on the curved surfaces of consciousness. Like vigorous swimmers who plunge beneath the watery avalanche only to rise

us beyond. Microcosm melts into macrocosm; the less flows molten into the greater; the trivial dissolves in the significant, and through all the Will is promulgated.

In spouting mud and elemental mist—the Dream of Absorption was there; in paleozoic slime—the Dream was there; in the boundless underworld of instinct and blind procreation—the Dream was there. Belt and buckle and chain have burst and fallen into the past; belt and buckle and chain are forged—and the Dream persists. When the earth shall be hooded in flame and its poles capped and shod in vapor—the Dream will be there.

Plunging from birth to rebirth, the soul of Man gnaws and files at his gyves. Limitation he recognizes as his one enemy. Through storm and gloom and the press of circumstance he seeks to clasp the Ultra-Generalization. Systems and codes he sloughs off like snake-skin. Time and space wilt in the breath of his Desire. He labors to force the Northwest Passage to the Polar Seas of Quiescence. He ponders on his latest, newest route to the Indies of Passivity.

Absorption is God's method—God, who is the last, the final Equilibration, the Spent Dynamic, the Eternal Static.



### HIGHER LIFE.

"Death is so great and splendid."—*Phillips Brooks*.

Strew deep her bier with flowers,  
This gala day in June.  
And let not sadness mar  
Her wingèd soul's high noon.

# THE KEY-NOTE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY J. R. COLE.

Looking out over the twentieth century before us, with the expectations which our present circumstances and past experience seem to warrant, one fact looms large, and so fills the vista as to dwarf all other promised conditions. We see close at hand the practical realization of the unity of the human race.

Not as a dream, a fancy; not as a sentimental yearning or a prophetic vision will the twentieth century bear witness to the kinship of men. In place of the promise this hundred years will give an actual practical demonstration of the common nature, the common hope and future of the various branches of the human family. It will see the men of all nations accepting this unity, not as a matter of faith or sentiment, but as a fact of everyday knowledge and experience. The key-note of the twentieth century will be the unity of the race.

In spite of the wars now being carried mercilessly forward; in spite of warring interests which are provoking new conflicts on every hand; in spite of hostile religions and inherent prejudices, the fruit of ages of alienation; in spite of differences in the color of their skins and the habits of their lives, men are even now being brought to know their common interest as men, and during the present century will become accustomed to this knowledge.

Not many years ago the people of the United States boasted that we could support ourselves in perfect independence of all other countries, that we had here all that was necessary for the comfort of our people and many more. The same might be said to-day but there is little prospect that this country will cut herself off from the rest of the world. Russia, China, Canada, Australia, even the more densely populated portions

make an independent existence possible for them. They do not exist independently nor do they attempt to do so. The nations are to-day interdependent, mutually exchanging their wares, their knowledge, their inhabitants. The time of independent, self-sufficient national existence has passed; a new world policy has been entered upon, a policy of unification.

In the early history of the races, when a chain of mountains caused the men on its opposite sides to dwell in ignorance of each other; when to be a stranger was equivalent to being a foe; when each tribe lived isolated and independent of others, and the interest of each was to war with, and, if possible, to exterminate its rivals, how incredulously would men have listened to the doctrine of universal peace and common interest!

The idea of a common fatherhood has prevailed in the past, but the thought of kinship has been a looking backward, a survival of the tradition of descent from a common stock, rather than an anticipation of a future coming together. There have been individuals who have prophesied a reunion of the estranged families, an era of peace, but their prophecy has seemed hard to accept and very doubtful of fulfilment to the majority of men. Even now, with this era just before us, so close that we may almost be said to have entered upon it, there are few who see the significance of the events through which we are passing. The realization of what has been so long dreamed, prophesied, and urged, is being brought about through the evolution of material conditions.

The most frequent bond between men or nations is the bond of a common interest; the most common of all forces tending toward peace and harmonious relations is the fact of mutual advantage to be gained through such relations. But common interests and harmonious relations are impossible between men who dwell in complete or nearly complete ignorance of each other. Such relations necessitate intercourse, intelligent understanding, and a certain amount of facility in acting together to accomplish desired ends.



All these conditions were unknown to the scattered nations of the past. It was only an individual here and there who had more than a wild and grotesque conception of the character and customs of men in other lands than his own. The ignorance of the multitudes was made use of by their leaders to foster race hatred, a power which could be conveniently handled to their own advantage. This policy of enlisting race prejudice to carry a weak cause is still in favor, but as enlightenment increases its efficiency diminishes. With the improvement of means of travel and communication, and the consequent increase of knowledge, has come a sympathy and understanding between the men of different nations which influences them to desire peaceful intercourse and to enter upon warfare unwillingly. This abhorrence of warfare forms a large part of the popular sentiment of the day, and must be reckoned with. Moreover, the facility of communication, by making it practical for widely separated men to act in harmony, tends still further to intensify the growing disposition toward peace and mutual helpfulness. All this points in one direction, the direction of unity of sentiment and an effort toward peace and a social arrangement which shall depend upon intelligent organization rather than upon military power.

Tribes living upon fishing and hunting need much room for their sustenance. Wide extents of forest and stream are necessary to provide them with food, and there is no possibility of close contact or intimate association under such conditions. But the civilized man of to-day can become intimately acquainted with the doings of his fellows in all parts of the earth; he can communicate almost instantly with distant countries; his existence no longer depends upon his remoteness from other groups of men, nor is his sustenance endangered by contact with his neighbors. The so-called world-empire of Rome was upheld under circumstances far less favorable to its continuance than are present conditions to the establishment

of a social organization which shall cover the world as we know it to-day.

The progress of mankind has through all channels—accidents, aspirations, natural effort for material welfare—gradually broken down the barriers between the races; gradually carried men's knowledge of each other forward; mingled men together; made them see what they so hated to acknowledge, that men are indeed of one nature, and is forcing them to realize that whether they will it so or not they must share with the men of all nations their own good things; that they must perforce accept their part in the human destiny, go forward with the race, and rise or fall with the great body of mankind.

Still the old spirit of exclusiveness lingers on in all lands, but now it is with the less informed. The leaders of men everywhere recognize that it is as a world race we are moving forward, that the time of geographical barriers has gone by. Those barriers exist for the future but as marks of divisions in the great world country, no longer as the bounds of independent empires.

The rulers of the nations, what are they? Mere instruments of a class that acts together understandingly without regard to place of birth, color of skin, or professions of faith: the class of wealth. And as the rulers of the world, the kings and queens and emperors, stand as the instruments of a universal class or caste whose members fraternize whatever may be their birthplace, so the great body of the common people in all countries are fast coming to know that they too have common interests, and that the old bogies which kept them apart are only scarecrows, better dispensed with.

Differences there undoubtedly are between the men of different races; differences of color, of temperament, of inherited mental and physical qualities, but the nature of their aims is the same whatever their nationality. To one common end they all look, and in one common search are they all engaged—the search for the necessities to prolong life; and as the man-

ner in which this search is carried forward becomes more nearly the same in all countries the men of all races will become more similar in physical and mental characteristics.

We are what we are mainly by virtue of the conditions under which we and our forefathers have existed. The establishment of similar conditions tends to lessen the peculiarities which mark and distinguish the men of different nations, so that, as time goes on, men will not only comprehend each other better, but will become more like each other.

The dissemination of the machine system of industry, a process which is going rapidly and steadily forward, cannot but affect the conditions of life, and, as a secondary result, the habits and natures of the workers who operate the machines.

Go into one of our large Eastern cities and note the crowd pouring out of a factory gate. You will see several nationalities represented, and, although you may be able to distinguish the men of one nationality from those of another, there is a general resemblance in dress, manner, and appearance which proclaims them all as "factory help." You might be puzzled to tell whether an individual was a German, a Scandinavian, or a Russian, but you would be in no doubt as to whether he worked in the factory. That fact would be stamped upon him. An experienced observer can tell almost to a certainty in looking over a crowd of men and women, which individuals work at pick and shovel, which at clerkships, factory work, housework, skilled trades. Thus does the pursuit we follow mark us and in a few generations "make" us.

With the general diffusion of wares and tools of production now being inaugurated, the rapid adoption of methods from one country to another, the general eagerness to learn and follow the most fruitful manner of employing labor, it cannot but be that wages will rapidly approach a level in all lands, and with the approximation of the wage must follow an adoption of a similar style of living. Disturbances of greater

cannot be expected to hold it in check. The commercial world will come to resemble a great lake, whose waters by continual motion keep a surface level. Artificial differences of level can only be obtained by artificial restrictions, and against such restrictions we see arrayed the universal spirit of the age.

We must expect a unity of aim and community of feeling which shall not depend upon the cultivation of philanthropic sentiment, but which shall be the inevitable accompaniment of common interest. The recognition of brotherhood will not be a sentimental but a practical one. Warfare will cease because it will be inexpedient, a waste of precious, wealth-producing energy. Past ages will appear utterly barbarous and lacking in wisdom. Industry, the arts, knowledge, and science will thrive as trees transplanted to congenial soil. At last man may be said to have come into his kingdom.

If pleasures are greatest in anticipation, just remember that this is also true of trouble.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

WE often do wrong; but there is a voice within, a voice of eternal right, speaking in the conscience, which never consents to our wrong. It is something higher than we are. It is God speaking to us as the eternal right.—*Selected.*

WE believe that true religion speaks in actions more than in words, and manifests itself chiefly in the common temper and life—in giving up the passions to God's authority, in inflexible uprightness and truth, in active and modest charity, in candid judgment, and in patience under trials and difficulties.—*Channing.*

WE shall find that the love of nature, wherever it has existed, has been a faithful and sacred element of human feeling; that is to say, supposing all the circumstances, otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will be always found to have more capacity for faith in God than the other.—*Ruskin.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### FREEDOM.

**F**REEDOM is an ideal which fascinates us, and yet it is a blessing for which most men are loath to pay the price, for it costs all there is of a man.

The Master once said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Now the great question rises involuntarily to the lips: "What is truth?" It is no wonder Pilate asked the question, when men of his day were divided into various schools each exalting some great man or creed, and these authorities—personal and creedal—representing such contradictory ideas. But is the matter any simpler to-day? When we search diligently into the various modern sects or study the thought of the great philosophers and seers we oftentimes become utterly confused and discouraged, so conflicting are the different systems of truth. In very desperation the earnest seeker is driven to look within his own soul for light, and, lo, the path is so plain that even the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

It is not the acceptance of something received from another man that is going to free us and give us life; but it is the obeying of the word of Love which shall yet free us from all limitation.

Truth is ever the same, but man's comprehension of it is constantly enlarging. As Lowell puts it:

"Shall we make their truth our jailor, while our timid spirits flee,  
The rude grasp of that great impulse which drove them across the sea?  
No! Before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,  
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

Another's vision of truth can help us only by stirring us to action, and action in its turn opens our eyes to the heavenly vision. "He that doeth the will (of God) shall *know* of the doctrine."

The only truth that ever frees us is the truth that is *lived out*; to realize truth we must actualize it—that is, we must work it out concretely in this world.

The more I look into these matters the more I appreciate the fact that material things are of value only as they express the life within us. A man may possess all earthly treasure and yet be only weakened and enslaved thereby; whereas another, who is freed from personal ambition and has renounced selfish activities, has all the wealth of the universe at his command.

He that willeth to do the will of universal Love is king indeed; nothing can hamper or hold him, for he is freed from the bondage of self and serves only Love.

The Jews placed all their dependence on what Abraham had been, or in what Moses said. Their question always was: "How is it written?" and so blind were they to the Word of God in their own souls that they actually could not see any incongruity in professing love to God while they devoured widows' houses; financially as well as ceremonially binding heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, on the children of God.

All the saints, apostles, and prophets cannot take the place to any man of the Word written in his own soul; indeed, the inspired men of old themselves were great only in proportion to this same listening to the inward voice. It is by faithful response to the soul's intuitions that the world has gradually been lifted to higher and higher standards.

As we climb the steep path of self-knowledge and self-unfolding, the things that used to seem so important—the little rules of life, and all its conventionalities—dwindle into nothingness in the grand panorama of universal life that spreads out before us.

We soon come to see that it is only as we die to the things of

the past and live earnestly and in the deepest sense to the things of the present that we enter to any degree into the fulness of life.

We must not allow the ideals and standards of the past to dominate us; we must walk in the new and living way, the way that is made plain only by our own fearless living out of all the truth we know.

No matter how much something has helped you in the past, if it does not stir you now into action it is not the Word of God for you. We do not like to clash with those around us, and so we shrink from working out boldly the new light that is breaking in upon us. We want to please the world as well as ourselves, and in the end we really please neither; for cowards are in the very gall of bitterness and we can never satisfy the world.

Then is it not a great deal better to live in the strength of God, working out fearlessly every noble impulse we have, and leaving the responsibility with Him? Freedom may be any man's on the condition that he conform to truth instead of to the standards of the world.

Jesus found this to be the only way. He saw that the personal man was helpless, and it was only as he died to personal ambition that he could become free and full of power. He declared openly that "Of mine own self I can do nothing," and he repudiated the idea that as a person he was any better than his brothers. "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God."

Now it is on the personal plane of life that men worship some outside authority either of State or church. This obedience or response to great men is all right in its place; it certainly plays a part in the great work of development. So long as men abide on the low plane of self it is better that they revere and obey another than that each should, in all his selfishness, be a law unto himself.

But the moment one sees the higher life of impersonal service, that moment outward authority loses its hold. It can henceforth only obstruct and injure the seer.

We cannot unfold to the highest and best that is in us if we obey any outside dictum. Verily, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature—all things have become new." The very path he has to tread is a new one, for his life is a unique life. He is individual—there is no other soul like him in the universe, and to unfold freely all there is of himself he must necessarily live his own life.

This obeying of the inner one, because of our love to our fellow-men, is the freedom with which Christ doth set us free.

Heretofore we have been in bondage to selfish desires, but when the desire for universal good possesses us we enter into the life of the universe; time and place have passed out of our consciousness, and eternity is ours.

If men could only realize it, all that there ever can be of eternity is the present. To the soul that truly loves, the present includes all the past and future, for life is seen to be an undivided whole. To be one with God, united to him in thought, aim, and activity is to include all other lives, past, present, and future in our own. There is nothing partial about the God-life; it is all-inclusive, common. Love is not a respecter of persons, but serves the interest of all men, winning them gently to the recognition of God's great Commonwealth wherein all things are all men's.

Is it not strange that the one thing men fear the most of all is to literally fall into the hands of the living God? The old conception that it is "a fearful thing" has probably done more to retard the world's progress than any other one idea. Yet that is just what we must learn to let ourselves do: we must learn to let go of the personal, the earthly self with all its false concepts of separate existence and separate interests, and let ourselves be carried out on the tide of our own deepest instincts to rest forever on the bosom of God's great ocean of love.

Men have thought of the religious life as a life of sacrifices. But wherein does the sacrifice consist if, in giving up one plane of



being, you enter into a higher life which is actually filled with all the fulness of God?

There is, however, the element of crucifixion. In order to enter into the life of the spirit we must actually crucify the old man with all the lusts thereof—the lust for power over our brothers, the lust for personal gratification, the lust for safety—we must die to all these earthly ambitions, and live to the higher one of all-inclusive love. And then, too, just as soon as we begin to do this in any telling way the world will rise up in wrath at our presumption, “for the preaching of the cross is to them that are perishing, foolishness.” The genuine love-life is an affront to the personal man. The Christ mind differs from the mind of the world, and as long as the carnal mind obtains there must always be a clashing of personal and universal interests. The life of love is actually a sword cutting into the very heart of things and showing up the mean ambitions, the hypocrisies, the treasons of a self-seeking world; and, as a result, the world turns on those who are serving *mankind* instead of *men*, and metes out all kinds of persecutions upon its saviours.

There is but one thing that stands between a man and freedom, and that is the personal will. Many people desire very much to be saved, they long for power, the physical, mental, and spiritual health, but they want to be saved *in* their sins—not *from* them.

It is our *divided* minds that holds us down in weakness and disease. We want personal happiness, we desire earthly safety, ease, or fame, and we will not let go of ourselves; but this holding on is the very essence of slavery. To be dominated by the personal will is to be in bondage; it is to be the subject of the law of sin and death.

Man, by his false concept of separation, with all that that entails of strife among men, has actually made for himself a temporary law of sin and death. There is but one thing that can free us from it, and that is the eternal law of the Spirit of Life. Only

as we rise through meditation, concentration, and a free outpouring of inner wealth toward all men, can we put all things under our feet.

Man is destined to have dominion in the very highest sense of the word, not by asserting himself against those who are weaker, but by bringing all things into subjection to the will of God.

Man is an epitome of the whole creation. Science is proving through its investigations in embryology that man actually is the summing up in abbreviated form of all the lower planes of development; and when he shall have learned to control himself in love, the ferocity of the animal kingdom will have been overcome. When the lion of self-will in man submits to the Love-Will of the universe, the lion and the lamb of the outer world will lie down in peace.

The personal will, that will which seeks safety, ease, or pleasure at the cost of brother-men is responsible for the strife and sorrow in the outer world. Our disease, crimes, poverty, are the fruits of selfishness; they are the natural outcome of the carnal mind.

In a very true sense this world of ours has a soul, a mind, and a body, and it is in the process of coming to itself; it is slowly awakening to self-consciousness.

The carnal mind—that temporary idea of physical mastery—has brought forth all our strife and atheistic control of men. But slowly this child of God, this world of ours, is awakening to its true nature; the soul of the world is stirring within, and when it has become fully conscious of its power of love then will this earth begin to put on its garments of light. Then will freedom reign in the outward as well as the inner life, and the commonwealth of God be actualized on the earth.

Do you not see that the Way of life leads to the inner realm, and that only as men tread it faithfully can they know the meaning of Freedom?

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER.

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*FOR THE PARENTS.*

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"One part of the science of living is to learn just what our own responsibility is."

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

## A PLEA FOR PEACE.

"Now, Mama, I'm going to make them fight!" and the little fellow advanced one line of his tin soldiers and yelled "Fire!" Then, pushing some of them down he cried delightedly: "They're deaded, mama, they're deaded!"

The mother's attention being then called to her baby's play—he was but three years old—she sat for a few minutes in amazed trouble. Neither brother nor sister had the little fellow and she did not know of his having had any playfellow long enough to imbue him with any ideas. Where did he get such warlike conceptions! Surely she never had read him stories about war; perhaps he had seen pictures. Why not ask him.

"Walter, why do you make your soldiers fight?"

"Why! that's what they got shoots for." Each soldier had a miniature gun.

"How do you know what 'shoots' are?" Walter waited a moment, then exclaimed: "Forf of July!"

Another black mark against our way of celebrating Independence Day went down in Mama's mind with several already there; but she said:

"No one shoots any one to 'dead' them that day."

"Yes, they did," Walter answered eagerly, "the first Forf; Papa said so."

"Try and think just what Papa said."

"He said bad soldiers come to take our home and our good soldiers fight and drive them over the big water. Did they Ma-ma?"

For a moment his mother was puzzled.

"They did," she answered slowly; "but they did not *think* long enough before they got mad and fought. Now, people, or a great many of them, are learning that it is a wrong thing to do. Just think, Walter, of one man killing another—some little boy's papa!"

"Too bad," he observed, shaking his little head. "They don't kill mamas do they?"

"Many mamas felt so bad when the papas were killed that they died," she sadly answered.

"Oo-oo!" cried the baby. Then he looked at the soldiers lying upon the floor. In another moment he had picked them up. "Now you dead those bad soldiers that made mamas die!" he cried, starting again his mimic warfare.

"Surely here's a problem before me," thought his mother. Again she wished, as she had before in her baby's short life, even sheltered as he was from outside influences, that she could bring him up in solitary places. But that would never do; he was to live in the world and must learn to meet and conquer. She put aside her work and sat down upon the rug.

"Let me show you what I think soldiers ought to do." She laid one here, one there, tucked one under the rug, put a book on another. Then she formed the remaining soldiers in line.

"We will play these 'shoots' are just heavy canes," she observed.

Walter was all attention.

"Now, these soldiers are kept by the country to travel about and help every one in trouble. Make them go over to that poor fellow in the corner."

Eagerly Walter marched his soldiers to the fallen man.

"He has tumbled and hurt himself; we will take him home," he cried, picking him up.

"Now, find some more," said his mother.

Walter rushed his soldiers to the edge of the rug and pulled out the hidden man.

"A bear had him in his cave. Quick! the bear is comin'! Hit him wis your stit!" he commanded the soldier.

His mother concealed a smile. "I would just come away and help another poor man," she interposed gently.

"All wite," and they marched to another unfortunate.

"He's broked his leg," said Walter sorrowfully.

"Yes, and think in war soldiers break other soldiers' legs and arms on purpose. Are you ever going to let your soldiers be as cruel?"

"I thinked not," replied Walter, "less bad soldiers come to take their country."

"You play this pretty game to-day and when you want to play the other tell mama and I'll show you how to protect our country some other way," said his mother, kissing him. She went back to her work and decided she would play a game with the soldiers every day, and gradually show her boy a way to peace instead of war.

This she did, and as often as possible had some other child to share the play and lesson. Great things often come from small beginnings.

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.



LET the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.—Ps. xc, 17.



GOD is Truth. To be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real life—that is to love God.—*F. W. Robertson.*



#### THE INVISIBLE LINE.

'Twixt Use and Abuse  
Is drawn a faint line  
That the wisest of us  
Does not always divine.

ELISE TRAUT.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

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DEAR CHILDREN :

Through MIND we have been together so long that I feel very close to the many dear lads and lassies that I have never seen; and you know when we can't see our friends we like to write letters to them. So, I am going to write to you; and, should you feel like writing to me, you may be sure I shall be delighted to hear from you. If you have questions to ask perhaps I can answer them next month. Send your letters to Florence Peltier, Care of MIND, 229 Windsor Arcade, 569 Fifth Avenue, New York City. But in the inside of the letter I would like to be called "Aunt Flo;" for that's what nearly all my little friends do call me.

I wish you could all visit me in the lovely country place I live summers, and get acquainted with the dear old horses and cows, who are very fond of children; and I know you'd be wild with delight over the sixty little fluffy baby chickens and ducks. And that reminds me of what lots of good weather we've had for ducks this summer, haven't we? I don't know how the weather has been in England and India and other places outside of the United States, where some of you live; but almost all of us in the States have seen a great deal of rain this summer.

Well, one day the boys—there are three here—came down from the attic, where they had been playing circus, and stood in a row before me and said all together:

"What *can* we do next?"

"You might read awhile," said I.

"We're tired of reading; besides there's nothing new to read."

"Why don't you go down in the kitchen and make chocolate fudge?"

"We did that this morning. O bother! It's rained for two weeks. I wish it would stop," said the biggest boy. (He was in Compound Fractions.)

"Yes," groaned the middle boy. (He was in Long Division.)

"I *do* wish the sun would shine. I'm dead tired of this weather!"

"It's drefful," pouted the little boy. (He had just begun Addition.)

They they all scowled.

"Dear me!" said I, "it looks as if we were going to have a storm inside, too."

Just then from a great elm tree close to the house sounded out clear and loud the sweetest, happiest bird song.

"How pretty!" exclaimed the big boy.

"He's sung just like that every one of these miserable, cloudy, rainy days!" said the middle boy.

"And he's out in the rain," said the little boy, "and can't get away from it!"

Then the three boys looked at each other in a funny sort of way.

"Shall we let the bird beat us?" asked the big boy.

"Guess we can be as brave over the weather as a bird!" said the middle boy.

"Let's sing!" said the little boy.

So they marched up and down the broad long hall, with locked arms, and sang, "Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man!" with all their might.

Do you know, what with that happy little bird in the rain and the jolly little boys in the house I actually had to go to the window and look up at the sky to convince myself that the old earth was miles deep in clouds—and nobody seemed to care if she was!

The greatest joke has been played on me by a horned toad! I'm sure you'll laugh at me, for it has made me laugh at myself. —Oh! I've taken up all the room I can have this time; so I'll tell you about it in September.

Good bye, children dear. From your loving

AUNT FLO.



#### THE BOAT FOR TWO-EYE TOWN.

There's a boat waits at the ferry, gently rocking up and down,  
For all little, tired children who would go to Two-Eye Town.  
Hark! the ferryman is calling that the hour waxes late,  
And at six o'clock precisely he must shut the little gate.

Oh, just see the children running!  
Now, the gang-plank they go down,  
Each one glad to reach the ferry  
And the boat for Two-Eye Town.

Now the heavy rope is loosened and the boat swings clear and free,  
 And its passengers are carried out across the dark night sea.  
 But not one of them is watching where the ferryman does go,  
 For their little heads are nodding in the cabin down below.

Nid-nid-nodding are the children,  
 Each in cap and white nightgown,  
 Dreaming of the happy morrow  
 In delightful Two-Eye Town.

Morning comes, and bright and early the small passengers awake,  
 And upon the deck together watch the boat her landing make;  
 For before them in the sunshine, under blue and cloudless skies,  
 Happy Two-Eye Town shows plainly to their eager, longing eyes.

Gaily call the little children,  
 As the gang-plank they run down:  
 "Ferryman, we're glad you've brought us  
 Once more to dear Two-Eye Town."

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.



## GRANDFATHER'S STORY OF THE BLUEBIRDS AND WRENS.

### (Part II.)

I have told you of the good qualities of my "*angel pets*" (the bluebirds); and now I must expose some of their faults.

They arrived ten days after the wrens were established in their box and took up their abode about ten feet distant. But being stronger and swifter on the wing, they began to assail the wrens, as though they were intruders; but, fortunately, I had made the hole in the wrens' house for their ingress so small that no other bird could enter.

Whenever the male came to cheer his mate with a song or word of love and encouragement, while she was hatching her eggs, the bluebirds would pounce upon him and drive him away. He would watch, however, for an opportunity, and when both were away, he would fly on the little shingle platform in front of his house, spread his wings, and while his rattling song was pouring forth he would peep into the nest that he had assisted in building. But the moment his voice was heard by the bluebirds, they would dive for him and he would fly under the piazza and escape.



They caught him several times; but finally I drove them off so that he might get away. He then spent his time, chittering in his most joyous strains, in the grove and distant tree-tops, until the babies were hatched. Then he came and peeped into the nest, raising on tiptoe. I really thought he'd burst himself with delight, as, with outspread wings, he raised his voice to give vent to his joy and exultation.

At this the bluebirds caught him in mid-air, as he came toward me for protection. I threw my hat and scared them away. This was his last attempt to look during the time while the mother-wren brooded. When she left her nest to procure food for herself and little ones, she would try to elude the bluebirds by her cunning. I watched, and when I saw her in trouble about getting home with provision for her babes, I would go to my flower-bed near her house, and sit down beside it. She would flutter by my head and get in as the bluebirds were more chary during my presence on the scene. The mother showed great sagacity in eluding their pursuit.

I fixed a flat stone, up from the ground, a few inches in front of the staff which supported her house, under which she would dive with the worm if attacked when carrying it to her young. She was very laborious, and her time was entirely occupied in providing for her five wee ones, as their father had been completely frightened away by the treatment which he had received from his adversaries.

One day I watched for half-an-hour and counted the number of times that the mother wren returned with food for her family, which was sixteen, thus averaging one time every two minutes. By this we may judge they were very good eaters.

I was afraid when the young should leave the nest—that their foes would kill them; but when the baby wrens were large enough to put out their heads I lifted one out of the box or house, and it flew and alighted on the top window-sash of the kitchen. While sitting there, it peered around so proudly, as much as to say: "See what I've done." Another soon followed and the blues after them; but I drove their enemies into the grove, caught the baby wrens, put them into their box, closed the egress, took the box to the grove, the mother following. They all flew out their box

into an immense Siberian crab-apple tree, out of the reach of their foes. Their father soon joined them, overflowing with joyous strains. They remained in the grove during the season, coming on rainy nights to a great butter-nut tree near the house. One night they discovered an old robins' nest. This was in a thick clump of lilacs, being directly under the butter-nut. Here they all cuddled up, for the night, out of the storm, as the tree was so large, its foliage so dense, no rain could reach them. This story is very true; for I knew the grandfather who related it.

ANNA L. SLINGERLAND.



### EFFIE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Effie, having stopped crying, stamped her little foot angrily and rushed from the room. She left the house and hastened along a footworn path that led into a thick forest. She did not stop until she came to a little gray house that was nearly hidden beneath a clinging mass of vines. At the door she rapped softly, and, after waiting probably a minute, the door was thrown open by a beautiful little fairy who had golden hair and fair blue eyes. She was only a foot high and wore a pretty satin robe that sparkled in the sunlight. She nodded her head to Effie as she looked up with a smile on her lips.

"Oh!" cried Effie, clapping her hands together with delight, "why, where did you come from?"

"I?" replied the fairy still smiling, "I live here."

"You live here!" repeated the other, her large brown eyes opening wide with wonder. "This is my Aunt Jennie's house."

"Yes," answered the fairy, "but your Aunt Jennie has gone away for the summer, and I am taking care of the house for her. Won't you come in?"

Effie entered, and followed her little guide into a large room that was filled with many flowers of nearly every variety and color. There stood daisies whose hearts were filled with innocence; and they looked up smiling when Effie and the little fairy entered. The golden-rod, who ever bow their heads to God in prayer only

sighed. The roses clutched their secrets closer to their hearts and turned away. The lilies with breasts filled with purity stood upright clothed in garments of the purest white, and swayed to and fro from the breath of air that came in through the open window.

A honey-bee had entered the room and was flying about among the flowers, and was sapping from them that sweet substance which is made into honey by him and then stored away to be used as his winter food. But the busy little worker gave them, in return for what he took, strength, which made their growth so beautiful.

Effie watched the bee as he buzzed above a lone flower that was growing in a glass vase that had been carefully placed upon the window sill, and was gathering strength from the warmth of the early morning sun.

"What flower is that standing alone in the bright sunshine and hanging her head?" asked Effie.

"The Violet," said the fairy softly, "the flower of modesty who knows naught but good and seeks the path which leads us all to God—the path which leads us to the world where flowers are blooming evermore. She knows no shame, she knows no evil, she dreams no dream that is not good."

"Oh, if she could only speak," cried Effie, "how sweet her thoughts would be!"

"She does speak," answered the fairy, "but in a language that you cannot understand. Her sister flower, the pansy, is the flower of thought, whose knowledge of all things is greater than her own. The violet lives in modesty. The pansy lives in thought."

Effie wandered with her little guide for a long time among the flowers, listening with deep interest to her as she explained the ways of a few of the many flowers.

"They live as we do, and their lives, too, are as valuable to them as our lives are to us. They eat and sleep nearly the same as we do, and there are many wicked flowers, just as there are wicked people; but those that are wicked are not considered nice by the higher class. Some flowers are so very poisonous, you know, and some have sharp thorns that prick your hands just horribly if you try to pluck them. There are flowers that grow

upon the banks of streams and all day long they watch their shadows in the water."

"They are just the same as people," answered Effie; "but really, I must be going, as I have been here nearly all the morning."

"You needn't hurry," said the fairy, "but if you must go then I won't detain you."

When Effie awoke, after crying herself to sleep, her little head was throbbing with pain. She arose from the bed as quickly as she could and hastened to her mother's room. The mother was seated in a large armchair when Effie entered, looking toward a vast forest that was perhaps a mile from the house in which Effie lived.

"Mamma," cried the child, burying her face in her mother's lap, "I am so sorry I wasn't good."

The mother caressed the child's fair head tenderly, and lifting the bright, rosy face from her lap she kissed it, and said:

"You *are* good now, dear, and mother loves you."

BERT W. WENRICH.



### BABY'S HANDS.

Delicate sun-kissed rosebuds pink—

This I'm sure is what you'll think  
When you see the Baby's hands.

The perfume of the summer air  
Is sweet, but does not quite compare  
With that of Baby's hands.

No music's most inspiring flight,  
E'er filled the soul with more delight  
Than Baby's clapping hands.

Of all the fruits of Eden's trees  
None were so sweet, the taste to please,  
As are the Baby's hands.

As tender as the violet's dress,  
Smoothed by angels' soft caress,  
Is the touch of Baby's hands.

—HUGH GLENN MURRAY.

"SORREL-TOP."

She was deemed extremely plain in features and form, and thin to an unpleasant degree. She was diffident and self-conscious, for hadn't the poor child been told from babyhood that she was ugly and plain? Even her nickname, "Sorrel-Top," was given her because of her abundant red tresses. Freckles often marred her otherwise fair complexion. Nothing, however, could detract from her expressive hazel eyes, and, to me, she became really beautiful.

One day I chanced to overtake her, and let me tell you what Molly Blodget, for that was "Sorrel-Top's" real name, then did that so transformed, for me, her plain exterior.

As we were walking along, she stepped aside and picked up a banana peel and cast it into the street, saying:

"There! no one will slip down on *you*!"

Suddenly, a few minutes later, she darted forth and crushed with her foot a broken match.

"I'm always seeing match-heads," she explained, "and if I did not explode them some lady in a thin gown might catch fire, and be badly burned."

"I did not observe the match," said I.

"Well, do you see that nail?" queried Molly as she ran ahead and pulled out a loose nail from the board walk.

"What's the danger of that?" I asked.

"Why! haven't you seen barefooted children about?—See that piece of broken glass over there! That's worse than the nail!" said she, as she flung it into the gutter.

Shortly afterward she rushed into the street to grasp a bit of floating paper that might frighten a fractious horse. (People so carelessly cast bits of newspaper, empty paper bags, and other things into the street, thereby causing disastrous runaways.)

Our paths then diverged; but ever since that day I have seen naught but loveliness in the face of Molly Blodget. Now, dearies, can you tell me why?

FANNY L. FANCHER.



You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—*Charles Buxton.*

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

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VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY: DIVINE HERITAGE OF MAN. By Swami Abhedananda. Price, \$1.00. Published by The Vedanta Society, New York.

This book is another notable contribution to Vedanta Philosophy. It is a clear exposition by Swami Abhedananda, who has done so much in New York to popularize Vedanta Philosophy. The book is full of good things from beginning to end, and will meet with a great deal of approval from those who do not accept the Hindu philosophy in toto. In one chapter, entitled "The Attributes of God," he shows plainly that it is ignorance that causes the great differences between people of varying religions. I can do no better than to quote his statement :

Ignorance is the mother of fanaticism, bigotry, superstition, and of all that springs from them. Fanatics cannot realize that God is the common property of all, that whether He be worshipped by a Christian or by a Hindu, He is one, because His attributes are identical. Among those who are not so fanatical there are many who give the same attributes to God, without, however, understanding their true meaning. Ninety per cent. of monotheists all over the world say: "God is infinite and one," but at the same time they think of some being with a human form sitting somewhere outside of the universe. If we ask them the meaning of the word "infinite," their answers are often full of illogical nonsense. They will make God as finite as possible and bring forward all sorts of fallacious arguments to support their position.

If we ask a Christian, a Jew, a Mahometan, a Parsee, a Hindu, or a follower of any other sect or creed what is his conception of God, each one of them will quote passages from his Scriptures giving the same attributes to the Divine Being, whom they worship under various names—such as Father in Heaven, Jehovah, Allah, Ahura Mazda, or Brahman. The names may vary, but the attributes of God are with each exactly the same.

We anticipate that the book will have a large sale and do much good in clearing up the many misconceptions concerning Vedanta Philosophy.

**A JAPANESE GARLAND.** By Florence Peltier. Price, 75 cents. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

In this book of Florence Peltier's we have a very beautiful and instructive tale for children. A Japanese boy living in this country describes to his companions, boys and girls, the Japanese meanings of various flowers, and interwoven are short sketches of Japanese life and customs. The boys and girls of this author's book are real living flesh and blood—they are the children you meet with in everyday life, full of energy and who thoroughly enjoy having a good time. The book has for its prime object the inculcating of the love of beauty, especially as regards trees, plants, flowers, and birds. It is a healthy, wholesome book to put into the hands of young people. It is illustrated by Genjiro Yeto, the famous Japanese artist, who designed the scenery for Belasco's famous play "The Darling of the Gods," which had such a run in New York last winter. We feel quite sure that the young people who have read Mrs. Peltier's short stories in *MIND* will all want to purchase a copy of this book.

**THE LAW OF MENTAL MEDICINE.** By Thomson Jay Hudson, Ph.D., LL.D. Price, \$1.20 net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

We believe that this book will merit as much notice and meet with as great approval as Mr. Hudson's former book, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." While we are not thoroughly agreed with all the points taken by Mr. Hudson in this book, yet we find much in it to commend and comparatively little to take exception to. On page 30 the author says:

"Man is endowed with a dual mind—objective and subjective. The subjective mind controls the functions, sensations, and conditions of the body. The subjective mind is amenable to control by suggestion."

Again on page 193 he says:

"I have already shown that the physical organism is especially adapted to the reception of mental influences; for each particular part of it is a mind organism, every function of which is controlled by an organized intelligence. The influence exercised by the controlling intelligence is, therefore, a mental influence, pure and simple; for, in the nature of things, it can be no other."

The author takes decided exception to the customs so much in vogue in the surgical profession of operations for appendicitis, and delivers himself as follows :

"If Nature were in the habit of making mechanical mistakes in the construction of vital organs the *appendix vermiformis* might be charged up to that source; but, as no other organ has been found to be functionless, it must be presumed that God is wiser than man—wiser, if possible, than the scientists who can find no other than professional uses for the vermiform appendix—and that in the fulness of time that organ will be able to find a valid excuse for existing. In the meantime it will continue to be constantly enhancing in value as a source of revenue for surgeons, so long, at least, as the public remains in ignorance of the potency of suggestions adverse to health. It is obvious that the remarks made in regard to cholera and appendicitis apply with equal force and pertinency to hundreds of other prevailing diseases, as well as to those diseases of the digestive organs mentioned in preceding chapters. The lesson is obvious, and it applies to all alike. It is that—*Any disease that can be induced by suggestion can be avoided either by a counter suggestion or by ignoring the adverse suggestion.*"

While Dr. Hudson does not consider himself a New Thought follower there is no question but that his book is a most valuable edition to what we term New Thought literature.







JOHN WARD STIMSON.

# MIND.

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## THE LOSS OF THE IDEAL.

BY PROF. JOHN WARD STIMSON.

Every profession to-day is subject to a dangerous depreciation in the moral motives which actuate its incumbents, owing to the pressure of the materialistic philosophy that in overthrowing one extreme of human folly has itself hastened to establish another and even worse one in its place. However carelessly the deductive attitude of the human mind may have allowed itself through several centuries to overleap assured facts and run rampant into arbitrary assertion or speculation, there has been a counter current into the positivist and literalistic phases of the inductive method which has carried the modern world during the last century almost too far to the other extreme.

It is becoming generally recognized by the more thoughtful observers, that by training our young to distrust the subjective side of the soul's intuitions, inspirations, and ideals, for the worship of the objective and concrete upon which to exercise mere ratiocination and compilation, we may be destroying that very equipoise between soul and body, over and under world, past and future, analysis and synthesis; between mind and matter, idealism and realism upon which the very saneness of life and balance of finest judgment of character depends. The deplorable consequences are not only noticeable in the widespread worship of Mammon and materialistic luxury, and the mad rush for external rather than internal riches, but it is certainly degrading the best standards of university life, de-

moralizing society, depraving politics, and acting most deleteriously upon the dignity, nobility, and even purity of motive in the professions. In some it is producing a positive paralysis of their finer faculties and constructive capacities. I need not refer to how deeply and obviously the professions of law and medicine have suffered (by the very confession of their own members), but in the more essentially subjective and idealistic professions of theology, sociology, economics, and the arts, the descent has been rapid and frequently deplorable.

I will not dwell upon the wide complaints among churches, as to "lack of great leaders," "declining influence," and "absence of spirituality" through the worship of affluence, nor upon the marked tendency to abandon principles for material standards and "immediate profits" in sociology and economics; but to come directly to the arts of literature, journalism, music, the drama, and the formal arts, it has, indeed, been a forlorn hope of heroes who have battled against their rapid degradation into the objective, photographic, uninspired, materially ornate and overlaid, or purely "technical."

And alas, it is in America, where the "strenuous" objective life is devouring the public vitality at such an insane rate, that the deficiency (or second-rate attainment) along all the lines of these great art professions is to be most marked and deplored.

If there is one thing more evident than another in the great artists of the past, the ones who truly survive, and whom posterity "will not let die," it is their internal and subjective *insight into life*, its implications, principles, and poetic, constructive, dramatic possibilities. It is not that they see the obvious and material less, but that they perceive the sublime, the spiritual, the *Ideal* more. The same INNER LIGHT which lightened Abraham at the door of his tent when he discovered that the "Three Sacred Guests" who sat down at his board were really "Angels" (celestial spirits), not mere passing travelers. The same Light that broke upon the wayfarers at Emmaus as the ghostly Christ left the room and the broken bread; the same

Light that illumined Christ Himself as distinct from Nicodemus groping "at night," to his interview; that same "Vision" that staggered Paul "on the road to Damascus," or John on Patmos, or Stephen falling beneath the Pharisaic stones; the same "Voice" that was heard by Joan of Arc, by Socrates in his dungeon, by St. Francis in his cell, by Dante in his gloomy passage through the fourteenth century and the fire of Erebus; the same messengers that awoke Peter in prison and John Brown in his mountain fastness of the Adirondacks. Where is it to-day in the demoralized and degraded leadership of modern Mammon? Are we to have again no great composers, creators, true idealists; no seers, prophets, poets, of that sublime, that eternal Afflatus that constitutes the very "Bread of Life" to the groping but infinitely heroic past?

Is the roadway of progress a descent into a material quagmire, and shall the golden chariot of Apollo that led humanity jubilant out of the rosy gateway of the Dawn, "rejoicing as a strong man to run his race," now at last debouch only upon a flat and stale morass of mimicry, affectation, pedantry, or materialistic commonplace?

We need not merely ask (in sorry dejection before Turkish atrocities, Russian massacres, British and German bullying and robbery in South Africa and South America, or American shuffling, exploiting, and assassination in Manila) "where are the ethical Davids, Demosthenes, Savonarolas, Luthers, Miltons, Bunyans—even Beechers and Browns? Where the political Hamptons, Henrys, Washingtons, Jeffersons, Franklins—even Lincolns and Gladstones?" But "where are our Beethovens, Mendelssohns, Mozarts, Schuberts? Where our Shakespeares, Shelleys, Burns, Keats, Coleridges? Where our Dantes, Cervantes, Goethes, Molières, Hugos, Scotts, Thackerays—even Emersons, Hawthornes, Lowells, Longfells?" And where our Raphaels, Titians, Angelos, Angelicos—even Millets, Corots, Rossettis, Watts, who can still portray the sublime, the uplifting, and at least see the *songbird in the*

*eggshell of life*, and by perceiving the sensitive and spiritual through the mere sensuality of the obvious, honor God and Nature, and save the age from the bestiality and gross obsession of materialistic raven and greed?

Is it not high time that at least in education we should call a halt and put before our young, with more care, penetration, and persistence the noblest sources of intellectual and emotional experience; the highest and finest models of character, aspiration, and production, and save them (if it be not too late) from the decadence and depravity of the present leaders in economic robbery, political chicane, commercial gluttony, social pomposity, and esthetic vulgarity that have perverted and prostituted too long their ideals of genuine "success" and enlightened power? Their purblind eyes neither see the essential meaning or grandeur of life nor suspect the stupendous principles and inspirations the Creator has given His children in Nature. It was with a tremulous hope that I might at least lend a modest but helpful hand to the general public in pointing out some of these in natural and human art that I lately published my "Gate Beautiful." For surely if the age has nothing to offer the young but the dead corpse of matter it were better that they had never been born! If it has killed its Christ it has killed itself, and must fulfil, with some social cataclasm, all the expiation of the prophet:

"Woe unto the nation whose seer hath departed." In the true and trenchant lines of the poet Wordsworth:

*"Time is not blind; yet he who spares  
The Pyramid pointing to the stars,  
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite,  
On all that marked the primal flight  
Of the poetic ecstasy  
Into the land of mystery!  
No tongue is able to rehearse  
One measure, Orpheus, of thy verse;  
Museus, stationed with his lyre*

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see, in Nature, which is ours;  
We've given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we're out of tune,  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
*Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;*  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the Sea,  
Or hear Old Triton blow his wreathed horn.



## JOHN WARD STIMSON: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

The subject of our biographic sketch this month is one of the most interesting personalities in the world of letters and art. It is not too much to say that he has accomplished more for the real advancement of art than perhaps any other man in this country. In his last great book, entitled "The Gate Beautiful," he has given to the world in concrete form more that pertains to real art and the spirit that underlies art than perhaps has ever been given out in any one book. It may seem to the reader that this, perhaps, is a one-sided statement, or that the writer is prejudiced in favor of the author of this book, but such is not the case. A careful perusal of the book unfolds a mine of wealth. It appeals through the spiritual to man's artistic nature. Such an accumulation of knowledge is seldom if ever presented in any one book.

John Ward Stimson was born in New England something like half a century ago. His father was of Scotch and Puritan descent and possessed that strong moral fiber that marked the great ethical protest which culminated in the Reformation. His paternal grandfather devoted his life to missionary work

in the mountain regions of New York. His mother was a granddaughter and grandniece of the eminent Huguenot brothers, Elisha and Elias Boudinot, who were famous jurists and prominent Revolutionary patriots, sharing the confidence of Washington and the Continental Congress, Elisha Boudinot signing the treaty of peace with Great Britain as President of the Congress when the war closed.

Prof. Stimson graduated from Yale in 1872 and shortly after leaving college sailed for Europe to perfect his art education, having determined to devote his life to the advancement of art culture in his own land. He entered the National French Academy of Art in Paris, from which he graduated. He studied art in all the great centers of Europe. But Prof. Stimson was something more than an art student. He was a philosopher in life, a philosopher who believed in making practical his ideals.

After six years spent in the different European cities engaged in the study of what was to be his life work, he returned to America. He first accepted an invitation to lecture at Princeton College, and from there he was called to direct the Art educational work of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. Subsequently for several years he was actively engaged in organizing and building up courses in art study that soon became immensely popular. He laid special stress on the application of art to industry, and under his splendid direction and oversight many hundreds of young men were trained in successful careers.

Under the direction of Prof. Stimson the growth of the art classes was phenomenal. From a few students and two or three departments the school increased until it numbered hundreds of scholars and more than a dozen instructors.

The one serious drawback to the full success of this great work was found in the lack of hearty official coöperation from certain numbers of the Museum Board. Their attitude led to a vigorous protest from Prof. Stimson, following which he



withdrew from his position in the Museum, having become thoroughly convinced that he could build up a far greater and more beneficent work untrammelled by those who believed that art should be exclusive instead of democratic, and who favored imitating or borrowing from the Old World rather than developing an independent and original movement in America. Some time previous to his withdrawal he had coined the term "artist-artisanship" as best illustrating the idea for which he was striving, and he now founded the Artist-Artisan Institute in New York. As anticipated by the founder the school was a great success. The broad, free, and enthusiastic spirit of Professor Stimson permeated the Institute. It would be impossible to adequately estimate the influence it exerted on the nation, through the young people going forth aflame with love of art to scatter abroad the lessons they had learned, founding schools, entering educational institutions and furthering the practical work in hundreds of fields.

After thirteen years of constant application Prof. Stimson's health gave way, and he was compelled to seek perfect quiet in the Adirondack mountains. Nature and rest restored his health and he accepted an invitation from Trenton, N. J., to take the directorship of the Art and Science Institute of that city, and here the same work along the same lines as that formerly accomplished in New York, but which his illness closed there, was successfully renewed. Here he also devoted much time to perfecting his wonderful work, "The Gate Beautiful," and after that work was ready for the publisher he retired for a season of rest to California.

Now he is ready to take up his work and again engage in his loved calling, that of teaching.



TO ME it is the truest and the most gloriously beautiful solution of the riddle of the universe to believe that God has knit it to-

## THE COMMON GROUND.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

There is always danger that one who takes up any line of advanced thought and follows it closely will lose sight of the fact that while he may have made great discoveries, as yet unrevealed to those who are seeking truth in other paths, yet there is no such thing as a monopoly of truth.

Intolerance is the chief thing to be shunned by the true scientist. In all matters of belief, whether pertaining to spiritual or material science, perfect liberty and harmony of purpose should prevail. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that upon no other subject have so many absurd and extravagant statements been made as upon the subject of healing, yet these absurdities almost invariably spring, not from a mistaken view of truth itself, but from a failure to reflect that others also perceive truth, though in a different aspect, and from a desire to bring all into one path. Nor can it be maintained that all the bigotry and injustice lies with the more conservative followers of the "Old School," for it does not appear that those who have made great progress along the line of "Advanced Thought," and who write from the standpoint of spiritual perception, are any more tolerant or liberal on this subject than those in whom intolerance might be more readily pardoned.

It is true that the majority, perhaps, of medical practitioners do not, as a rule, think very highly of mental or spiritual healing, and often ridicule the claims of these methods. But there are also many among their number who treat them with respectful consideration and frankly acknowledge that well authenticated cures have been effected without the use of drugs. Teachers and writers on divine healing, on the other

have us believe that it were better to die without the use of medicine than to live by its assistance.

Yet it cannot be doubted that both these classes of intolerants are perfectly honest in their convictions, and fail only in according to others that confidence which they claim for themselves.

Why should the opponents of vaccination blame its advocates for strenuously opposing any attempt to do away with what they firmly believe to be the greatest boon ever conferred upon the human race? To do otherwise would be for them to disregard a sacred duty. To meet this opposition with bitterness and sarcasm is not an evidence of true progress and can only serve as a fresh incentive to attack and stir up bitterness in return, whereas, what all should earnestly desire is, not that his or her own particular ideas should prevail, but that the greatest good to humanity should arise from the investigation of these matters.

It would be well for each one of us to consider whether in insisting on our own method we may not be, in reality, setting a limit to the divine power. The humblest herb or mineral is a manifestation of God's power, just as truly as the brain of man. They are endowed with certain characteristics; they were created for a purpose, and there is a God-principle back of them that is the cause of all manifestation, all operation, all result. Is it not then possible that divine wisdom and mercy may make them instruments of healing to some? God's love is shown in the violet's breath, in the perfume of the rose. It is shown in the transformation of insensate carbon into light and heat. Why then may it not also be revealed in the healing properties of plants and minerals? We know that the "wise men" of the East employed them constantly, and although in

The great underlying principle upon which Christian Science and all forms of divine healing are based is that of the Unity of All. This implies the identity of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual, but this identity does *not* imply that there is not a distinction between these three forms of manifestation which should always be borne in mind, in order that we may give each its due place and force in considering the divine economy. The lump of coal or graphite is supposed to be identical with the diamond, so far as chemical composition is concerned, yet each has its own mission to fulfill and neither can with propriety be substituted for the other. So it is with our threefold nature, and we must not look upon the physical with any less esteem than we do the others. All are but varying manifestations of one Underlying Reality, and in its place each is best.

Now while it is self-evident that this Power—the Source of all Being—must be able to transform spirit into mental or physical energy, *and vice versa*, and while those persons who have come into a realization of their own identity with that Power possess also the ability to accomplish this transformation, yet to those who have not attained this realization, in at least a partial degree, it is impossible. The great error made by most Divine Scientists is in assuming that all can do this as soon as they believe in the Unity of All. Belief and realization are very different things. We may believe that a view of the Alps is most sublime and inspiring, but unless we have actually seen them we cannot realize their grandeur. We read a tale of distress and believe in the suffering it depicts, but this is a very different matter from actually suffering ourselves. Only to the Christs of History has come that perfect sympathy which arises from actual realization of the Unity of All. While thousands perhaps have demonstrated the truth of Spiritual Healing, the great difference in the length of time required for its accomplishment shows us that the process of finding ourselves is entirely a matter of development, and that a certain

preparation is indispensable. Until that preparation is complete it is impossible for any soul to perceive and apply the truths of self-healing. The sudden illuminations of which we frequently hear come only to those who have received this preparation, although they may have been to a certain extent unaware of its progress, since there are many reasons for believing that much of our spiritual development is carried on during our hours of sleep, when the subconscious mind and the real self are awake and active.

But what shall we say of those well authenticated cases in which the patient has been suddenly healed, although his spiritual condition was too evidently that of an undeveloped soul? It is our firm conviction, in spite of the contrary opinions of many eminent healers, that all such cases are attributable entirely to mental suggestion—a form of Divine Healing, to be sure, since all healing is divine—but one usually repudiated by writers on that subject.

There is a tendency among these writers to use the terms “mind” and “spirit” interchangeably and without discrimination. This is to most persons confusing. Very possibly it may arise from the fact that these writers, being themselves able to realize that all things are in reality manifestations of one Reality, forget that all have not arrived at a correct comprehension of this fact. One who is delivering a lecture to a body of students may properly employ the word *carbon* in speaking either of coal, graphite, or the diamond, but it would be unwise to use it in this way in addressing an audience of common workmen.

Now, Mental Healing is that which operates through the mind. The process may be carried on either with or without the knowledge of the patient and is especially efficacious during sleep—either natural or induced. Since space is no hindrance to thought transference, “absent” treatment is both reasonable and demonstrable. While very many persons look upon all forms of hypnosis as dangerous and never to be coun-

tenanced, there is no doubt that in the hands of a conscientious operator it may become an instrument of the greatest value. For, while one person cannot realize *spiritual* healing for another, *mental* healing may be effected by a competent physician, and is available where the use of drugs brings no relief and especially for mental ailments. The success of therapeutic suggestion does not imply any greater degree of spiritual development than does that of the materia medica, and may be employed for self-healing if the mental condition of the patient is favorable. Too great care cannot be exercised in the choice of a mental healer, and only one whose integrity is beyond question should be entrusted with so delicate and responsible a task. But this is equally true, whatever the mode of treatment. A coarse and unscrupulous physician should never be admitted to a sick-room, for he carries with him an atmosphere and influence that may work far more harm than his efforts can do good.

When operating from a distance, although a mental healer may not intentionally exert any sinister influence over his patients, but may honestly attempt to improve their condition, yet all thoughts partake in nature of the source from which they emanate—a muddy fountain cannot send forth clear water.

To the devout student it is apparent that sickness, however undesirable it may be to us as individuals, has yet its own place in the divine economy, and is largely to be credited with the present advanced stage of development. To one who had never sinned, there could be no conception of the joy that comes from continual striving and overcoming. To one who had never known sorrow, there could come but the semblance of real happiness, and had there never been any such thing as sickness, health would be a blessing wholly unappreciated. But far above this is the consideration that without sickness many of those virtues which have their foundation in the sympathy excited by the suffering of others would be unknown and some

of the most exalted characteristics of the race undeveloped. While we are as far as possible from agreeing with those who would have us believe that suffering is a mark of virtue and sanctity, or that God lays the rod of affliction upon those he loves in order to try their patience and fortitude, yet we do believe that many *through suffering* have developed those finer elements of character that would otherwise have remained dormant through life. Not until we are able to see the hand of God in everything that *is*, can we truly say, "We believe in the Unity of All." While to *realize* that unity will, with most of us, even then be something *still to hope for*. But there should be in this no cause for discouragement. Let us be content so long as we are sensible of continued growth. Heaven is not reached at a single bound, nor is life measured by the short span of one earthly existence. We should have patience with ourselves as well as others, always remembering that it is the striving which will count rather than the attaining.

Instead, then, of saying to all persons, "You must realize God's power to heal; the use of drugs is wrong," let us say just as truthfully and more helpfully, "Try to feel that whatever you find beneficial *is so* because it is an instrument of God's power and manifests His love." Accept whatever is helpful to soul or body, thankfully, and whether you find it in the herb of the field, the pure water of the mountain stream, the fresh air of the forest or the materia medica of the pharmacist, look upon it as God's gift to you. With Him all things are possible, and His tender mercies are over *all* His works.

To those who regard the mind as the source of all bodily ailments, or to whom mind cures appear most rational, we say, "These also are a manifestation of God's power." If you are able to demonstrate health through mental power alone, learn to look upon it as a divine gift, to be employed only for a noble purpose. Do all the good you can, and get all the good you can in the way that has been revealed particularly to you.

Still others are just upon the threshold of discovery where

a little help may open to their gaze the glorious possibilities of Realization. To such, the teachings of Divine Science are of inestimable value; but to attempt to force the results of these teachings upon those who are unprepared for them, will result in harm rather than good. For by attempting what is beyond their reach, failure and discouragement are likely to follow and a revulsion of feeling that retards development.

We would not be understood to imply that all methods of healing are equally desirable, for it must be apparent that the nearer we can come to the source of all health, the better it is for us, and when we are able to draw our strength from it directly, we shall have no further use for drugs or material aids, but shall be always sure of help and in no danger from careless druggists or mistaken diagnoses. There can be no doubt that the time will come in the history of the race when divine self-healing will be the only method employed, and this in turn will soon give place to a period when sickness, having fulfilled its mission in the development of character, shall be no longer known.

But at the present stage of evolution, all methods are good and each is best in its place. Let us then give all honor to those who labor for the good of suffering humanity, in the way that most strongly appeals to them. Let all methods of healing be held legitimate, and let us accord to each individual the right to employ whatever means seems best to him, remembering that where All is God, there can be no higher or lower. This *Divine Source* is the common ground upon which all may stand without sacrificing that confidence in self which is the birthright of every soul. Not the mere inert mineral or skillfully compounded decoction, not the human mind, nor any human power alone, can heal disease, but the Spirit that dwelleth in these doeth the work.



LET us not draw conclusions rashly about the greatest things.  
—*Heraclitus*.



## THE EUCLID OF METAPHYSICIANS.

BY J. H. BROWN.

The main difficulty experienced both by students and professors of the New Thought is the intellectual difficulty. The difficulty, that is to say, of apprehending rationally and stating logically the fundamental principles of Mental Science. To many candid seekers after truth, in whom the intuitive faculty has scarcely been aroused, the acceptance of these principles seems to demand an almost total abnegation of logical mental processes. To these beginners the cognate affirmations that *All is Spirit* and that *All is God*, in the face of the well-nigh overpowering evidence of the senses that the objective universe is wholly material and is rampant with evil, seem the most pathetic fallacies. How are such amazing conclusions and convictions arrived at? they demand. By what processes of logic, that is to say, of balanced, coherent thinking, can they be attained? "Spiritual healing," says Henry Wood, "is beyond ordinary intellectual apprehension. Transcending as it does the plane of the reasoning faculty, it cannot be proved by argumentative logic." For minds that are essentially objective and concrete in their scope, this may be said to be literally true. It may, however, interest many readers of MIND to know that the fundamental principles of Mental Science had been demonstrated with the most perfect logical precision years before the inception of what is known as the New Thought movement. To logical minds, for whom the obstacles mentioned have seemed insurmountable, the processes by which they have been overcome may also prove of the greatest helpfulness. To the writer they have been of quite inestimable service in dissipating fog; and this is his reason for bringing them now to the attention of New Thought thinkers and students.

In the year 1854 a volume was published by Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, entitled "Institutes of Metaphysics, The Theory of Knowing and Being, by James F. Ferrier, A. B., Oxon." James F. Ferrier, sometime Professor of Civil History and of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, had a mind which was the clearest, the boldest, the most penetrating metaphysical instrument it has been the writer's fortune to become acquainted with. In the hands of this subtle, powerful thinker, Plato and Berkeley, to say nothing of the Germans, seem mere dreamers. One would not have believed that philosophic speculation could have been given the semblance of a dashing adventure, yet so is it made to appear in the pages of this remarkable book. The fortresses of negation, nescience and materiality are stormed successively by a master of the art of war, a true captain of the soul, and by simple logical action the banners of the spirit are set flying on the turrets of the intellect. To form any due appreciation of the work it must be read, and I propose to give here merely the series of propositions by which we are led with unerring mathematical directness to its magnificent conclusions. The author's first proposition in the "Epistemology or Theory of Knowing" is stated thus: "Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognizance of *itself*," and from this "primary law or condition of all knowledge" we are led unfalteringly to the final propositions of the Theory of Being—"What Absolute Existence Is" and "What Absolute Existence is Necessary." The propositions, even without the author's "demonstrations," are so cogent and conclusive that I venture to append them without further introduction. But metaphysical readers will find it a rare pleasure and exhilaration to go to the fountain-head and follow the author from his first "proposition" to his final "demonstration." "As a professor," says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "Ferrier had immense influence over his students, and was warmly beloved by them."

THE EPISTEMOLOGY OR THEORY OF KNOWING.

PROPOSITION I.

THE PRIMARY LAW OR CONDITION OF ALL KNOWLEDGE.

Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognizance of *itself*.

PROPOSITION II.

THE OBJECT OF ALL KNOWLEDGE.

The object of all knowledge, whatever it may be, is always something more than what is naturally or usually regarded as the object. It always is, and must be, the object with the addition of oneself—object *plus* subject—thing, or thought, *mecum*. Self is an integral and essential part of every object of cognition. (Prop. I.)

PROPOSITION III.

THE INSEPARABILITY OF THE OBJECTIVE AND THE  
SUBJECTIVE.

The objective part of the object of knowledge, though distinguishable, is not separable in cognition from the subjective part, or the ego; but the objective part and the subjective part do together constitute the unit or *minimum* of knowledge. (Props. II. I.)

PROPOSITION IV.

MATTER PER SE.

Matter *per se*, the whole material universe, *by itself*, is of necessity absolutely unknowable. (Props. II. III.)

PROPOSITION V.

MATTER AND ITS QUALITIES PER SE.

All the qualities of matter *by themselves* are, of necessity, absolutely unknowable. (Prop. II.)

## PROPOSITION VI.

## THE UNIVERSAL AND THE PARTICULAR IN COGNITION.

Every cognition must contain an element common to all cognitions, and an element (or elements) peculiar to itself; in other words, every cognition must have a part which is unchangeable, necessary and universal (the same in all), and a part which is changeable, contingent, and particular (different in all), and there can be no knowledge of the unchangeable, necessary, and universal part, exclusive of the changeable, contingent, and particular part; or of the changeable, contingent and particular part, exclusive of the unchangeable, necessary, and universal part: that is to say, neither of these parts by itself can constitute a cognition; but all knowledge is necessarily a synthesis of both factors.

## PROPOSITION VII.

## WHAT THE UNIVERSAL AND PARTICULAR IN COGNITION ARE.

The ego (or mind) is known as the element common to all cognition: matter is known as the element common to some cognitions: in other words, we know *ourselves* as the unchangeable, necessary and universal part of our cognitions, while we know matter, in all its varieties, as a portion of the changeable, necessary, and universal part of our cognitions, or, expressed in the technical language of logic, the ego is the known *sumмум genus*, the known generic part, of all cognitions—matter is the known differential part of some cognitions. (Prop. I.)

## PROPOSITION VIII.

## THE EGO IN COGNITION.

The ego cannot be known to be material—that is to say, there is a necessary law of reason which prevents it from being apprehended by the senses. (Props. VII. VI.)

PROPOSITION IX.

THE EGO PER SE.

The ego, or self, or mind, *per se*, is, of necessity, absolutely unknowable. *By itself*, that is, in a purely indeterminate state, or separated from all things and divested of all thoughts—it is no possible object of cognition. It can know itself only in some particular state, or in union with some non-ego; that is, with some element contra-distinguished from itself. (Prop. VI.)

PROPOSITION X.

SENSE AND INTELLECT.

*Mere* objects of sense can never be objects of cognition; in other words, whatever has a place in the intellect (whatever is known) must contain an element which has had no place in the senses; or, otherwise expressed, the senses, by themselves, are not competent to place any knowable or intelligible thing before the mind. They are faculties of non-sense, and can present to the mind only the non-sensical or contradictory. (Props. I. II. III. VIII.)

PROPOSITION XI.

PRESENTATION AND REPRESENTATION.

That alone can be represented in thought which can be presented in knowledge: in other words, it is impossible to think what it is impossible to know; or, more explicitly, it is impossible to think that of which knowledge has supplied and can supply no sort of type.

PROPOSITION XII.

The material universe, *per se*, and all its qualities, *per se*, are not only absolutely unknowable, they are also of necessity absolutely unthinkable. (Props. IV. V. XI.)

## PROPOSITION XIII.

## THE INDEPENDENT UNIVERSE IN THOUGHT.

The only *independent* universe which any mind or ego can think of is the universe in synthesis with some *other* mind or ego. (Props. I. II. XI.)

## PROPOSITION XIV.

## THE PHENOMENAL IN COGNITION.

There is no mere phenomenal in cognition: in other words, the phenomenal by itself is absolutely unknowable and inconceivable.

## PROPOSITION XV.

## WHAT THE PHENOMENAL IN COGNITION IS.

Objects, whatever they may be, are the phenomenal in cognition; matter in all its varieties is the phenomenal in cognition; thoughts or mental states whatsoever are the phenomenal in cognition; the universal is the phenomenal in cognition; the particular is the phenomenal in cognition; the ego, or mind, or subject, is the phenomenal in cognition (Props. I. VI. IX.)

## PROPOSITION XVI.

## THE SUBSTANTIAL IN COGNITION.

There is a substantial in cognition; in other words, substance, or the substantial, is knowable, and is known by us.

## PROPOSITION XVII.

## WHAT THE SUBSTANTIAL IN COGNITION IS.

Object *plus* subject is the substantial in cognition; matter *mecum* is the substantial in cognition; thoughts or mental states whatsoever, *together with* the self or subject, are the substantial in cognition; the universal in union with the particular is the substantial in cognition; the ego or mind in any

determinate condition, or with any thing or thought present to it, is the substantial in cognition. This synthesis, thus variously expressed, is the substantial, and the only substantial, in cognition. (Props. II. III. VI. IX. XIII. XVI.)

PROPOSITION XVIII.

THE RELATIVE IN COGNITION.

There is no *mere* relative in cognition; in other words, the relative, *per se*, or by itself, is, of necessity, unknowable and unknown.

PROPOSITION XIX.

WHAT THE RELATIVE IN COGNITION IS.

Objects, whatever they may be, are the relative in cognition; matter, in all its varieties, is the relative in cognition; thoughts or mental states whatsoever are the relative in cognition; the universal is the relative in cognition; the particular is the relative in cognition; the ego, or mind, or subject, is the relative in cognition.

PROPOSITION XX.

THE ABSOLUTE IN COGNITION.

There is an Absolute in cognition: in other words, something Absolute is knowable, and is known by us.

PROPOSITION XXI.

WHAT THE ABSOLUTE IN COGNITION IS.

Object *plus* subject is the Absolute in cognition, &c.—See Prop. XVII. (Prop. III.)

PROPOSITION XXII.

The SENSES are THE CONTINGENT conditions of knowledge; in other words, it is possible that intelligences different from the human (supposing that there are such) should apprehend things under other laws, or in other ways, than those of seeing,

hearing, touching, tasting, and smelling; or, more shortly, *our* senses are not laws of cognition or modes of apprehension which are binding on intelligence necessarily and universally.

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## THE AGNOIOLOGY, OR THEORY OF IGNORANCE.

### PROPOSITION I.

#### WHAT IGNORANCE IS.

Ignorance is an intellectual defect, imperfection, privation, or shortcoming.

### PROPOSITION II.

#### IGNORANCE REMEDIABLE.

All ignorance is *possibly* remediable. (Prop. I. Ag.)

### PROPOSITION III.

#### WHAT THERE CAN BE IGNORANCE OF.

We can be ignorant only of what can possibly be known; in other words, there can be an ignorance only of that of which there can be a knowledge. (Prop. II. Ag.)

This (says the author) is the most important proposition in the Agnoiology; indeed, with the exception of the 1st of the Epistemology, it is the most fruitful and penetrating proposition in the whole system. If the reader has got well in hand these two truths—*first*, that there can be a knowledge of things only with the addition of a self or subject; and *secondly*, that there can be an ignorance only of that of which there can be a knowledge—he will find himself in possession of a lever powerful enough to break open the innermost secrecies of Nature. These two instruments cut deep and far—they lay open the universe from stem to stern.



PROPOSITION IV.

IGNORANCE OF OBJECTS PER SE.

We cannot be ignorant of any kind of objects without a subject; in other words, there can be no ignorance of objects *per se*, or out of relation to a mind. (Prop. III. Ag.—Props. I. II. Epis.)

PROPOSITION V.

IGNORANCE OF MATTER PER SE.

We cannot be ignorant of material things out of all relation to a mind, subject, or self: in other words, there can be no ignorance of matter *per se*. (Prop. IV. Epis.—Prop. III. Ag.)

PROPOSITION VI.

IGNORANCE OF THE UNIVERSAL AND PARTICULAR.

We cannot be ignorant either of the universal element of cognition *per se*, or of the particular element of cognition *per se*. (Prop. VI. Epis.—Prop. III. Ag.)

PROPOSITION VII.

IGNORANCE OF THE EGO PER SE.

We cannot be ignorant of the ego *per se*; in other words, there can be no ignorance of the mind in a state of pure indetermination, or with no thing or thought present to it. (Prop. IX. Epis.—Prop. III. Ag.)

PROPOSITION VIII.

THE OBJECT OF ALL IGNORANCE.

The object of all ignorance, whatever it may be, is always something more than is usually regarded as the object. It always is, and must be, not any particular thing merely, but the synthesis of the particular and the universal: it must always consist of a subjective as well as of an objective element; in

other words, the object of all ignorance is, of necessity, some-object-*plus*-some-subject. (Prop. III. Ag.—Props. I. II. III. VI. IX. Epis.)

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## ONTOLOGY, OR THE THEORY OF BEING.

### PROPOSITION I.

#### THE THREE ALTERNATIVES AS TO ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE.

That which truly is, or, as it shall be termed, Absolute Existence, is either, *first*, that which we know, or it is, *secondly*, that which we are ignorant of; or it is, *thirdly*, that which we neither know nor are ignorant of; and no other alternative is possible.

### PROPOSITION II.

#### A PREMISE BY WHICH THE THIRD ALTERNATIVE IS ELIMINATED.

Whatever we neither know nor are ignorant of is the contradictory.

### PROPOSITION III.

#### A PREMISE BY WHICH THE THIRD ALTERNATIVE IS ELIMINATED.

Absolute Existence, or Being in itself, is not the contradictory.

### PROPOSITION IV.

#### ELIMINATES THE THIRD ALTERNATIVE.

Absolute Existence is not what we neither know nor are ignorant of. (Ont. Props. II. III.)

### PROPOSITION V.

#### THE REMAINING ALTERNATIVES.

Absolute Existence is either that which we know or that

PROPOSITION VI.

WHAT ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE IS NOT.

Absolute Existence is not matter *per se*; in other words, mere material things have no true and independent being. (Props. IV. Epis.—V. Ag.—V. Ont.—or Props. IV. Epis.—III. Ag.)

PROPOSITION VII.

WHAT ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE IS NOT.

Absolute Existence is not the particular by itself, nor is it the universal by itself; in other words, particular things prescinded from the universal have no absolute existence, nor have universal things prescinded from the particular any absolute existence. (Props. VI. Epis.—VI. Ag.—V. Ont.)

PROPOSITION VIII.

WHAT ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE IS NOT.

Absolute Existence is not the ego *per se*, or the mind in a state of pure indetermination—that is, with no thing or thought present to it; in other words, the ego *per se* is not that which truly and absolutely exists. (Props. IX. Epis.—VII. Ag.—V. Ont.)

PROPOSITION IX.

THE ORIGIN OF KNOWLEDGE.

Matter is not the cause of our perceptive cognitions; in other words, our knowledge of material things is not an effect proceeding from, and brought by, material things. (Prop. VII. Epis.)

The synthesis of the ego and non-ego (we are reminded by the author) is not generated by putting together the parts obtained by the analysis, because these parts can be conceived only in relation to each other, or as *already* put together.

## PROPOSITION X.

## WHAT ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE IS.

Absolute Existence is the synthesis of the subject and object—the union of the universal and the particular—the concretion of the ego and non-ego; in other words, the only true and real and independent Existences are minds—together with that which they apprehend. (Props. V. Ont.—I. II. VI. IX. Epis.—VIII. Ag.)

## PROPOSITION XI.

## WHAT ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE IS NECESSARY.

All absolute existences are contingent *except one*; in other words, there is one, but only one, Absolute Existence which is strictly necessary; and that existence is a supreme and infinite and everlasting Mind in synthesis with all things. (Props. I. II. Epis.—VIII. Ag.)

Here metaphysics stop (concludes our author), here ontology is merged in theology. Philosophy has accomplished her final work; she has reached by strict demonstration the central law of all reason (the necessity, namely, of thinking an infinite and eternal Ego in synthesis with all things), and that law she lays down as the basis of all religion.



OUR bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop, or weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry—why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our own wills.—*Shakespeare*.



If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown. But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.—*Emerson*.

## "THE CREATOR."

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

You ask me who made heaven, who made earth—  
Who first conceived the idea of our birth;  
And deeply shocked no doubt your brain would be  
Should I affirm that it was due to *me*—  
Yet I it was; and you will some day know  
That I created all things here below:  
The sea, the stars, the system and the sun,  
The field, the forest, and the beasts that run  
O'er hill and valley—all, and everything—  
Be it the bird, aloft on volant wing,  
Or be it you—the great, eternal *You*—  
*I* am the God to whom the work is due:  
*I* am the God—for God is part of me,  
And I a part of all which here I see—  
*I* am a part of Heaven, and a part  
Of that great Mind, and that All-loving Heart—  
A part of All, and All a part of *Me*,  
And I, myself, *one* with Infinity.  
*I* was a fraction of that mighty Mind  
When earth's creation was by it designed;  
*I* was a part component with all Life  
Ere first it coursed the channel-veins of strife;  
*I* was eternal with the deathless One  
Ere it conceived the Plan, which now is done;  
*I* was a creature, coalescent, then  
With Mother-mind, and with my fellow-men:  
A brother of all beings, and to God  
As are the parts material to the sod;  
As much to Him as is the ray of light

To yon great sun, descending from its height;  
And He to Me as light is to the sun—  
For what were either should we banish *one*?  
The sun is author of the moon's own gleam,  
The sea is mother of the mountain-stream,  
The Mind is Moulder of the mortal Man,  
And all returns to where it first began—  
The river to the ocean, and the soul  
To that first Life—the Giver, Gift and Goal;  
Mind is the mother of the human race,  
And every *thing* is part of every *place*;  
And all that *is* is part of all to be,  
And You to-day, to-morrow shall be Me;  
For that which *was* shall sometime be again—  
To-day 'tis Now, to-morrow 'twill be Then;  
The Future cometh from the tomb of Time,  
All things exist, with consciousness sublime,  
But in the present moment; for I vow  
When all is told there is no time but Now;  
There is no Death in all of God's great Plan,  
And nothing seeks, nor fears it, saving Man;  
Eternal transformation gives to earth  
The mystic mask of magic—Life and Birth;  
And that which *is* forevermore shall be,  
And has been always; for the death we see  
Is but the glad renewal of the force  
Which, like the sun, in semi-hidden course,  
Travels a wondrous circle, known to man  
But in its mortal-half—the life we scan.  
Time was, no doubt, in ages long gone by,  
When men believed each setting sun to die,  
And really thought—as fools might well suppose—  
God made, each day, each sun that o'er them 'rose,  
And in the eve, with His almighty hand,  
Crushed from the sky the light which bathed their land;

But sages learned that mother-earth was round,  
And thus the truth by deeper minds was found,  
But Superstition was too firm to break,  
And so the sage was martyred at the stake.  
And we to-day, though ages in advance,  
Believe our world an accident of chance,  
Or still contend that with each mortal birth  
God makes a brand new soul to walk the earth,  
And kills it off, by some mephitic breath,  
To pass forever to unconscious death—  
Or makes him weak, with vice he cannot quell,  
And damns him then to fiendish, endless Hell.  
And so, I say, to ease your troubled brain,  
'Tis I, myself, who have eternal reign;  
I sit supreme upon the throne of Mind  
And am, myself, the God you seek to find;  
I live aloft in yon ethereal dome,  
And in my heart God makes his happy home;  
I soar with Him, and am of Him a part,  
For you and I are children of His heart;  
We soon shall merge with that Eternal Mind—  
The God of Gods within ourselves shall find;  
And I shall say, "I am your God," and you  
Shall be my own—my Living God—to view!

MAN's unity with God has this consummate flower,—that the Eternal Fact responds to our persistent hope and our abiding faith. It may be more and better than we ever yet have dreamed : it cannot possibly be less.—*John W. Chadwick.*

PUT a seal upon your lips, and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—*Professor Drummond.*

## SELF-CONTROL VERSUS SELF-REPRESSION.

BY M. E. CARTER.

A little girl had been forbidden by her elders to say something which she persisted in repeating about a visitor who had impressed her unfavorably. Finally the child exclaimed: "But I *think* so." Her grandmother, who had entered in time to add her voice to that of the child's mother and aunt, replied, "But you must *not think so*." Whereupon the young rebel retorted: "You can boss my talk, but *you can't boss my think*."

That child voiced a truth which it would be well if parents, guardians, and all rulers would lay to heart.

According to the whims or notions of those in authority repression is taught everywhere. But few realize that the prime essential for all, old and young alike, is not self-repression, but self-control. We live so much in externals that "Appearance" seems to be the watchword of human beings all over the so-called civilized world, and the greater part of the training which children receive is along the line of "How to appear well."

"I was so mortified to have you behave as you did *before* Mrs. ——" or else, "Mr. —— is coming here to-day, children, and I want you to behave your very best *while he is here*—and make a good impression on him." Speeches of this character children hear from their elders at home and in the schools, and thus the lesson of hypocrisy is early instilled into impressionable minds by those who should know better, and who, at the same time, expect children so taught to be frank and truthful.

A mother once remarked of her boy: "He is a lion at home and a lamb abroad." Whose fault was it that her son belonged to the Jekyll and Hyde type?



Self-control and self-repression, although by common usage frequently confounded, are not synonymous terms. They differ in meaning as much as they differ in effect. One is very common, while the other is very uncommon. For instance: a person of usually ungoverned temper may, at times, repress it if pride or purse would suffer by its exhibition. Such repression bears no relation to habitual self-control, because it is spasmodic, actuated by low motives, and not to be depended upon; while the other is a steadfast mental attitude which bars out thoughts that would need repression. In the one instance externals rule the individual, in the other externals are made subservient to principle by the individual. One is the result of aspiration, the other of policy.

Formerly good people taught that one should never say anything that could not be put through three testing sieves: First, "Is it true?" Second, "Is it kind?" Third, "Is it necessary?" But now we have a much higher teaching. Every *thought* before it is permitted to lodge in the mind of those who understand self-control must undergo those three tests.

If parents and guardians would devote their energies to teaching the young under their care the lesson of thought control, instead of laying so much stress upon—and enforcing obedience to—external authority, the problem of upbringing the rising generation would be wonderfully simplified and a much higher order of human beings would soon appear upon this planet. The child taught to hold right thoughts and to expel wrong ones by governing its own mental realm needs less and less external authority, and will grow up pure minded and truthful because of having nothing to hide, nothing to repress. Mental control is the *only* self-control, and those who learn it early escape unhappiness and many hard experiences which darken the lives of those who fail to learn that greatest of all life's lessons.

Every act of our lives is the externalization of our thought.

Angry thoughts, for instance, lead to foolish, insane acts. Anger is a possession. "*Ira furor brevis est.*" So says the Latin proverb. Anger wastes vitality, clouds the reason, and blinds its victim to all that is wisest and best to do in irritating circumstances. Life's joys and sweetest friendships are sacrificed by one who falls under the dominion of the demon of rage. During anger the mental realm is in a chaotic state, poise is lost, and, not infrequently, a serious accident befalls one so dominated. The strongest man when angry manifests his weakness of character. Anger frequently causes physical weakness. Some lose sleep because angry thoughts surge through their brains, and they are unable to control and incapable of expelling them. A fit of anger—well-named a "*fit*"—is sometimes followed by a violent headache or a severe illness. Its penalties are countless. Yet with these and other hard experiences, how slowly the lesson of self-control is learned by one not trained early in thought control.

We hear people taking credit to themselves for having "kept their tempers" in cases of provocation. Repression is unquestionably better than yielding sway to the demon. Better yet to rule out the evil spirit than simply hold it down and let it stay.

The secret of power and the secret of weakness are both within the human being. The choice rests with each one of us. Shall we rule ourselves or shall we be ruled. By reason of the One Perfect Source of all (the Divine nature involved in all), creation is ready to be evolved whenever the human will turns to it and consciously allies itself with its Source. The mentality dominated by thoughts of Omnipotent Good, has no place for opposing thoughts to enter, much less dwell, therein. A celestial warden guards the portals; the watchword is Love.

Moreover, our mental attitude towards each event of our lives determines what shall be the outcome, to us, of each event. It requires very little observation to prove this.

You meet a friend whom you have not seen for many years, and you exclaim: "How old she has grown." The face is changed almost beyond recognition, wrinkled and aged before one would naturally expect to see the lines of time. You meet another friend older, perhaps, than the other, and now your surprise is just the opposite of that excited by the first. You know that life has been full of trials in both instances, yet here is one who has kept through all her trying experiences a sweet serenity of soul that shines over the whole countenance, making it beautiful with a beauty never seen on any youthful face, however perfect its outlines and coloring.

Knowing the life and the character of each you are at no loss to understand the difference in the appearance of your two old friends. One was mentally poised, the higher self ruled in her thought realm, and circumstances, seemingly untoward, only served to prove the spiritual fiber and unfold the inherent loveliness of her character. Soul culture shines in her eyes and irradiates her whole face. A nimbus seems around the head of this friend, you feel uplifted whenever you are with her. And the other storm-tossed soul? Tempestuous passions, uncontrolled temper, and bitter experiences have written their unmistakable story upon a face once of great physical beauty with scarcely a trace now remaining. You are filled with inexpressible pain and pity while you understand it all.

Relationship, environment, opportunity, these are very important factors in any life, but not any one or all of them together can equal in importance and potency individual mental attitude to life and its events.

One upon whom fortune has showered countless favors throws all away and becomes a poor outcast, another hampered from birth, obliged to struggle for everything, even the common necessities of life, bravely overcomes obstacles and compels adverse circumstances to serve, instead of permitting them to govern, his purposes, until finally all that one threw away the other has won through a conquering spirit that no adverse circumstance could subdue.

For a like reason two starting with the *same* advantages may end at extreme opposites in life, because one has improved every opportunity while the other has wasted all and been the tool and plaything of events and people. One owns himself and his belongings; the other is a servant of his appetites and passions, owned by his belongings, his life, in fact, one of self-imposed bondage to everything below his high origin.

If one would realize how strongly mental attitude influences the happiness or unhappiness of people it is only necessary to observe the behavior and note the exclamations of a variety of persons on a rainy day, especially if the weather at all interferes with their plans. Some are cross when the weather does not suit them and call it bad names. Some of the stronger sex are reduced to oaths, and some women give vent to their feelings in what Sydney Smith called "a wooden damn," by slamming doors. When we consider that the weather is no respecter of persons or their tempers, but remains unchanged in spite of any one's ill nature it is evident they have not discovered the first principles of happiness or taken any steps towards self-control.

A young woman who was suffering from waning eyesight acknowledged that after every fit of anger her sight was always dimmer. Although threatened with total blindness she gave way to a violent temper upon slight provocation and said she could not help it. A friend asked if she would throw away a purse of gold because she was angry. She replied: "O, no." And yet she threw away what gold could not buy back, each time that she became enraged. Meanwhile she was seeking cure from every eye specialist that she could reach. *Conservation* of her eyesight by overcoming her temper she would not undertake. And she went blind at last while still a young woman.

Some time ago on Blackwell's Island, the prisoners distinguished themselves by their self-sacrificing efforts to save life during a fire. One who did the most heroic deeds was a

woman convicted of murder. Think of the possibilities wasted in that life!

How different her fate had she been early taught to control her thoughts. Thought control preserves mental equilibrium, thus enabling one to view people and events in right relations and, therefore, make fewer mistakes in life. With the self-controlled the Divine—latent in all alike—is accorded its rightful place. Self-expression then becomes the rule and repression is unnecessary because of soul unfoldment which is, in the best sense of that term, "the survival of the fittest."

The question is often asked: Why, if the Source be perfect is not every soul perfect now manifesting on this globe?

In reply we may ask: Why is the acorn not an oak tree? Why is not every seedling a blooming plant? Why is the egg not a chicken? Why is not the newly born infant a full grown man? The process of becoming goes on perpetually throughout the universe. We might as well ask: Why is the quarry not a cathedral? And so on *ad infinitum*.

While the ideal perfect model is ever ready it awaits actualization, and the human Will always decides if the process shall move forward or be retarded. Spiritual *involution* is God's work. Man's part is conscious *evolution* of the God Thought—the Ideal Man. Therefore man's *Will* is the greatest factor in his own development.

The most powerful elements and forces uncontrolled desolate and devastate all before them. Fire, water, wind, and electricity, as well as every human faculty and passion, if held in right relations to all else bless; but out of right relations, uncontrolled, they curse.

All is very good in the whole universe, but whenever and wherever a perverted will is permitted sway the eternally good is thrown into confusion, and discord is the legitimate consequence. Every note in music is in itself perfect, but it takes a master musician to evoke the harmonies of the universe.

The lower orders of creation evolve, or fulfil their destiny,

without interfering with the process of development. But man, the highest of all, man the boastful, intelligent creature balks, hinders, goes astray, and makes mistakes. Why is this? Is it not because intelligence and thought are such tremendous forces that, when misused, they lead to every misery under the sun? Without knowing what electricity is man has it usually under his dominion. Every day he learns to make it serve him better. But thought, that finer, subtler, inexpressibly greater force (by and through which everything that is comes into being and exists), man's own thought is not yet under his control. Moreover, he is but now beginning to realize its power, only beginning to use it for the highest service. Hitherto man has been subject to racial and all sorts of unwholesome thinking, unwittingly swayed and hit by thoughts, sometimes useful, sometimes harmful. Now he knows he can be master in his mental realm if he wills so to be, and can take and use a thought or reject it altogether. In the kingdom of Mind man is the rightful sovereign; others may compel him to be silent, but, as the little maiden declared, his "THINK" is in his own power. This is true of young and old, rich and poor, wise and unwise; each one may become supreme in his or her own thought realm. The sole monarch there need not hold forth the sceptre of welcome to any but soul-developing thoughts. *Self-control* is the birthright and the destiny of every child of Omnipotent Good. Of this no one can divest the heir but himself.



WHEREVER the work of the Lord is to be carried on, that is my place for to-day; and we live only for to-day. It is not our part to take thought for to-morrow.—*Wesley*.



CAST forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe. It is a seed grain that cannot die.—*Carlyle*.

THE will of God will be done; but, oh, the unspeakable loss for us if we have missed our opportunity of doing it!—*Brooke Foss Westcott*.

# THE SUN BOOK: AN ASTRO-METAPHYSICAL STUDY.

## VI. THE MYSTICAL SIGNIFICANCE.

BY JOHN HAZELRIGG.

I have thus far in these papers sought, through the aid of astro-metaphysics and of sidereal correspondence, to elucidate the practical working of the One Mind in that first half of its manifestation which we apprehend as Involution—the progressive steps from Idea to Form; and further, by an astrological analysis of this mysterious proto-chemistry which concerns the immediate outworking of Spirit, to establish such as the real intention and significance of biblical mysticism. That pragmatistical opinionists should have inferred and taught otherwise, is of no great importance to this inquiry. To the student of the spiritual in nature the evidences of their exclusively mystic purpose obtain in plentitude, while to the delver in Astrology and all that pertains to the astral principia, they are as Ossa piled upon Pelion.

The framers of the biblical scheme but garbed in historical guise these mystical concepts rather than conform them to the hieroglyphical fashion affected by antecedent philosophers—simply a different way of illustrating the same fundamental facts. Scholars and thinkers—those whose quest has been for truth rather than for the means to strengthen the frailties of adventitious doctrines—have subscribed in no uncertain terms to the purely symbolic intent of the scriptural methods, though they have in a measure neglected to investigate the true inner processes with which these formulæ deal.

Thus, Plutarch has told us that “the most ancient theology, both of the Greeks and barbarians, was natural philosophy

involved in fables, that physically and mystically conveyed the truth to the learned."

A statement confirmed by Mark, iv. 11, 12: "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto you that are without, all these things are done in parables—that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand."

According to Harris, "All scriptural statements pertain to the sphere of solar radiance, and it is in that sphere likewise that the semi-divine actors severally perform their work."

And to quote from the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D., as being in substance the sentiment of many other liberalists—"Religion and philosophy were veiled under the impervious shade of hieroglyphical symbols, unintelligible to the profane, and intended to lead them into a maze of error. . . . These symbols were publicly displayed in the temple, beaming streams of light to the initiated, while to the profane they were but an obscure mass of unintelligible darkness."

And of this latter class are those self-elected censors who anathematize the astrologer as being a charlatan, deride the alchemist as a visionary, ridicule the mental scientist as a superficial pretender, and repudiate on general principles all students in spiritual mysticism as vain followers of *ignis fatui*, all the while dense to the fact that of such are the real disciples of the great Truth, the followers of the true Spirit—while the self-chosen and the super-arrogant must inevitably be classed with the ignorant and the profane.

Religion subjected to material concepts has no meaning; divested of its symbolism, no spiritual or inner significance. Therefore we may not wonder that it should be orthodoxly defined as the "general habit of reverence towards the Divine Being"—an acknowledgement of a purely incidental attitude, or else the foregoing is a barbarously constructed definition. Perhaps no lapse of fidelity was here meant to be inferred, yet had the participle which precedes the last word but one been



omitted and the element of universality thereby conceded to the remaining word, one might charitably overlook the ungraceful quality of *habit* in matters devotional. More particularly as Being—even though an enforced abstraction—suggests a state of propinquity that is so much more conducive to faith than the separateness of personality can possibly be.

The personal God is wholly a concept of the mind that can neither cognize nor analyze without first detaching its idea and conforming it to a domiciliary restriction. The creedal cults emanated from and were made for minds thus circumscribed, hence they subjected their God, though perhaps inadvertently, to the errors which necessarily belong to separateness and limitation, conditions of which omniscience—a term much vaunted by them—can in no wise be a part. It is not, therefore, a fact so strange that one's respect for theology should generally change in a ratio inverse to the quantity of information one gleans of things near and natural—a particular phenomenon of mind, by the way, that is but a natural law in respect of gravitation, for does not Newton tell us that one particle of substance is subject to attract "every other particle with a force directly proportional to its quantity, and decreasing as the square of the distance increases"?

Note that last—"decreasing as the square of the distance increases." The Supreme Power localized in mental physics to the furthest possible distance away means, if anything, an enforced contemplation of it as through a diminishing glass, whereby the congeries of forces as might constitute so improbable a God would be concentrated to the vanishing point of a reversed spiritual focus, and so "decreasing as the square of the distance increases."

And the religious instinct of modern theology, alas! is chiefly a *habit* that worships the traditional and bestows adoration only on that which is afar off. The very sacredness of its literature is a quality fashioned and adapted to the remoteness of the period with which it is supposed to deal, while its God

grows in worthiness only in proportion to the distance from which He may be viewed. Hence, its interpretations may sensibly be regarded as a doctrine of perspectives.

Material science is similarly lacking in completeness as its polar opposite, Religion, for it would fain ignore and eliminate the question of cause from the problem of effect. In which regard these diametrically opposed lines of thought may be compared to the two poles of a thinking sphere, the axis connecting which remains inert and unresponsive to the activity induced by the constant revolution of the intervening spaces, as also unmindful of the possibility of reconciliation that awaits their proper juncture at the spiritual equator. And thus, while theology teaches God without Nature, science teaches nature without God; the one contemplates Him as distinct and apart from human standards, the other denies Him even a place in its councils. Little wonder that Thomas Vaughan, the alchemist, felt impelled to describe them as "two epidemical goblins, a school-man, and a saint forsooth; the one swells with syllogistical pride, the other wears a broad face of revelation." And the school-man is as unconscious of the esoteric truths contained in his mythology as the church-man is of the inner meaning of the Bible stories.

But what a different and clearer light is thrown upon the subject of Omnipotence by a right understanding of the mystical correspondences in the natural kingdoms which constitute the divine system!—for they reveal to us an essential Presence that abides in the minutest speck of the atomic realm no less than in the furthestmost circle of interminable space—an executive Power full capable, as I have attempted to show, of inspection and analysis. And Man is no less a symbol of the eternal in Nature than are the elements of the gigantic heavens which revolve methodically about a dynamic center, for, correspondentially, the same elements of the One Mind actuate and identify the life functions of every created organism and every part of the Whole, whether it be vast or infinitesimal.

This is the direct teaching of Astrology, which not only comprehends man as a universe in miniature, but recognizes in every mental and physical creation the necessity of obedience to its own astral environment—impulses limited only by the psychic boundaries of its own being. Professor Langley, in commenting upon the different compositions of the human body, as exhibited separately in vials on a shelf in the South Kensington Museum, somewhat transcended the ordinary vision of the modern astronomer. "They suggest," he says, "not merely the complexity of our constitutions, but the identity of our elements with those we have found by the spectro-scope; not alone in the sun, but even in the distant stars and nebulæ. We have literally in our own bodies samples of the most important elements of which the great universe without is composed; and you and I are not only like each other and brothers in humanity, but children of the sun and stars in a more literal sense, having bodies actually made up of the same things that make Sirius and Aldebaran. They and we are near relatives." It would have required but a little deeper perception on the part of the learned professor to have recognized in this material analysis also a spiritual identity, and thus to have grasped the fundamental concept of psychic science. Paracelsus states it from the astro-spiritual standpoint, thus:

"There are many who say that man is a microcosm; but few understand what this really means. As the world is itself an organism with all its constellations, so is man a constellation (organism), a world in itself, and as the firmament (space) of the world is ruled by no creature, so the firmament which is within man (his mind) is not subject to any other creature. This firmament (sphere of mind) in man has its planets and stars (states of feelings, thoughts, emotions, ideas, loves and hates), call them by whatever name you like." (*Paramirum*.)

"There are many stars in the great firmament of the universe, and the high influences the low; and in the microcosm and in the macrocosm all things stand in sympathetic relationship with each other, for all are the children of one universal father." (*De Pestilitate*.)

Ontology teaches that God is Center, which is true and demonstrable, for center is everywhere—and that which is

everywhere can be nowhere. Center is a *principle*, as is God. Every atom possesses it, and as every atom is in turn but a composite of more infinitesimal centers, each gradationally composed of constituent parts held together not by a lesser but identically the same homogeneous principles, therefore Center—God—cannot be cognized in terms either of qualification or magnitude. No part of a whole can stand related to any other part in the sense either of authority or subservience, for the simple reason that one part *must* bear to the remainder an atomic essentiality, else the Universe would be strangely minus the actuating principle of Being, which is spiritual cohesion. Nor would it be possible for a condition of gravity—such as is necessary in a manifest unity—to coöperate between a set of organizations made up of dissimilar elements and impelled by laws of a contrary nature. In this self-evident fact reposes the logic of correspondence. “The Building of the Sanctuarie which is here below is framed according to that of the Sanctuarie which is above.”

Hence, the methods of interpretation here adopted, I submit, are the only ones which will justify the positive assumption of a rationalistic law in the vast economy cognized in spiritual physics as God, who though One is yet dual, for without duality there could be no diversity in manifestation. Nor without the involution, as elucidated in the story of Creation, could there be an evolution—of which the Christ allegory furnishes the interpretation. Our Bible, as composed of the two testaments, is thus seen to be nothing more nor less than a spiritual text-book, or legacy, on the problem of duality.

Conformably with this axiom of duality, the Hermetic science asserts that God is Stability in whom subsists Energy, and of such is Destiny born. Stability is Center, energy is Circumference, the zodiac or periphery of every circle of generation and of being, whose function is to counterpoise the activities inherent with the center. As already demonstrated, they bear to each other the mutually opposite qualities of heat

and cold, of dryness and moisture, the one a principle of electrical propulsion, the other of gravitational attraction.

This Universal Center, which is everywhere and yet nowhere, is the J H V H of the Hebrew Bible, the measure of whose capacity is expressed as Elohim, a qualitative term of Deity; or, astrologically, the Sun and the Zodiac, the geometrical relation of the one to the other being that of diameter to circumference. These two ratios, according to Metius, are approximately as 355 to 113,\* in which terms is comprehended an unalterable law of every circle of being, and in the exact quadrature of which is revealed the true meaning of Destiny, the offspring of Stability (center) and Energy (circumference). Thus one is better able to appreciate the kabalistic fact that Jehovah or God, and Elohim or the angelic hierarchies,† are purely archetypes of geometrical ratios in eternal law.

In the further analysis of this biblical problem and its mystical significance, one need only revert to an application of the numeral system comprised in the Hebrew alphabet, wherein the letter values coördinate with the Arabic numbers, and by which

\*Parker has since demonstrated the exact ratio to be 6561 : 20612, or a fraction over 3 of circumference to 1 of diameter. The Jews computed it as 3 to 1: "And he made a molten sea, *ten cubits* from the one brim to the other . . . and a line of *thirty cubits* did compass it round about . . . It stood upon twelve oxen, three looking toward the north, and three looking toward the west, and three looking toward the south, and three looking toward the east." 1 Kings, vii. 23, 25. These refer to the twelve signs of the zodiac.

†"LORD GOD" as referred to in Genesis, ii. 4, of the English translation, is in Hebrew "JEHOVAH of Elohim." The distinction given in the capitalization of the first as compared with the lower-case of the second of these terms, points to a duality of powers, and readily suggests the priority of one over the other, as center would bear to circumference. Furthermore, up to that point in the account, or during the six days of the Creation, only Elohim is used, the import of which may be inferred in the fact that these primary regimens related chiefly to the circumference (Elohim), or circle of projection, as I have shown in the papers covering the immediate processes of gestation.

113 is found to correspond to "aish," one of its words for man; while 355 expresses the Hebrew word "Shavah." This signifies the lunar year, or feminine principle, and is obviously analogous to the Chavah of the Adamic projection of the sphere—Eve, or the sign Virgo. Now couple with this the fact that this "virgin"—so translated in the English Bible—is the Hebrew word *almah*, an unmarried female, and we are enabled to understand through its root, *alheim*, the full significance of Elohim as the negative principle or circumference—the woman,—of which the diameter, or 113, stands for man, Jehovah, or the positive principle in creation. And thus again do we find duality expressed as a syllogism in the Divine Argument.

It is in the logical assumption that every circle of being has a beginning as regards its independence, and a distinct economy in the sense of its individualism, that is vested the rationality of the horoscope as the basic problem in the unity of forces that constitute a material organism, or the reproduction in miniature of that which is described in Genesis—the subsequent incidents in the life of which are but the natural equations of the spiritually-generated impulses of which such a unity is potentially the center. Hence, again arises Destiny, the greater term in the mystical syllogism whereof Stability (Jehovah) and Energy (Elohim) are the dual propositions. And so may be perceived the operation of divine logic in the outworking of Infinite Cause, and incidentally the fact that every organized center of energy possesses in principle its J H V H and its Elohim, or its sun, planets, and constellations, and that the travail of world birth, as recounted in the Old Testament, is but an exposition of genetic law, as apposite to processes of animal embryology as to the artifice of world building: for in each it is the same Voice of Being resounding throughout the thought spheres of encompassing Mind, and duly registering itself along the harmonic scales of manifestation.

One might proceed indefinitely with convincing instances wherein primal laws are expounded in terms of divinity, or else through methods that illustrate to a nicety how historical imagery may be fashioned to the purposes of scientific truth, how seemingly irrational recitals may be made to express divine propositions, and how spiritual verities may be veiled in the mock seriousness of parabolic phraseology. All of which, divested of the symbolic cloak, would serve but as further demonstration of the astro-chemical hypothesis as suggested in the scheme of Creation, and whereby was shown the orderly operation of the inter-relative principles through which Creative Mind moves from out latency into being.

In this connection we are told, somewhat vaguely, that "all is mind." That is a statement which may mean much, little, or nothing; for until we consciously perceive the certainty of mutation and method as belonging to the elements of that universal substance, and grow to apprehend the truth not only of the existence but of the absolute necessity of systematic sequences in the realms of creative mentality—until then we cannot hope intelligently to view physical consequence as cognate with antecedent force. As saith Pindar, "Law is the King of all things." And it is as requisite to the executive order of the minutest speck of mind substance as it is in the imposing structure of the universe. Each is constituted of the same elements and animated by the same intelligences; the same principle that produces a movement in the heart of the spheres may perform a like office for the soul of man.

Psychic gravity is to the law of mind what atomic attraction is to the physical substance, and mind has its chemistry and its constituent powers no less than has a solar system or a subordinate aggregation of physical potencies. And whether we deal with Venus, the love or unifying principle, with

erences to specific conditions an identity and correspondence with like elements on all other planes of activity. Hereby we are enabled more clearly to grasp the comprehensive statement that Universal Mind, though synthetic in essence, is possessed of infinite and complex but strikingly definite moods, each the equation of positive values in the noumenal spheres, and capable of scientific interpretation through known rules of psychic geometry.

In this connection I do not hesitate to assert that Astrology is logically the text-book of spiritual science, and is to the doctrine of Mind what the school sciences are to the various departments of physical phenomena. This is no incongruous notion, no unwarranted conjecture, but a conclusion amply justified by the significant character of the testimony adduced in this investigation; for if Divine Force, generated through a Jehovic principle, must travel outward through Elohistich channels in quest of cosmic consciousness, must not the same law obtain as regards specialized thought?

And it is with this One Law and its differentiations that the major part of the Bible narratives deal, and in the nature sense only may they be said to possess a truly exegetical purpose.

### *The End.*

IN our higher and happier moods, I think we all have visions of the truth that we never are nor can be paid for our best, save only in the doing of it. Our finest devotion is never recompensed in terms of the market. It never can be. We give ourselves, and find in return our larger life.—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

LOVE is the everlasting worker of miracles. When all seems hopeless, and the soul is descending upon the road that has no turning, let it be awakened to love, and immediately all the forces of the spiritual world converge upon it to lift it toward God.



## BROTHERHOOD IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

In the Medieval ages the Brotherhood spirit manifested itself more along intellectual and moral lines. Men banded themselves together to do battle for an Idea, a Right, or the Cause of the Defenseless. Yet here, not less than in the earlier history, are we impelled to admiration at the magnificent power resulting from the combination of moral purpose, unselfish intellectual force, and physical coöperation. Wonderful fruits grew upon the Tree of Human Development at this particular stage of the world's history. When the powers of church and state were allied, magnificent results sprung into tangible being.

Among the earlier phases of Brotherhood were those growing out of the system of Knighthood, which, though owing its origin to the elevation of a servant or attendant to a higher rank and more honorable position, yet became the foundation of a Brotherhood of real service to the world.

The more elaborate system of conferring Knighthood consisted of fasting, bathing, solemn confession, a midnight vigil in the Church, followed by the reception of the eucharist, etc., all of which gives a glimpse of what a momentous event this must have been, and what a consecration was necessary on the part of the Knight-to-be.

Not only was he thus publicly committed to a high and honorable career by the ceremonies conferring his title and position upon him, but by his own part, the offering of his sword upon the altar, to signify his devotion to the Church and his determination to lead a holy life, the humble willingness to receive a blow on his cheek with the adjuration, "be thou a

good and faithful Knight," the oath by which he promised to protect the distressed, to maintain right against might, and to never by word or deed stain his character as a Knight and a Christian—all these necessarily laid the foundation for a powerful and glorious character as an individual which, when combined with like quality in other individuals, produced a Brotherhood which veritably moved the world by its heroism and invincible principles.

The Knight Templars, an order beginning with only eight of these consecrated Soldier Knights, in the year 1119, bound themselves together to guard Christian pilgrims from the attacks of invading Saracens. Before the Patriarch of Jerusalem these eight Frenchmen, who were a combination of soldier, Knight, and monk, took the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, as an essential preparation for their holy work.

King Baldwin II. gave them for quarters part of his palace which was built on the site of the Temple of Solomon, from which was derived the name, Templar.

In these men were embodied the highest ideals of the Middle Ages, such as courage, devotion, purity, and sacrifice, and to their ranks flocked scores and hundreds of the best men of the world. In 1260 they numbered 20,000. Never in the world's history did men display more heroism, more valor, more magnificent self-sacrifice, even though in the hopeless cause of the Crusades. This splendid tribute is paid by one eminent historian: "Never did a Templar play the coward in the time of danger, nor, when all hope was lost, barter his soul to a Moslem conqueror for his life. Never from the beginning to the end of their two centuries of history was a Templar charged with cowardice before the enemy."

What a record! Even though for a lost cause, even though their way was the way of the sword, yet through all the coming ages will this grand fight for God and humanity, God in the form of their highest conception of true Religion, humanity in the form of distress and suffering, stand as the highest exhi-

bition of every quality that makes manhood a reality and Brotherhood a power.

Again we find the fundamental idea of brotherly love and service in the story of the Hospitallers of the Roman Catholic Church. These were founded for the care of the poor and the sick in hospitals, and much indeed was the burden of suffering and loneliness reduced by their tender ministrations. A similar Order, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, known later as Knights of Malta, originated in a hospital dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It was to the care and cure of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre that these Knights devoted themselves especially. He of the beautiful nature and tender heart, who called even the lambs and the birds his "little brothers," whose fame is told in song and story, whose life influence touches all the intervening centuries from then till now with a white, warm radiance like light from a far off sun—St. Francis of Assisi must receive our loving attention. He was most remarkable in many ways, inasmuch as he illustrated, in his life and career, the greatest characteristics of the religious life of Medieval times.

Taking the counsels of the Gospel literally, he set out to fulfil them to the letter. He never refused alms to a beggar and devoted himself especially to carrying the idea and condition of poverty to its utmost limit. Although the son of a wealthy father, whose means would have provided every necessity and supplied every luxury, St. Francis persistently refused to live as the son of his father and renouncing all that the heart of natural man could desire, betook himself to the study and practise of what he felt to be absolute requirements of the religious life. The fundamental basis of his every thought was Brotherhood. He must be poor with the poorest, and because there *were* poor in the world and the poorest, St. Francis felt that only by carrying this poverty into every detail of life could the living link to all lives be established. Yet to his rich, tender soul, sensitive to the poetry and beauty in all

things, even poverty acquired, through the charm of his genius, an aspect of loveliness and became a spring of exquisite art, for to this Order was due the very source of much that was beautiful and poetical in the poetry and painting of that wonderful age. For a time St. Francis was undecided as to whether to pray or preach. Finally he decided it to be the will of God that the Franciscans should preach, so he started forth on his first missionary journey. Many interesting incidents were chronicled of this eventful tour through Central Italy; among them his famous sermon to the birds, in which he called them brothers, and which called forth from them silence and apparent adoration which were interpreted by St. Francis' followers as a sign of the grace of God in his soul.

Many and startling miracles were wrought on his way, adoring crowds followed him wherever he appeared, men pushed one another in their eagerness to touch his robe, and everywhere men were awakened to higher things, brought to new resolutions of better, purer lives, and many of all ranks clamored eagerly to be allowed to join the Order and abandon all things for Christ and the Christ life.

Yet, though in the space of three years he had established many societies and gained multitudes of followers, it was his deep, fervid, loving charity, his belief in humanity, his sweet spirit of kinship with all created things—the animals, the insects, the flowers, the sun, the moon, the wind, the fire, even "sister Death;" his unrelenting service to all, and his spontaneous abandonment of all comforts and conditions above the common lot that made St. Francis of Assisi the typical Brother for all the world to pattern after.

It was this which made him as a sun in the midnight darkness of his age, and a light to all ages coming after.

Are there any virtues greater than love, sanctity, self-sacrifice, prudence, courage, and a world-wide charity?

Besides Brotherhoods for the establishment of the monastic

works. Such in the earlier times were those of Mary of the Scapular and of the Rosary, later of the Francis Xavier or Mission Brotherhood and that of Christian Learning for the education of the people.

The Bridge-building Brotherhood was another interesting and important society, organized in Southern France, towards the end of the twelfth century. The object was to keep up hospices at the most frequented fords of great rivers, maintain ferries, and build bridges, all of which ministry was sorely needed and warmly appreciated by the lonely wayfarers, who were thus given the "cup of cold water" in the time of need.

The great Brotherhood of the Common Life was founded in 1376 and consisted of those who believed in the community of good, ascetic habits, industry and the use of the common vernacular in Divine Service. They were sometimes termed Brethren of Good Will, and their principal occupations were copying the Bible and other books for the common purse, prayer, and the instruction of the young, which latter service can hardly be overestimated.

They established over one hundred and thirty societies in the course of thirty years. The famous Thomas à Kempis and the learned Nicholas Cusa belonged to this Brotherhood.

Then there were societies known as Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit, the Apostolic Brethren, Friends of God, and many others, signifying the clear shining of the Inner Light and the consequent desire to let it shine in good deeds for the benefit of all.

Who can say this was not the most fitting and glorious prelude to a grander ideal of Brotherhood and a more universal fulfilment in this magnificent twentieth century—a century of fulfilments-to-be?



SACRIFICE brings its reward by converting simple duty into positive happiness. We have attained our end in the liberty to work freely with God. *John James Taylor*

## THE PASSING OF THE SHADOW OF FEAR.

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH.

Every discovery is first a heresy, then an evangel, then a truism, then a superstition. After a great new thought leaves the originating mind it takes a generation or so to filter down through the various strata of thinkers until it becomes familiar to the average intelligent individual. Often it is quoted by this time without knowledge of the author, often where the author would be repudiated. One of the strongest illustrations of this is the way in which modern science has penetrated every field of present thought, sensibly or insensibly affecting, in many vital ways, the lives and viewpoints even of those to whom the scientists themselves are still "free-thinkers," "infidels," "agnostics"—names to be prayed over or shrunk from with cold-creeping horror. Numerous examples suggest themselves at once. Not the least of these nor the least beneficent, has been the lifting from mankind of the shadow of fear.

In primitive thought Nature was matter only—visible, tangible matter; its motive force always supernatural. The first obvious explanation was of a Will back of all action and power, a Will like man's own, varying in degree but not in kind. Every object, animate or inanimate, was thus equipped with its ghost; harmful in every phase of seduction or malice; or, even if well-inclined, requiring constant propitiation, and so always potentially dangerous. With no conception of natural law every phenomenon was looked upon as personal, and had to be referred to a special cause. But causes and results alike were vague, unknown, not to be foreseen, and so not to be forestalled or met with preparation, and consequently endlessly alarming. All the forces of Nature were at war with each other, and beyond the control of man. In rock, water, wind,

cave, tree, even a low bunch of grass, were lures to destruction for the weak, ignorant, or unwary. The simplest objects of daily life—a man's shadow, his mere name, sleep, darkness—were uncanny. Disease, insanity, famine, defeat, any calamity, was met with almost everything except a remedy. Their pitiful confession of agnosticism is in those tales where men suffer for offending laws they did not know, made by powers of which they were ignorant. What is now poetry to us was cold chills to them. There was magic in this, and hoodoo in that, and mystery and menace in everything.

Hebrew monotheism, while teaching one true God, recognized innumerable false ones who must have seemed, on the whole, more disturbing as altogether evil than as partly good. Moreover, the One God was but a colossal man, liable to the same tempers, and requiring the same gratifications and pacifications. The account of his attributes, moods, and manifestations is an interesting commentary on the qualities necessary to leadership in that vigorous and violent age, and of the foibles perhaps equally necessary. Incidentally it also constitutes now some of the most beautiful poetry in the world. The ruling of his universe was his especial right and occupation, and he did most things "for his own good pleasure." And this is the Hebrew confession of agnosticism.

Christianity, touching with higher thought the old conception, assured man that God was Love—always Good, always Just, always Merciful—He did all things for the welfare of His creatures, with personal care for the smallest. He brought good out of all evil and trouble; and, if not in this life, then in the next, secured rest, reward, justice, or whatever the particular need, to those who, accepting Him and His mission, with love and service lived according to His Word. There was more of promise and less of threat in the teaching of Jesus. Faith, trust, and hope became the new agnosticism. There was still the anthropomorphic God, but his personality revealed the higher ideal man had set himself.

But in the first place the accumulation of primeval, heathen, and Rabbinical superstitions was heavy upon the times and its exponents. Practically, to the great mass even of believers, promises of peace and security had not sufficient backing to overcome the fears bred of ignorance, and the traditional terrors of savagery and paganism, especially as the early church followed the established method of making the gods of the religion it supplanted the devils of the new order.

And in the second place such promises in their nature were conditional; for them to be valuable forfeiture must be proportionately grievous, and limitation brought fear of exclusion either for oneself or one's beloved.

The new thought was cast in the mold of minds shaped by the heredity just outlined, and the result was Christian theology. At once sprang up expounders, commentators, ignorant and schooled, differing fundamentally—a long line of “corrupters of the gospels.” And theology became a monstrous parasite, hiding the real form of the original teaching, and sapping its essential vitality. Hence the theologic terror in all its familiar details that darkened so many ages with its cruelties, persecutions, personal fears, helpless resignations, and the rest—a terror that until recently was an almost universal cloud over all Christian nations.

Thus was a host of new and peculiar fears added to the multitude of survivals and variations of the most ancient ones. The whole race was like a nervous child alone in the dark, charged with some naughtiness, seeing grinning, fiery faces on all sides; shrinking from invisible, clutching hands; agonized lest the very darkness itself should engulf and smother.

People unfamiliar with the long struggle of science have come to accept its gains and use them without thought of the process, perhaps without knowledge of the antecedent otherwise. Where the foundations of the Christian faith do not seem to be attacked (along side lines of investigation at least) all intelligent persons have followed—in medicine, hygiene,



sanitation; in the classification of signs and wonders; in every phase of Nature study; in the placing of man and his world in the universe; in history; in the proportioning of the value of this life and this world and beauty and happiness; and, not least, in the growing tolerance for honest conviction that differs from one's own, however strong one's own may be. Points multiply. In the churches themselves its reflex action shows in such movements as Unitarianism, Universalism, and others. Even the most conservative would be startled by a full contrast of his orthodoxy with that of not so many decades ago. In the whole conception of God and itself, of Nature and of life, consciously or blindly, willingly or over opposition, the whole race is being lifted on a steadily rising tide of knowledge, courage, and sanity, led by a long line of evangelists beginning with Galileo, the first martyr to the New Light.

Nowadays man's greatest fear is the omnipresent microbe! Even him we meet face to face with investigation and experiment and an inexhaustible army of patent medicines. Nor do we ask his pardon for proving ourselves the fittest! Along all lines of calamity man is on guard, foreseeing, preventing, or learning by failure. He admits no necessary evil except as temporary. Indeed, he admits no evil at all except as the abuse or misuse of good, or the clashing of two goods before they can be blended or adjusted. Sin itself he fights as ignorance, disease, and dirt, the first being the root of it all. He escapes the demoralization both of infernal fear and celestial cupidity for a motive, and the inevitable egotism of the consciousness of virtue and the conviction of a peculiar enlightenment, however intentionally humble. He works for good for its own sake and because it begets good. He is aware of his own insignificance and limitations, but conscious of his potentialities, exercising his growing powers. Theologic cosmogony made man the center of the universe, but never brought him to his own. Science, while denying that very point, and making him at best but the highest achievement so far along one

line only, has given him power and the promise of fuller power over himself and Nature. Life for the first time is thrice significant and precious; for itself, to impart, and to use for others. And death not only loses its threat, but gains in dignity as the last service man renders his kind; while insurance companies and beneficial and philanthropic orders help solve material anxieties.

Virtually man fears nothing. Some say he fears too little. He knows just enough to know that he knows nothing; but he believes in himself, and, for the rest, he keeps a "flexible faith," at last actualizing hope and trust, and that without exaggerating them into inertia or grasping at evasive empiricisms either positive or negative. In any case he asks no anodyne.

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#### THE NEW CRUSADE.

To recognize the good in everybody that we meet  
Is like a quick Masonic sign upon the crowded street,  
For instantaneous as light the warm electric thrill  
Of loving sympathy awakes the Higher thought and will.  
Ah, children of the Kingdom, there is blessed work to do  
For the world's regeneration, and God gives it now to you,  
Not a moment should you linger in the old forbidden way,  
You are Messengers of Freedom! You are Heralds of the  
Day!

No matter what appearances in any one may be,  
But let the searchlight of your love enable you to see  
The Christ within each man or woman everywhere you go,  
That waits to manifest Itself, and fuller Life to show.  
All gloom, and doubt, and darkness, every old idea of sin,  
You must look upon as nothing, marking only Christ within  
The most apparent reprobate, till Earth at last is made  
A Paradise of Beauty by this, the New Crusade.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.

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THE charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.—*Wordsworth*.

## LIFE.

BY MARY K. DRULEY.

When the soul first awakens to self-consciousness it stands face to face with the greatest of all problems: Life. Grave questions present themselves to the thoughtful mind, which will not be silenced or satisfied with a light answer; we feel an impulse to *be* and to *do* far beyond our acknowledged abilities. We recognize a "power not ourselves" with which we long to become allied—men call this power God, and they love, worship, fear, or seek to propitiate Him, according to their several interpretations of His nature. In the outside world we find ourselves so closely related to other souls that independent action is impossible; and we are in turn helped and hindered by this association.

When we have determined our true relations to God and to our fellowmen, and have come to understand the duties and privileges growing out of these relationships, and when we have learned how to adjust ourselves to the "powers that be"—then we may be assured that the foundations are laid for a beautiful and satisfactory life. But, at best, we are like

"An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for a light."

The father's response to this cry is found in the life and teaching of Jesus—the One who has Himself mastered the art of living.

When one places himself under the instruction of a master in any art his first lesson will probably be to unlearn some of the things that he had previously been taught by imperfect teachers; so before we can make much progress in the school of the Christ, it may become necessary to unlearn much that

we have heretofore regarded as truth; for here we must study the Master Himself, and not some vague mysticism about Him.

One of His followers who lived very near to the Christ has called life a "vast capacity for God"—a possibility or promise to be actualised by ourselves. God gives us the raw material, so to speak, and a pattern in the one perfect life, Jesus, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear Him." In the "fulness of time" the "Word" of God became flesh and dwelt among men, uniting in Himself so perfectly the divine and the human that He was not only the revelation of God to man, but of man, in his highest possibility, to himself. He was called the "Son of God," and also "Son of Man;" and His name was Immanuel—"God with us."

The world is full of homesick souls—men and women who believe themselves far removed from the Father's House, and who are hungering for a glimpse of His face. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," is their cry. To which Jesus replies: "Have I been so long time with you, and dost thou not know Me? If ye had known Me, ye would have known the Father, and I and the Father are One." Let us then be content to believe that what the living compassionate Jesus was to thronging multitudes for the few short years of His earthly life, the Father is to all souls throughout eternity.

Concerning His mission, Jesus said, "I came that they may have life, and that they may have it abundantly." And he defined this "abundant life" as knowledge of God and of His Christ. When asked how it is to be attained, He said, "Follow Me." If He had said, "Worship Me;" how easy it would be to obey; for the transcendent purity of His life compels our admiration and reverential worship. But He said "Follow Me," and this is far more difficult. It means to live as He lived in conscious unity with God, "until Christ be formed in you," that is, until the Christ life is reproduced in our own lives.

Sitting at the feet of the Master we learn to think of God as our Father, providing everything needful for us, withholding nothing that is good. We learn, also, that it is possible to hold intelligent communication with Him, and to conform our lives to His will. As we meditate upon the thought of the Fatherhood of God, the consciousness of sonship dawns upon us and we are "born anew"—born into that abundant life which is the heritage of all God's children. But as children are never born full-grown men and women, "It is not yet made manifest what we shall be." This is our lifework; to bring into manifestation our divine possibilities; meanwhile "the earnest expectation of creation waiteth for the revealing of the Sons of God."

Christianity may well be called the "art of life;" for only a "heart set deep in God" can adjust itself to the stress of all outward conditions, and say with perfect self-control, "None of these things move me." This self-adjustment comes as we realize our true selves and our relation to God, and is the necessary preparation for the activities of the Christian life. But before we are able to act intelligently, we must also understand our fellow actors in this great drama of life. We must extend our recognition of God's fatherhood until it includes humanity. Jesus taught us to say "Our Father," not my Father, nor your Father, but "*Our* Father." From meditating upon this enlarged conception of God's Fatherhood comes the consciousness of Brotherhood; and we know that from henceforth we stand in the relation of brother to every child of God, and must live the life of humanity as did the Master, who "went about doing good," and was Himself "made perfect by the things which he endured."

Following him we need not be surprised to find that the "abundant life" does not mean freedom from care, responsibility, and conflict, but power to endure and overcome. The "abundant life" is a life of service, and the only one worth living. To forget self in the effort to bring good into other

lives, is the secret of happiness. *Giving* is God's method of getting. When we give most, we receive most, for capacity to receive is enlarged by giving; and in the degree that we realize the powers which belong to us by reason of our relation to God, and understand and accept the consequent responsibilities and privileges—in like degree, we shall be able to meet all demands upon us, and will be helped and strengthened thereby.

We are told that "In the beginning" God made man in His own image—"a living soul," and Jesus taught that although the image became marred beyond recognition, or covered with the filthy accumulations of generations of ignorance and sin, man is, nevertheless a living soul, bearing the image of his Father. The life of Jesus reveals the character of God as perfect in wisdom, love, and power. His life also demonstrates the highest possibilities of humanity when freed from ignorance of its true nature. If it be true that man is the offspring of God—made in His image—it must also be true that he inherits the nature of his Father, and is, therefore, by nature spiritual and good, with attributed faculties of wisdom, love, and power; and his failure to manifest these inherent possibilities is the measure of his ignorance and lack of faith.

Man is a complex being possessing spiritual, mental, and physical powers; the mental serving as a sort of mediator between the spiritual and the physical. When the pendulum swing of his mentality keeps even balance between the spiritual and the physical—the subjective and the objective man is in a normal condition. This is the secret of Jesus' perfectly poised life; while living in the world and taking part in its activities, He was, at the same time, consciously abiding in the presence of God, and knew that everything He did was the expression of the Father's life within Himself.

There is no better illustration of God's dealings with humanity, and humanity's struggles and failures to find satisfaction in God, than is found in the beautiful parable

of the Prodigal Son. The boy, ignorantly believing that he is capable of caring for himself, and fretting under the home discipline, asks for a separate portion that he may go out into the world and do for himself. Knowing that this son must learn through experience to *choose* the good before it can become truly his own, the father permits him to depart. Freed from all restraint the youth gives himself up to the gratifications of selfish and sensuous pleasures; but, after a time, finds his resources exhausted and no man ready to give unto him; he vainly seeks to satisfy his hunger by feeding upon the "husks" in common with his associates, the "swine." Finally, disappointment and "perishing hunger" arouse the latent manhood—memory revives his former attachments, and he contrasts his present condition with that of his father's household where there was "plenty and to spare;" then, we are told, "he came to himself" and resolved to return. So, hungry and repentant, fully conscious of his unworthiness, he starts; and while yet afar off his father hastens to meet and welcome him home, and restores him to his original place in the family circle—much to the disgust of his self-righteous elder brother.

So we, ignorant of our true selves and our dependence upon God, often spend time, energy, and what talents the Father has given us, and suffer untold disappointments before we "come to ourselves" and find the true home of the soul. Then we know we have never been outside or beyond God's loving care, and that only in our own consciousness can we ever be separated from His Presence.

Notice that the change which brought the Prodigal "to himself" took place in his mentality; suffering caused him to think, and by using his mental powers he soon realized his mistakes—repented, and returned to his father's house. So all

cannot be over-estimated. There is more truth in the oft-repeated proverb: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he" than is generally supposed. What a man "thinketh in his heart" includes his beliefs and his loves; and who will deny that these determine man's character?

So, if our lives are not satisfactory, we may make them what we will by "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Mental gymnastics are as much a science, and quite as essential, as physical gymnastics, and the principle involved is the same. In physical training the position oftenest taken becomes the easiest to assume, and in time, natural; in mental training, the thoughts most persistently held are the easiest to command, and in time become habitual. So we come to Paul's "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are *true*, whatsoever things are *honest*, whatsoever things are *just*, whatsoever things are *pure*, whatsoever things are *lovely*, whatsoever things are of *good report*, if there be any *virtue*, if there be any *praise*, *think on these things*." By obeying this injunction, we may come to "think God's thoughts after Him," and in time translate them into the everyday activities of life.

A LIFE of beauty lends to all it sees  
 The beauty of its thought;  
 And fairest forms, and sweetest harmonies  
 Make glad its way unsought.  
 Sure stands the promise,—ever to the meek  
 A heritage is given;  
 Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted, seek  
 The righteousness of Heaven!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

"GLADNESS is God's ideal for His children. He means them to be sunny-faced and happy-hearted. He does not wish them to be heavy and sad. He has made the world full of beauty and full of music. The mission of the gospel is to start songs wherever



## THE PASSING OF WAR.

BY KATE ALEXANDER.

Wandering one day through the Elysian fields, the God of Love found himself suddenly confronted by a warlike figure whose presence there was a note of discord that disturbed the harmonies of his blissful abode. With clanking armor and haughty mien, the figure addressed the God of Love:

"I am the God of War; I come to demand of you a return of the power, which you, by foul means, have filched from me. I have crushed empires. Upon their smouldering ruins I have raised mighty nations, whose foundations were conceived in justice, liberty, and equality. I have seen these virtues give place to selfishness, greed, and thirst for power, and I have gloated, with fiendish glee, as I beheld these signs of my coming victory.

"I polished my armor until it glittered like the gold that had prompted the greed; I fed my body with flesh until I felt something of the power of the chained beast. But I was cunning; I talked of the 'art of war,' and covered all this with the glamor of fine manners. I learned the language of the drawing room, that the women housed there might forget my bloody mission, and dream of me as a chivalrous knight whose life was gladly sacrificed for their sweet sakes. And, while I was doing this, I waited—waited while statesmen argued for my justification, waited until the vote was taken, and I was loosed.

"I ploughed the seas, and the churning, angry foam was music in my ears; the great wind that rocked my ships and tossed the waves mountain high, was like the gentle rocking of an infant's cradle to my restless, untamed spirit.

"At last, the voyage ended, I beheld my army drawn up in

glittering array, ready for their march of murder, rapine, pillage, and conquest.

"Once more I was to conquer, once more my thirsty soul was to be satisfied, once more I was to become the destroyer, and, becoming that, I was to become, also, the destroyer of those who sent me, for I boast of no partiality; I know no pity, no fealty. If I knew retribution, I would laugh with glee to remember that the souls which have been sacrificed in the name of war call for and obtain swift vengeance upon their aggressors.

"My beautiful army swept onward. It laid the country in waste, and returned victorious, laurel crowned, the pride of the nation for which it had fought.

"But that was ages ago. I am worn out with waiting for strife. My strength is fast dying. You have been accused as the destroyer of my power."

Then the God of Love, with a simplicity born of humility, a gentleness born of patience, and an unselfishness born of justice, made this answer to the strident harshness of the other:

"The Star of Peace has risen, fostered by a few devoted souls, it has gradually ascended until it has shed its effulgent rays over the whole earth, and the Peace that was predicted so many centuries ago by that other star has at last become a reality. It has not come through war, or creed, or law; it has come through me, the God of Love. I, alone, can attune the harp of life; my fingers alone can smite the chords of lying, deceit, selfishness, greed, and strife until they vanish from sight, leaving the harmony of perfect peace. One of old, who knew me well, most truthfully said of me: 'Love is stronger than anger, neither can the

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### THE MASTERY OF SELF.

THE world-thought, as stated by science, is that through a force called natural selection—a blind and irresistible force—the species rise slowly in development; but there seems no clear recognition that this force is native, that evolution is the direct result of involution. The ideal—all that we may ever hope to become outwardly—is residing within us now. The New Thought, instead of taking a partial view of life, goes to the very center of things and finds itself or finds itself in God. God is in all—what does that mean if not that the embryo life residing within us is God-life?

Drummond in his "Ascent of Man" speaks of our study of the different sciences and how we at last awaken to the fact that there is in reality but one life, one science, and one study. God has never been separated from us; it is His life that animates the tiniest molecule, the power that empowers all outward forms; and it is time we gave ourselves earnestly to the realization of the presence of God. When we come at last to know God in our own souls we will cease regarding the great external world in our former partial way, and know, instead, that all forms are vitally related.

In the Bible we find two distinct accounts of creation, and this double record has been explained in various ways, such as two different literary sources from which the relator drew his material, or one being a poetic account, the other a prose record, and so on. But in a very true sense we really might say there are two creative acts—the one when the ideal took shape in the mind of the Creator, the other when that ideal found outward expression in a physical world. In other words, involution and

evolution are two phases of one creation. Man, the ideal, existed in the Father's heart before man, the actual, could appear on earth; yet just because God conceived such an ideal, evolution was a necessary consequence.

Now in order to be born into a world of form, certain faculties were necessary in man so that he might be operative therein. Therefore, included within the ideal—the spirit—is a thinking and reasoning being, in other words mind; and in order that the spiritual and mental man might find true expression body also was conceived in the Father's thought.

If we examine a seed the physical eye cannot discern the ideal wrapped within it, yet we know it is there because of the results. An acorn never by any possibility could evolve an elm tree, but it is absolutely true to the inner life and evolves the oak. So long as the life-principle resides within the acorn the outer results are true to a definite and compelling ideal.

Man's first revelation of himself is a purely physical one, the last to have been involved is the first to appear on the earth plane; but we know, by the continual advancement in outward expression, that the physical man is only a part of the ideal, or, perhaps, we might say it is a first and, therefore, incomplete manifestation of the real or perfect man. So long as the physical man conforms to the physical law he is a harmonious and, within the physical limits, a powerful being. Temperance and fidelity to physical law is all that is necessary on that plane of being.

But man cannot remain forever in the limited existence of the physical, for the divine life within is ever stirring, and in time will find a more adequate expression for itself. In time a thinking and reasoning being is made manifest in the outer realm. Yet even this is not the end, for man is the offspring of the Father

It is bad only in the sense of incompleteness. This carnal mind was an inevitable stage in the process of development. In this outer realm we find that it is always first the seed, then the blade, and finally the ear and the full corn in the ear. The carnal mind is not awake to the great inner realm in which the true self abides, and man is, therefore, limited in his operations. He has not come into the mind of Christ—that spirit of love which is life and liberty.

Our five physical senses apprehend only the phenomena of the outer realm, and this is also true of mind. Intellect cannot know God, but deals only with the outward expressions of God-life. “The natural man receiveth not (or apprehendeth not) the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”

While the carnal mind lasts, that is while man is awake only to the natural phenomena of the physical and mental realms, he is living on the surface of things, so that the lower self is in very truth a superficial consciousness. Mind cannot apprehend God. We can reason and think about spirit, but we can know it only through spiritual, not mental activity. It is only the Son of God, the real self, that can know the Father, for He is spiritually discerned. This consciousness of spirit is the only thing that can satisfy the hunger of the indwelling life, and so we find that even while dwelling on the plane of the carnal mind there is a divine unrest which presages better things. Man believes less and less in that power which inheres in the outer realm, and at last seeks earnestly to know the life that abides within all outward form. When this higher knowledge is come then that which is in part is done away and as a result of self-knowledge man gradually attains self mas-

habits formed on the physical and mental planes of being try to hold their own against the higher needs of Spirit. Even after we know that health and happiness cannot be found in the external we continue to seek benefits there, and it is not until the life of genuine love controls the mental and physical activities that self-mastery is attained. In the first two stages of life we seem to have a will of our own, but in the third, or spiritual consciousness, we know only the universal will of love.

As we go on from strength to strength new temptations meet us, each of which must be overcome if we are to reign. We can appreciate the brief outline of the sore temptations that met Jesus when we ourselves are conscious of the warfare between the carnal and spiritual man. When one becomes conscious of native power and begins to exercise himself unto Godliness there will surely come some appeal from the lower self for him to use his new-found power for his own personal benefit. Jesus must have felt this or the suggestion that He turn the stones into bread could not have been temptation; and it was not until he subordinated the will of the natural man (which would have used divine power for private gain) that He attained mastery over the physical self. Then came the desire to prove to the world through some showy act, such as casting Himself from a pinnacle of the temple, that God-power was a real and effective thing. But He overcame the temptation to use the divine life in a cheap and showy way, putting aside the craving for recognition which is a temptation man meets, and thenceforth that particular desire could have no real power over Him.

Many Christian and Mental Scientists yield to a similar temptation when they eat or dress or act unreasonably, thinking that the God-power should sustain them through it all. There is such a thing as divine common sense and when one goes out in the

are not acting from the love impulse. If it should be necessary for one who knows the law of love to go out barefoot in the cold in order to save another, no harm would befall him. It has been said by one who spoke from experience that men who were serving their fellows freely and purely should be able to take up serpents or drink any deadly thing without harm, *but not in order to gratify curiosity.*

A greater temptation is that in which earthly power is sought in order to advance God's kingdom. To bow down to the world-spirit in order to secure all the kingdoms of the world for God is the temptation that overcame the church in the days of Constantine and which Jesus met and overcame. "My kingdom," said Jesus on a later occasion, "is not of this world," showing that He had come to understand fully that the law of the Spirit of life is not the carnal law of sin and death. To depend on the support of the outer realm, to seek power through earthly methods, even though we seek it for God's cause, is to lose what little power of the spirit we may have. The mind becomes filled with sensuous things and is not open on the Godward side.

The last great temptation that came to Jesus was that of refusing to yield up His physical life rather than to stand for less than all the truth He knew. He longed for some escape from this, crying out, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." Yet even in that hour He felt the pressure from within of that life which is in all and through all, and was true to its divine instincts yielding to the universal will, rather than to the personal one which would save itself from annihilation. Nevertheless, "not as I will, but as thou wilt," must be *our* decision as it was that of Jesus, if we too are to have that mind of universal love which is the mind of Christ. This is the anointing, the enduing with power from on high; this is the mastery of self which will yet make possible the kingdom of God on earth.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER.

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*FOR THE PARENTS.*

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"I taught thy heart beyond the reach  
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;  
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,  
As far as the incommunicable;  
Taught thee each private sign to raise,  
Lit by the supersolar blaze.  
Past utterance, and past belief,  
And past the blasphemy of grief,  
The mysteries of Nature's heart;  
. . . . .

I came to thee as to a friend.

—Emerson.

## THE LESSON OF THE ROSE.

"See, Mama, what I have for you! Is it not lovely?" And a dear little girl of ten years old laid upon her mother's lap a beautiful blush rose. "Is it not *lovely*?" she repeated, giving an impatient little shake to the arm resting on the table. To her dismay a big blot of ink fell upon the closely written page under her mother's busy hand, and as she met her mother's eyes bent upon her in grave displeasure two great tears rolled down her cheeks.

Then upon that mother's listening ear fell a voice of warning: "My children!"—and her own eyes filled.

"My darling, we are both to blame. After a while I will tell



you how. Now, though, sit down there by the window, and do not disturb me in any way till I have copied this page."

"May I not go out, Mama?"

"No; that must be a part of our lesson. Sit still with your book and think how to relieve Mama of trouble, or love your beautiful rose. When I finish this I will tell you its story."

"But, Mama!" and the red lips trembled, "I don't want to sit here."

"You must not think of that now, dear. A little while ago it was a matter of choice with you. Now I desire you to help me repair this loss to my work." And she pointed to the ruined page before her. Her tone and words were compelling in their quietness, if not quite convincing; and Caroline settled herself quietly with her book, the rose before her on the hassock.

Her mother laid a fresh page upon her desk and the steady scratch of her pen was heard for twenty minutes, without interruption. Then she folded the letter, put it in the envelope, and after writing the address, laid the letter in the little basket she kept for mailing matter, shut up her desk, changed her seat to the big chair, and opened her arms to her little daughter.

At first Caroline was not quite ready to respond; but a look in Mama's face changed her mind quickly, and she climbed upon Mama's lap.

"You did not bring me the rose," said Mama.

"I did not know you wanted it." The tone held a suspicion of resentment; but Mama took no notice of it, and the rose was brought and laid in her hand. Mother gathered her again into her arms. "It is a very beautiful rose," said she; and she held it off that the light might bring out the lovely coloring. "See how soft its petals are;" and she drew them softly across the child's round cheek, "and smell how fragrant! It is indeed a beautiful rose. Its color so delicate a pink, its form, as a rose, so perfect in every way, its perfume so exquisite and soft, yet so subtle, and, penetrating to our hearts, make us love it and admire it. Its rose-soul is nearly ready to return to its Maker; and, as it goes, it showers upon us here—you and me—its blessing, and leaves with us the part of itself which we can take into our lives and make a part of ourselves. Now, what shall it be to you, my darling?"

The form of the rose stands for your form or body, which you can fill with health and beauty, as did this rose, by desiring and taking the right materials for its growth. Or, its exquisite color—which seems to me stands for your heart's thoughts and affections; for they color your acts and words. You know, 'From the heart the mouth speaketh.' It will make you more thoughtful for Mother's work as well as Mother's pleasure. Or its perfume—so sweet, so full of restful feeling, so far-reaching that the whole room is filled with it. You know that *must* be your eternal spirit—the Soul; for the soul, pure and undefiled, gives forth a sweet fragrance to all around and combines in itself all of the others. Can you think of all this? And can you take to your heart the spirit of this rose till you learn this little lesson—patience to wait a little? You were hasty and caused Mama a good deal of extra work; for in one more line I should have finished my copying, and it was important. And, moreover, you knew Mama was *working*, and must not be disturbed."

The brown eyes filled again; but this time with genuine pearls of sorrow and love.

"I'm sorry, Mama. I will surely remember, I know I will! And I *love* this rose!" And Mama's tender kiss was met in kind—and, surely, the perfume of the rose grew sweeter!

"But, Mama, you said we were *both* to blame. What did you mean?"

"Just this, dear: You intruded on my work hour when you came into the room where I was writing. You knew Mama could not be interrupted without causing delay. You did wrong, although you desired to give me pleasure. In that you were to blame. And I was to blame in that I did not answer you before you became impatient. I could have made you understand, just as well, with one word; and I was unwilling to leave my writing for even a minute. But it cost me thirty minutes. So, you see the rose has its lesson for us both."

Could it have been the voice of the Rose that whispered so softly:

"You have learned the lesson of the Rose. It is Love; and love includes all else, even patience."

NETTIE ELIOT MCINTOSH.

*FOR THE CHILDREN.*

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DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

Some of you remember, perhaps, that I told you a story about a horned toad—how it was found by a little boy, who went West, and how he brought it East, and kept it on a balcony outside his window. It grew sleepier and lazier every day; and one day the boy's mother picked up the toad, and, to our surprise, nothing but the outside skin was left—a light little shell. Then I told how bad the boy and the mother and I felt to think we had left the poor toad in such a hot place (for the balcony was not shaded and it was July) that he had died.

Well, I thought that a very good story to tell the children to remind them to be careful of their pets. But a big boy "came out of the West" a while ago, and he smiled very broadly when he told me that he had read the story about the horned toad; and then he said that what actually happened was that the toad—he is really a lizard—shed his skin for a nice new one, and then ran away. Just think! He might have been hiding where he could peep out and see us mourning over that cast-off skin, and thinking we had killed him. Probably he would have split his sides laughing over it all if he hadn't had a brand new skin!

And the moral is, as the Queen of Spades was always saying to Alice, Be sure you know what you're talking about. Then go ahead!

It's nearly school-time again. I hope you've had a very happy vacation, and are going back to school with a determination to be as busy at your work as are the bees you've seen this summer. It won't be long before they will have *their* vacation, and loaf around eating all the honey they want. But don't you envy the bees; for Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's and Valentine's Day are coming!

YOUR AFFECTIONATE AUNT FLO.



## BABY GRAY WING.

Our pigeons live in a cosy little house on top of the barn. The barn is only a stable for the cow. It is not very high and the roof is not very steep. Even Robbie Earle, who is only four, can climb up and look in and see what the "piggees" are doing.

There were only two at first, Tine and Tip. One day another came flying along. She wore a white feather boa around her neck. Her wings and tail were edged with white feather tips. She had been living where there were too many housekeepers and she wanted to move.

She lit on top of our pigeon-house and looked in.

"How cosy!" she said to herself; "and there is no one here but two fellows who are just 'batching.' They do need a housekeeper. I believe I'll stay."

Then, as Mother Goose says, "the trouble began," between Tine and Tip. Tine and Madam, as they called her, acted as if that pigeon-house belonged to them only. If poor little Tip tried to go in at one of the lower windows, Madam drove him off. If he flew to an upper window, Tine pounced upon him.

One bitter night, the north wind blew. The great, rushing Missouri froze harder than ever. The snow fell. In the morning, there sat poor little Tip shivering on the pigeons' upper balcony—and maybe he had been there all night!

Papa said, "This will never do!" and he showed Whitney how to put in a lengthwise partition upstairs and down. After that, when Tip was driven out of one side he ran into the other. They found they could not keep him out and soon quit chasing him.

Next morning, everyone in our house felt all the warmer—and O so glad!—when Papa said, "There is no little pigeon out in the cold this morning."

But right away, we knew something else was going on. The boys climbed up and peeped in. It is a wonder they did not fall down again; for there was a wee nest with two tiny white eggs in it! And really we could not tell whether they belonged to Tine or Madam, both took such care of them, and kept them covered up nice and warm.

When we fed the chickens in the yard, Madam would fly

down to eat. Perhaps Tine told her dinner was served. At all events, he would hop on the nest and sit there patiently till she chose to come back. Then he would fly off to hunt his own dinner.

But one day Mama heard a soothing, gentler "Coo-coo-coo" than she had ever heard before, and an answering, plaintive cry. She said there must be a baby in the pigeon-coop; for well she knew that even pigeon mothers have a tenderer tone for their "baby talk."

When Whitney and Robbie Earle climbed up to see, sure enough there were two wee, downy pigeons, sitting in the nest, crying for something to eat. Madam and Tine were kept *so* busy feeding them.

But how fast they grew! It seemed like no time at all till they looked as large as Tip and were all feathered out.

One bright sunny day in March, Mamma heard a great deal of crying up in the pigeon-house. She had never seen the baby pigeons and kept a sharp look-out. She thought perhaps Madam, like a wise little mother, was going to get her babies out in the fresh air and warm sunshine. Sure enough! there they were, after a while, out on the upper balcony, and Madam was stroking and cooing and caressing them with her own little head.

It was very plain that she was more concerned about Baby Gray Wing than about Baby Blue. Baby Gray Wing was larger than Baby Blue. Perhaps that was why. But even after the babies had learned to come out every day for an airing and a sunning, they found they had other lessons to learn.

It was no use to *tell* Baby Gray Wing she must try to fly. She was sure she could never do that. And when Tine and Madam tried to push her off the balcony, how she did hang on with her tiny red toes! How she cried and fluttered her wings!

They had to be very severe. They chased her and pushed her and even picked, till at last she had to let go—the gray wings spread out, slowly down she came through the warm, bright air.

She lit on the corner of a box. How big and close everything looked! What big black thing was that coming along?

It was only Dandy-Doodle-Doo in his sparkling suit, his coat and on his head a comb all curled and crinkled till it did look like a bright, red rose.

"Glad to see you," he said. "Safe trip? Come again when they throw out wheat. If you are lively, you can get all you want."

Just then, Mamma scattered some wheat on the box near Baby Gray Wing; but Baby Gray Wing did not try to pick it up. She was hungry, but she thought if she opened her mouth Madam must come and feed her. Poor Baby Gray Wing!

Bye and bye, Mamma felt sorry for her and picked the little thing up and set her on a low shed close to the barn. She hopped up and ran under the pigeon-coop; but Tine drove her off. When it was nearly dark, they let her go in the pigeon-house to stay. That was on Friday night.

On Saturday, nobody noticed her. Nobody fed her all day long. How hungry she was!

On Sunday morning, when Whitney threw wheat on the roof of the buggy-shed, all the pigeons flew over to breakfast. Baby Gray Wing knew she must either fly or die, so she flew over and began to *pick up wheat!*

She flew back and forth several times that day and even took a flying trip away over the telephone post! "Coo-coo" she said in delight. "Coo-ooo! Was I really afraid to fly?"

Afraid to fly. Think of it! Afraid to fly!—all because she didn't know what a wonderful power God had rolled up inside each pretty gray wing!

MINERVA MANNING.



## THE MOON FESTIVAL.

"It is never a waste of time to look upon and think about the beautiful; for it will make our every word and deed purer and lovelier."

It was the fifteenth day of the eight month—that is, the middle of August—and O-Haru waited impatiently for the night to come; for it was on this evening that everybody went to view the moon.

At last the great red sun sank below the hills; and O-Haru joyfully ate her supper of fried eels, boiled rice, and sugar jelly. Then she put on her prettiest *kimono*, as a little Japanese girl's dress is called, and her mother tied about her waist a beautiful

new *obi* (sash) of white silk embroidered with silver birds. Her shining black hair was smoothly combed and left to float over her shoulders, while directly over her forehead a little knot was made of the locks that otherwise would have fallen over her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Very pretty indeed did O-Haru look as she stood on the front veranda, waiting for the jinrikshas. A jinriksha, perhaps you know, is a small carriage, very like an old fashioned baby carriage, only much bigger, and it is drawn by a man instead of a horse.

When the jinriksha man came with the carriages, O-Haru's papa lifted his little girl into one, helped her mother into another, and got into the third himself. Then away they went, almost as fast as a horse can trot!—speeding through the city streets that looked lovely, for they were lighted with rows and rows of Japanese lanterns. To an American girl or boy the city would have seemed decorated for some very special occasion; but not so to a Japanese child, for it is thus that almost all the streets are always lighted in Japan.

After awhile they reached the house where they had been invited to spend the evening and to look at the moon. Here lived O-Haru's dearest friend, O-Take, with her two brothers and her parents, and they were all in the "Honorable Guest Chamber," as the drawing-room is called, where their guests entered and greeted them, after having taken off their sandals so as not to soil the spotless rice mats that covered the shining floor.

Now, Japanese children are amazingly polite, and they sank gracefully down on their knees and touched their foreheads to the floor, exactly as did their elders. After that they all drank tea served in tiny cups. You may be sure they had neither milk nor sugar in their tea. They would have laughed at the idea of spoiling delicious tea in such a foolish way as that!

When it was quite dark they went to the "Chamber of the Inspiring View." Now, this room was built just on purpose to look out over the water and down on the wonderful garden. All nice houses in Japan have a room made to sit in and look out on some beautiful view of a mountain, a river, or a garden.

terns' light; and then the children showed their little guest their pets in tiny bamboo cages. You'd never guess what those pets were. Crickets! And they shrilled out their loud songs until the children laughed to hear them.

Up and down the river were summer and tea houses built out over the water that reflected the bright colors of thousands of softly gleaming lanterns. Everywhere sounded the laughter of the people, the tinkling of *kotos* (harps), and over the river glided many lantern-lighted boats.

Finally the great moon floated into sight—away down low over the hills. Slowly she mounted the dark blue sky, higher and higher, and the people gazed at her in delight, and drank tea while the poets took from their silken girdles their writing brushes, ink tablets, and scrolls, and wrote poems in her praise. The children tried to step on one another's shadows cast by the moonlight, and looked for the hare that all little ones in Japan believe lives in the moon, where he is very busy cleaning rice; and they sang songs about Lady Moon until their bright eyes began to blink sleepily, their heads to nod, nod, nod—

The next day they had such tales to tell of how they sat up, O *very* late indeed—really, just as if they were quite grown up! And of how they never, *never* could forget the beautiful moonlight gleaming on the still water.

FLORENCE PELTIER.



## SEPTEMBER.

"Nobody has a better opportunity to know what the poetry of Autumn is—the real poetry, unrhymed and unprinted—than a country child whose home is in the Northern United States. Just think of it—the season of the golden-rod, the aster, and the fringed gentian—of crimson and scarlet maple-forests, and of oak-groves almost as brilliant—of beech-woods whose aisles seem covered with a golden roof, as you pass through them—of pine-forests hung with the twisted streamers and orange-colored berries of the bittersweet, and bordered with the red pennons of the sumac and with coral-hung barberry bushes—of ripe nuts on the hillsides, as well as of yellow grain-fields, and loaded orchards. What season can boast more beauty, or half so great wealth?"

*Lucy Larcom.*



## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

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THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME. By Florence Huntley.  
Price, \$2. Published by Indo-American Book Co., Chicago.

This is a book that will be read with great interest, as it takes up and discusses in a very thorough way the question of hypnotism, one of the most important questions of the day and one discussed pro and con by many people who know little if anything concerning the subject. It is quite evident, however, that the author of this book has made a very thorough investigation into the matter, and the conclusions reached are not of a nature that will satisfy the advocates of hypnotism. The title of the book shows her position at a glance—that hypnotism is a psychological crime for which there is absolutely no justification. That there are other mental and spiritual methods which will produce lasting effects without in any way interfering with individual freedom. The author shows the courage of her conviction in giving such a work to the world in face of the violent opposition that must necessarily come to her from the advocates of hypnotism. In the opening of her book she defines psychological crime as follows:

“A Psychological Crime is a crime against the intelligent Soul or essential Entity of Man.

“A Great Psychological Crime is such a crime against the intelligent Soul of Man as deprives it of any of the inalienable rights, privileges, benefits, powers, or possibilities with which God or Nature has invested it.”

She then goes on to show that hypnotism is such a crime. The book is intended further to show that much so-called development along psychic lines is abnormal and consequently harm, not good, results. The author contends that there are certain legitimate ways of coming into a conscious possession of psychic and spiritual power, then using such power for the good of mankind and the rest for personal or selfish interest. It will repay one to read this book, even if they are not entirely in accord with all the positions taken by the author. We believe that the book will

have a large sale and be productive of much good in clearing up many misconceptions which people have on the value of hypnotism and other abnormal psychic developments.

PHYSICIANS, THEIR PATIENTS, PILLS, PAREGORIC, POISONS.

By Earle Scanland. Price, 25 cents. Published by M. E. Hall, Brooklyn.

This is a somewhat lengthy title of a little booklet by Earle Scanland. The book is supposed to recite cases which doctors have treated and how they have treated them. Its interest lies in the many mistakes recorded in the diagnosis of disease and the practise of medicine, and while, to the casual reader, it might seem to be overdrawn, nevertheless there is much food for thought because we all know that when we enter the field of medicine that we have entered the domain of experimental guesswork, and more dreams and delusions are to be found here than anywhere else save, possibly, in the schools of scientific theology. Read the book and you will at least enjoy its art and humour.

OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE MIND. By Abby Jane Taylor. Price, 35 cents. Justitia Publishing Co., Chicago.

This is a neat little booklet which brings out in a condensed but instructive way many helpful and truly suggestive thoughts in reference to what is known as subjective and objective mind. People who have not the time or the will to go into the study in an exhaustive way will be able to reach a clear understanding in relation to these varying conditions of mind. We would commend the book especially to those just beginning to make a study of the action of mind on body.





MOHAMMAD BARAKATULLAH

# MIND.

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## SUFEEISM.

BY MOHAMMAD BARAKATULLAH.

### PART I.

The belief in the Deity, whether crude or refined, seems to have ever been the central doctrine of every religion. Whether Theism had, like other known ideas and things, an exceedingly humble origin or not, it has been established beyond doubt that the idea of God had attracted the attention of a very large portion of mankind, in the history of man's existence.

The rival claims of faith and reason, no less on this point than any other, had had their struggle in all times. Hence, every religion worthy of the name forces us to rise to a sort of bilateral conception of it. One form has the appearance of a cut and dried formula to be accepted by those who are content with faith and credence. But this conception does not attain the summit of the philosophical ideal. The other form, therefore, is necessarily philosophical—a system which aims at getting at the bottom of the mysteries of the faith and reasoning away its dogmas. For a religion, as a matter of fact, is only a system based upon certain principles or ideas, which when once accepted and believed in, lead to actions, which actions tend to establish general peace and happiness of mankind in this life, and promise eternal felicity and bliss in the life beyond the grave. No free agent can do anything with his own free will, without being previously possessed of

certain ideas, which, after being appreciated, propel the will power to act. Consequently, our actions are, truly speaking, nothing more and nothing less than our ideas or thoughts simply transported from the mental to the physical plane. A prophet or a founder of a religion, therefore, having acquired a clear conception of eternal truths through inspiration or revelation, begins to teach them to humanity at large in the simplest manner and the easiest language possible; and hence he can appeal even to the lowest intellects and influence even the most polished minds; while a philosopher, on the other hand, handles the same truths, puts them into a melting pot of criticism pro and con, and after subjecting them to a severe test of an analytical and synthetical process of reasoning, produces, in the end, crystallized gems of indestructable nature. But in accordance with the nature of all things, the sphere of the philosopher's influence ever remains confined to the narrow limits of the aristocracy of intellect and the refined circle of the enlightened minds. So the founder of a religion acts, and teaches others to act, *philosophy*, without going through the laborious task of reasoning out the principles he teaches with authority. While the divine philosopher tries to show that the principles of religion may be ultra-rational but are not irrational. Hence, every religion at its advent has been generally simple, but in its development has become philosophical.

Islam, in this respect, has not been an exception to the rule. It has its articles of faith and its higher philosophy for reasoning them out; although the creed of Islam has little mystery about it, and although the teachings of the Quran, as far as the tenets of the faith, the laws of ethics, and the description of the majesty of the Creator and the beauty of the creation are concerned, are unequivocal in the extreme. But still there are twenty-nine chapters of the Quran out of one hundred and fourteen, which begin with alphabetical letters, whose real significance is unknown even to the profoundest doctors of the religion. These disjointed letters in the commencement of

the important chapters of the Quran stand as a perpetual warning to the reader not to take the parabolical portion of the book literally. "It is He, who hath sent down unto thee (O Mohammad) the book, which contains firm verses, which are the foundation of the book, but therein are others which are parabolical; as to those in whose hearts exist crookedness, they go after what is parabolical seeking mischief and seeking its interpretation, and nobody knows its interpretation save God and those who are profound in knowledge." (The Quran, iii, 5.) These enigmatical portions of the book have occupied the minds of sages during past ages trying to fathom the occult meanings of the Quran.

However, the quintessence of religious wisdom is contained in one of the shortest chapters of the Quran. It is 112th in order, and goes by the name of the True Faith. "Say—verily God is one, the eternal God; He begetteth not, neither is He begotten, and there is no one like unto Him." This is the Alpha and Omega of the Quranic teaching. It offers a belief in a God, who is one eternal; the sustainer of everything that is changeable. It further denies the existence of God the Father in the sense the Christian theologians teach, saying: "He begetteth not," and has done away with the idea of God the Son, because "neither is begotten." There is no room left now to believe in God the Holy Ghost, for: "There is none like unto Him." Islam, however, recognizes the fact that, "there is no country where there has been no warner" (the Quran, 35:22), and that every religion in its original purity taught the same doctrine of the unity of the Deity. It is also admitted that Jesus did use the term "my father" for God, and "the Son of God" for himself, of course in metaphorical sense. For Jesus himself explained it most clearly when he was accused of blasphemy for using it, and stoned by the Jews. He quoted the 6th verse of the 82d psalm, which runs thus, "I have said, ye are Gods; and all of you are children of the most High," as his authority for using such phraseology.

This verse refers to the judges among the children of Israel. So Jesus answered them, "Is it not written in your law, I said ye are Gods? If he (the psalmist) called them (the judges) Gods, unto whom (the judges) the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken (false); Say ye (Jews) of him (Jesus) whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, 'Thou blasphemest,' because I said, I am the Son of God?" Jesus' answer amounts to this that if the psalmist called the judges Gods and was not accused of blasphemy, why, then, should Jesus be accused of it when he called himself "the Son of God" only? Secondly, he argued that he used the latter term in the same sense as the psalmist used the former one, *i. e.*, metaphorically; for the psalmist could not use it otherwise. Thirdly, Jesus claimed to be the follower of the psalmist and not the innovator of the phraseology. Fourthly, he contended that if the judges were entitled to be called "Gods" metaphorically, on account of their receiving the Word of God, he was also entitled to be called "The Son of God" in the same sense, by virtue of being sanctified and sent to reform the world. This clear explanation of his position by Jesus at a juncture when the question of his divinity was put to him directly, should be considered as a key to all his metaphorical sayings.

In short, to a Muslim the question of the unity of God is all important. It is the very fulcrum of his faith on which the lever of his salvation rests. There is no wonder, then, if Muslims in their palmy days employed their whole energy in demonstrating this first article of the faith.

It was Abbasid Khulafa (Alamoon, whose reign extended from 198 to 218 A. H.—813 to 833 A. D., being conspicuous amongst them) who inaugurated a new era of light and learning in the history of the Islamic civilization. The treasures of wisdom belonging to Ancient Greece and India were brought to Bagdad, the then center of the civilized world, and the two streams of the Eastern and Western philosophies found a



confluence on the bank of the Tigris. Sciences and arts received Khalifial patronage. The four sons of Mossa Astronomer, after proving the globular form of the earth, found out the distance around the globe. Two parties started from one point in a straight line southward and northward, measuring the elevation of the Polar star, till each of them covered the area of one degree; they stopped and measured the two distances from the common starting point and found them equal. By knowing the length in miles of one degree, the length of the whole circumference of the earth was found to be 24,000 miles. These experiments were made on the plains of Koofa and Sanjar, according to the desire of the Khalifa Almamoon. Geometry and mathematics found great favor with him. The fifth proposition of Euclid still bears his name, for he got that figure formed on the arm of his imperial coat, as an insignia of his uniform.

At the time when Islamic conquest was extended to India, a theosophic Brahman, Bhojar of Benares (the ancient seat of Brahmic learning) started for the city of Akfoot, to hold philosophic discussions with Qadi Ruknudeen of Samarkand during the reign of the Sultan Ali Mard. After arriving there he changed his mind, commenced to study Arabic, and presented to the Qadi a book called Ambrat Kand. The Qadi became eager to know its contents in the original language, and began to learn Sanscrit from him. After becoming acquainted with the language, the Qadi translated the book first into Persian, and then into Arabic. There remained still in the book some points which required further solution. By chance a pupil of Bhojar, called Ambhowanath, happened to travel in Muslim countries. A Muslim Sanscrit scholar read the book with Ambhowanath, made a splendid translation into Arabic, and gave it the name of *the mirror of thoughts for the observation of mankind*. Thus the Orient and the Occident kissed each other in mediæval ages.

When the two opposing currents of the Indian and Grecian

philosophies collided, there ensued a great confusion of thought, which created a wide scepticism among the erst-while believers of a simple faith. Happiness, the Epicurean's end and aim of life, virtue, the Stoic's lofty ideal of soul, and the denial of the Soul and the Deity, the new academic's acme of wisdom, on the one hand; and the legions of major and minor deities appearing and disappearing in accordance with the cold and rigid law of Karma, and going through endless series of births and rebirths, to achieve the annihilation of self and of Absolute, as the Buddhistic final goal, on the other, produced confusion worse confounded. Experts were not wanting. They came singly and in crowds. It was Imam Ghazalee who first launched his lifeboat of Tahafutul-Falasefah to rescue the drowning people. But Imam Razi proved to be the real pilot, who steered the nation's ship clear of the rocks. They were the founders of that celebrated branch of philosophy which is called Ilmi-Katam, the philosophy of the Logos. Its object is to prove the existence of God and demonstrate His attributes consistently with logic and religion.

They say that the whole universe is subject to change, *i. e.*, the being of one condition and not being of another. And every changeable thing—may the continuance of its existence in a particular condition be for millions of years, like that of the stars in heaven, or only of a day's duration, like the ephemeral life of insects—cannot be self-existent. So, all contingent things, in the process of the analysis of the chain of causation,, halt at the final cause—*causa causum*—which is self-existent; or else it would lead to the chain of causation infinitum, or to causation in circle, which both are absurd. The final cause that changeth not is, consequently, above time and beyond space—the arena of change and decay—and is neither

He is the proof of everything. In logic you arrive at the positive proof of an effect through its cause, but the cause of all causes cannot be proved in that way. Yes, through Him you can prove all things that He has produced. It is possible, to know God through His attributes, *i. e.*, His works, which is called partial knowledge, but it is impossible to know His essence or self, because a finite mind cannot hold the image of the infinite. We know Him just as we do the eternity, the limitless space, and the impossibility through their opposites. Herein the circle of the knowledge of the sage and the savage starts from the point of ignorance and finally returns to the same point. "How do you know," asked a philosopher of a Bedouin, "that there is a Creator of the world?" "Since the refuse of a camel in the desert," replied the latter, "leads to the knowledge of the camel, and the footprint, to that of the passerby, why should not, then, the heavens with the galaxy of stars, and the earth with meadows green and passes wide, lead to the knowledge of One who heareth and seeth?"

There was another class of people who claimed to be the guardians of the secret treasures of wisdom, and to have received spiritual instructions from the prophet through Ali—"the Gate of the spiritual knowledge of which the prophet was the Town." They were called Sufees, either because they had their raiment of (Soof) camel's hair, or because they used to lie down on the Suffa, *viz.*, raised ground adjacent to the mosque of the prophet, having been exiled from their native lands on account of their faith, or because of (Safa) the enlightenment of their minds. They pondered over the great problems of the universe. Their minds long filled with the Divine idea of the world which lies at the bottom of *appearance*, brooding over it in speechless thought and awe, they burst forth at length into mystic, unfathomable

is but unity—a primordial mind existing from all eternity. They denied point blank that materialistic theory of the universe which teaches that the ultimate in analysis of things is but lifeless matter devoid of consciousness, and that the molecules combining together progress from stage to stage till matter attains life and consciousness, which are its properties, merely accidental and peculiar to a certain stage of evolution. The Sufees and the Mutakallimeen believed in the evolution of the conscious mind rather than in that of the lifeless matter. “I see,” says Jalaluddeen, “all atoms with their mouths wide open; were I to say what they feed upon, it would take too long.” It is a curious thing that an Indian scientist, Dr. J. Bose, should have the honor of demonstrating before European savants experimentally the fact that metals have life. So the Sufees and the Mutakallimeen defined the universe as the realization of the thought of God. Here these two schools were in perfect harmony with Plato and the later Alexandrian theosophists, who subscribed to the doctrine of the Logos. Nay, the very name Mutakallimeen signifies the believers in the Logos, for Kalam in Arabic denotes just what Logos does in Greek.

It is our purpose now to deal with the reason why Logos, which is sometimes used to denote thought or idea, and sometimes to denote speech, has been selected to signify the consciousness of the Absolute—the Divine wisdom. We have just pointed out that the materialists taught that the combination of protoplasms first developed into lifeless organic compounds and then into complex and complete living creatures in nature, all out of chaos and by dint of chance. But the Sufees and the Mutakallimeen taught that the universe was an ordered whole, united and held together under the stress of Reason. Here a difficulty stared them in the face. If the Absolute was a real unity, surely it must be devoid of consciousness, or else it was no unity, but multiplicity. These bold spirits met the difficulty manfully, and offered a solution

which will occupy our attention in the following pages. The knowledge of everything that is other than the trinker in man, is a negative, so to speak, of the known object, impressed on our mental plate through the camera of our senses. This impression is called either thought, idea, or logos, and it can be copied out on other minds without eradicating its impress from the original plate, simply by exposing it to an articulate sound—speech. The speech, therefore, corresponds to body and the idea to soul. The idea, which resides in the bosom of our mind, manifests itself through the words we utter. Hence, the usuage of logos sometimes for ideas, sometimes for words. There is, moreover, interdependence in existence between mind, ideas, and words, the words resting on the ideas, and the ideas on the mind or ego. The ideas, when once rested on the ego, become its attributes, exist by its existence and become a part and parcel of it. Nevertheless, each of these three has its separate individuality.

But knowledge, when directed towards ego itself, assumes a totally different aspect. There is, then, no impression made on your mind of your mind. The very being of your ego is identical with its own consciousness. Here the knower, the known, and the knowledge are one and the same. For you must know your "I" before you say I know this or I know that. Imagine the Absolute in the place of your ego, and you will find a clue to the solution of the problem of unity in multiplicity and multiplicity in unity. Transient beings and shifting phenomena are no less manifestations of the eternal thought of the Absolute than the momentary words are of the ideas of our minds. Here the analogy between the macrocosm and the microcosm (God and man) is complete. The author of Genesis was not without reason when he paid the compliment to our race, saying: "God created man in His own image." On the other hand, the ego is not less self-evident in its existence than the Absolute in its own, for, "I am that I am" is a sufficient proof for both. Here, too, we find an

explanation of one of the most famous and often quoted aphorisms of the Sufees. "Whoso knoweth himself knoweth his Lord." There is found here also a key to the enigma of Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, which seems to have been too deep for the Christian theologians to fathom. The Absolute, its consciousness, and this universe as a realization of the Divine thought, are one, just as our dying words, their prototypes in our minds, and our ego are one. The author of the fourth Gospel drawing upon Plato and the Gnostics, and breaking with the materialists, who were numerous in his time—commences his book, saying, First: In the beginning was the Logos (conscious mind, not lifeless matter), and the Logos was with God (that consciousness was in the Absolute), and the Logos was God (though the Absolute was conscious, yet there existed perfect unity). Second: The same was in the beginning with God (the Absolute and its Consciousness were co-eternal). Third: All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made (the whole universe was the manifestation of the ideas and the designs of the Absolute). Fourth: In Him was life; and the life was the light of man (this grand superstructure of the Cosmos was not the result of a mere chance, but it was the work of living intelligence, of which there existed an analogy in man). Fifth: And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprerendeth it not (even beneath these changeable and material objects there is traceable a real immutable subject, but there are few who observe it).

As regards Cosmogony or why and how this universe arose, the Sufee conception of it is altogether unique and interesting in the extreme. It is based on a tradition of the Prophet, which is over and over again quoted by the Sufees. "I was a hidden treasure, therefore, was I fain to be known, and so I created creation in order that I should be known;" speaks God through the voice of Mohammed. This tradition is supposed to interpret the verse of the Quran: "And I have not

created genie and man but in order that they should worship me, *i. e.*, know me." God, whom the Sufees call Alhaqq (the Truth or Reality), is at once Absolute Being, that ever was, is, and ever will be, comprising within Himself all excellences and perfections. He, being Absolute Good, is Absolute Beauty, too, beauty being one side or aspect of good.

"Ere yet time was, God dwelt alone in unrevealed loveliness and glory; alone in solitary radiance shone Absolute Beauty; no eye was there to gaze enraptured on its unspeakable fairness, no heart to thrill in ecstasy at its all perfect harmony. None was there to see it and none to love it." But it is the characteristic of Absolute Beauty that it should reveal itself, as it cannot brook concealment. It is an axiom that things can be known only through their opposites or negations. Now the opposite or negation of Absolute Beauty, which is Absolute Being, is not-Beauty and not-Being. When not-Being became opposite to Being, there appeared on the former, as in a mirror, a reflection or shadow of the latter. This reflection, which partakes of the nature of both Being and not-Being, is called Contingent Being, and is none else than this phenomenal universe in which during this life we find ourselves and of which we form part. Thus the mystery of the universe is involved in the mystery of beauty and love. We had better listen to the poet Jami's exposition of the subject in his beautiful and sublime canto, admirably rendered into English by Prof. Edw. G. Browne, of Cambridge University, England:

"In solitude, where Being signless dwelt,  
And all the universe still dormant lay concealed in selflessness,  
One Being was exempt from 'I-' or 'thou-' ness and apart  
From all duality; Beauty supreme,  
Unmanifest, except unto Itself  
By Its own light, yet fraught with power to charm  
The souls of all; concealed in the unseen,  
An essence pure, unstained by aught of ill.  
No mirror to reflect Its loveliness,  
Nor comb to touch Its locks; the morning breeze  
Ne'er stirred Its tresses; no rosy cheeks

O'ershadowed by dark curls like hyacinth,  
 Nor peach-like down were there; no dusky mole  
 Adorned Its face; no eye had yet beheld Its image.  
 To Itself It sang of love in wordless measures.  
 By Itself It cast the die of Love.

"But Beauty cannot brook  
 Concealment and the veil, nor patient rest  
 Unseen and unadmired: 'twill burst all bonds,  
 And from Its prison-casement to the world  
 Reveal Itself; see where the tulip grows  
 In upland meadows, how in balmy spring  
 It decks itself; and how amidst its thorns  
 The wild rose rends its garment, and reveals  
 Its loveliness. Thou, too, when some rare thought,  
 Or beauteous image, or deep mystery  
 Flashes across thy soul, canst not endure  
 To let it pass, but hold'st it, that perchance  
 In speech or writing thou may'st send it forth  
 To charm the world.

"Wherever Beauty dwells  
 Such is its nature, and its heritage  
 From Everlasting Beauty, which emerged  
 From realms of purity to shine upon  
 The worlds, and all the souls which dwell therein.  
 One gleam fell from it on the universe,  
 And on the angels, and this single ray  
 Dazzled the angels, till their senses whirled  
 Like the revolving sky. In divers forms  
 Each mirror showed it forth, and everywhere  
 Its praise was chanted in new harmonies.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Each speck of matter did He constitute  
 A mirror, causing each to reflect  
 The beauty of His visage. From the rose  
 Flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale  
 Beholding it, loved madly. From that Light  
 The candle drew the lustre which beguiles  
 The moth to immolation. On the sun  
 His beauty shone, and straightway from the wave  
 The Lotus reared its head.  
 Each shining lock of Leyla's hair attracted Majnun's heart  
 Because some ray divine reflected shone  
 In her fair face.  
 'Twas He to Schirin's lips



Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal  
The heart from Parviz, and from Farhad life.  
His beauty everywhere doth show itself,  
And through the forms of earthly beauties shines  
Obscured as through a veil.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Where'er thou see'st a veil,  
Beneath that veil He hides.  
Whatever heart doth yield to love  
He charms it."

*(To be continued.)*



## MOHAMMAD BARAKATULLAH: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Since the world's Congress of Religion met at Chicago, we have been coming to view other religions in a much more tolerant spirit. A few years ago the great majority of people knew almost nothing about the Oriental religions, but, with the gathering together of that Parliament and the different gatherings that have taken place since, we are coming to know and understand and also to sympathetically appreciate the good that is to be found in them. We have had Swamis, Parsees, Buddhists and Jains for quite a number of years lecturing throughout the country, but I believe that this is the first time that a Mohammedan thoroughly conversant with his religion and, therefore, qualified to speak of it to us has appeared before the American public. Prof. Mohammad Barakatullah gave very great satisfaction in his lecture at the Upland Farms Summer School this summer on Esoteric Mohammedanism.

The opening article of MIND is from his pen and will prove undoubtedly of great interest to people who wish to get a satis-

which is, perhaps, the most esoteric interpretation of the teachings of Mohammed.

Prof. Barakatullah Maulavie is the first highly cultured Indian-born Muslim to ever visit America. He was born in Bhopal, in central India, which state, curious to say, has been governed about sixty years successively by four Mohammedan ladies, called the Begums, and whose present ruler also is a Muslim lady, Sultan Jahan Begum. He comes of an ancient and distinguished family of Northern India, and was brought up in Motee-Mahal (the pearl palace) in Bhopal City, where he completed his education in Oriental literature, different branches of philosophy, theology, and law, in which he holds a diploma of honor. He acquired his English education in Bombay.

During the last decade he has been the principal of the Oriental Academy, Chancery Lane, London, England, where he trained students from Oxford and Cambridge universities, going in for the Indian Civil Service examinations, in Arabic, Persian, and Urdu languages and literatures. He helped the late Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, the greatest Turkish scholar in Europe in the latter part of the nineteenth century, in compiling his history of Ottoman poetry, which assistance Mr. Gibb acknowledges in flattering terms in his work. He also has assisted Prof. E. G. Browne of Cambridge University in the publication of several Persian books. In 1895 in London he presented a poem in Persian to his Highness, Shahzadah Nasrullah Khan, the second son of the late Ameer Abdul Rahman Khan of Afghanistan, in recognition of which his Highness, in addition to other favors gave him a gold ring set with a heart-shaped turquoise, the product of Afghanistan. In 1900, at Ostend, Belgium, he presented a long poem, and last August, in London, a short poem in Persian to the Shah of Persia.

Professor Barakatullah was the Secretary of the Muslim Patriotic League in London. His contributions to the British

and Sufeeism" in *The Westminster Review*, December, 1895. He is considered an authority on the esoteric teachings of the Sufees.

The following is an extract from Prof. Barakatullah's Arabic diploma:

Verily, Maulavie Mohammad Barakatullah (may God bless his learning and his deeds), who has ascended the top-most bar of the ladder of Arabic language, philosophy, and traditions, and has attained the zenith in the excellences of theoretical and practical education, has been under my tuition in these branches of knowledge. He has all along devoted his deep attention to those subjects, and evinced the capability of grasping ideas and facts in a masterful way; in the final examination for the diploma he came off with flying colors and excelled all his fellow scholars.

ABDUL HAQ. MUFTI,

(Chief Justice) of Bhopal, India.

17th of Jamadi 2, 1303 A. H.—1885 A. D.

The professor is a gentleman who is quiet and dignified in his manner, and yet very genial and deeply interested in everything that pertains to human life. While in this country he expects to lecture and do more or less writing. As a Hindu he is thoroughly interested in his own country, and is looking hopefully forward in expectation of better times coming to India through the introduction of American capital and the interest that American capitalists are beginning to take in India. We wish him every success in his visit here, and know that when he returns to India he will carry with him the good will and interest of many people.



## THE HIGHER SELF.

BY HENRY FRANK.

Humanity has ascended through varying modes of consciousness from mere animalism to humanism, from mammal to man. The prophecy of mankind is already clearly seen in the primeval states of life which are discovered to-day only in stereotyped fossils of the forgotten past. It is safe to say that there is no phase of human life or consciousness which in some faint manner is not revealed in previous forms of life among inferior animals. Indeed, the germ of human consciousness, if not even of the human intellect, is plainly discerned even in vegetal forms of life, far removed from human association. When plants indicate such degrees of intelligence or consciousness as to be able to attract to themselves such qualities of food as are their best preservers, we may safely assume that man was not the first discoverer of the law that self-preservation is the first law of being. When plants know how to adjust themselves to the sunlight or the shade so as to develop their hardihood and their finest qualities, we may not fear to assume that a faint germ of æsthetic judgment is already revealed in that curious world. Indeed, the persistent development of consciousness from the merely physical to the sensational or emotional and thence to the intellectual, the ethical, the spiritual, may be read in the progressive strata of existence from mineral to mammal, from mammal to man.

But is there an ascent even beyond this altitude? Some presume to classify the discernment of the beautiful, the mode of consciousness which is developed on the plane of the artistic or æsthetic sentiment—as differentiable from the intellectual mode of consciousness. I prefer, however, to include them in the same classification. In the discussion of this paper I am

seeking to present a wholly different phase of consciousness, as distinct from the intellectual as that is from the sensational or emotional. Is there, then, a higher plane, of which the race at large is wholly ignorant?

That we have to-day sporadic indications of a higher human consciousness it would be unwise to deny. There is at least sufficient evidence of certain extraordinary and infrequent experiences which could scarcely be classified with the intellectual or sensational phases of life, that must needs find elsewhere their proper association. I do not mean by this that some persons are possessed of different minds, or a constitution wholly distinct from the rest of the race, and are, therefore, to be regarded as phenomena that cannot be studied in the light of the ordinary apprehension of mankind. But I mean that the states of consciousness which they have apparently acquired are so different from what is commonly exercised by the race that they would seem to prophesy a more advanced plane of consciousness, toward which the entire race is gradually advancing.

Carefully analyzed, however, this higher mode of consciousness seems to reveal two distinct planes of functional force. One I will call the Sense-Psychic plane, the other the Pnuma-Psychic plane. In the first I include all those occult experiences that manifest themselves through some physical instrumentality, and in some manner palpably affect the human body. In the second I include all such experiences as seem to abide in the supersensuous, or purely spiritual plane of being, and apparently function free from the limitations of the physical organism.

In the Sense-Psychic plane we find the experiences commonly known as those of the clairvoyants, clairsaudients, mesmerists, hypnotists, magnetists, etc. A few decades ago if one were to insist that he could perceive objects with the naked eye through opaque substances, he would be speedily examined by the courts, and naturally ordered to be confined in

an insane asylum. In days more ancient he would find his comfort in the smoking fagots of persecution, or enjoy the racking delights of thumbscrews and Procrustæan beds.

In our day, however, stern science has grown less strenuous and positive. Scientists who to-day assure us that they know all that can be learned, without the help of lay investigators, are regarded with strong, if not vicious, suspicion. In these days of Bacquerel rays, radium, pollonium, and constantly newly discovered radio-active substances, scientists have become strikingly modest as to their absolute knowledge of the wonders of Nature. But, whatever discoveries we may yet make of marvelous and uncanny powers that abide in the mysterious bosom of Nature, we shall never cease to wonder at those that lie within the constitution of man. The powers of Nature that reveal themselves in the Roentgen ray are not more startling than those that reveal themselves in the psychic rays through which some people discern what to all others are invisible.

When ordinary persons regard opaque objects with the normal eye the visual rays are suddenly absorbed and the eye cannot penetrate the dull mass. But when a "clairvoyant" gazes he looks not only *at* the stone wall, but *through* it. He sees not only on this side of it, but as well on the other.

Here, then, surely is the revelation of a faculty absolutely *sui generis*—totally distinct from those commonly possessed by the rest of the race. Are we not safe, then, in saying that in such experience we discover a phase of consciousness on the sense-psychic plane which cannot logically be classified with the usual sense faculties of mankind? Here, we come upon a new consciousness—a new plane of being. Naturally it is as yet limited to the possession of a few. They are the norms or hints of what the race is finally to become.

Doubtless in the far future we will all hear sounds in Nature to which the ordinary ear of man is now wholly unsusceptible, and discern visual rays now wholly beyond the ken

of the ordinary human eye. Then we will, so to speak, not only look at but through each other. Let us trust that in that day deceit, intrigue, lying, falsehood will be wholly abrogated as qualities of the race, because then they cannot be practised with such impunity as at present. Then we shall know each other more as we know ourselves. For, when this faculty is fully developed it will, no doubt, lead to the perception of thoughts in another's brain.

For thoughts are but mental pictures. These pictures are photographed on the tissues of the brain, and the "psychic eye" will some time, I doubt not, learn to perceive these now occult and mysterious portraits. Not without temporary sacrifice, however, will the race ascend to the attainment of this higher power. In the gradual acquirement of this plane of consciousness the race is destined, I believe, to pass through many phases of moral deformity. For it is in logical keeping with the natural progress of mankind that the discovery of such a curious and novel mode of consciousness will so bewilder the race that at first the cunning, the selfish and the over-reaching will seek to appropriate it to their individual advantage, whatever may be the effect upon humankind in general.

This phase of moral deformity and abuse of opportunity has long been manifested in the development of the intellectual consciousness. The shrewd, the wise, the learned, the brainy in all ages have sought to conquer by their mental cunning and acumen. Knowledge is power. The learned are gods to the ignorant; the achievements of science are miracles to the rabble. Similar conditions may, therefore, justly be anticipated while the race is slowly acquiring the psychic consciousness. But in the end, if we read history aright, the physical, the intellectual, the psychical and the ethical will all blend into one harmonious consciousness. Then will follow the millennium.

And does not the possibility of the millennium prophesy a consummate consciousness even beyond what we have thus

far outlined? Is there not a conceivable consciousness of the Perfect Man beyond the evolution of man thus far traced in this paper? I think there is. There is a consciousness beyond the four planes which I have thus far traced, so exalted, so recondite, so ethereal, that but very few have as yet even heard of it.

This plane of consciousness, for want of a better term, we sometimes call the Higher Self. "The Mind of the flesh is death; the Mind of the Spirit is life and peace." This is the consciousness which registers the unity of man—the conjunction of divinity and humanity—the acme, not of the soul-consciousness of man, the animal (even in his highest attainments), but of man, the deity. I have elected to call it the Pneuma-Psychic consciousness in contradistinction of the Sense-Psychic consciousness above defined.

Here we meet with God—not external to, but within, man himself: The only God that can ever scientifically be revealed to man. This is the God that in all ages "no man hath yet seen," but who is, nevertheless, capable of conversing with and inspiring every human being. This is the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." This Higher Self realizes the consciousness of the unity of the universe. For not until we have entered into this sublime consciousness do we apprehend that all things are but transmutations or transformations of the ever one, unchangeable, persistent Reality.

As says Spencer in his "First Principles:" "We have an indefinite consciousness of an Absolute Reality transcending relations, which is produced by the *absolute persistence in us of something which survives all changes of relations*. . . . By the indestructibility of matter we really mean the indestructibility of the force with which matter affects us. . . . Hence the force, of which we assert persistence, is that Absolute Force of which we are indefinitely conscious as the necessary correlate of the force we know. In asserting it we assert an Unconditioned Reality, without beginning or end."



Thus, the last word of positive science. Not, perhaps, the science of positivists, but science that may be regarded as positive. A still deeper and truer science, however, resting on spiritual experience and knowledge, is that this "indefinite consciousness of the Absolute Reality transcending all relations" may be reduced more and more by constant gradations, into a definite consciousness, till the individual soul ascends into a realization of the "Reality." This experience relates to the Higher Self; this is the entrance into the "Holy of Holies"; this dream of all religions has ever been the stumbling block and rock of offense for the "carnal mind."

Nevertheless, the logic of man's commonplace experience and persistent evolution postulates the possibility of this higher experience. From primeval times man has ever ascended from the plane of the known to the unknown. The ignorance of to-day is the knowledge of to-morrow. The superstition of yesterday is the science of to-day. The miracles of ancient Bibles are enacted in the modern laboratories. The arc is ever expanding into the quadrant, the quadrant into the hemisphere, till who shall say that the entire circumference of the now Unknown (by some conceived to be the Unknowable) shall not sometime become the content of the universal consciousness of the race.

Then, indeed, shall we have ascended into the Supreme. Then shall Man have become God, and Deity be universalized in Humankind. Far away and dreamy as this possibility may now appear, it is not only logically grounded in the present experience of the race, but the evolution of each individual evidences its continuous demonstration. The infant ascends from pure unconsciousness, which is its state before deliverance and some little time afterwards, to the lofty altitude of self-conscious individuality. Differentiated from all things else in the universe, the living, fully organized, and functionally perfect, infant cannot differentiate itself from all the rest. It is born blind, feelingless, and acts almost as if it were

devoid of the physical senses. But anon these faculties are aroused by the excitation of foreign stimuli. The infant does not at first *see* the light; it *feels* it. It thinks the light is in its eye. Seeing, indeed, is a phase of the sense of touch. All the so-called five senses are but modifications of the one underlying sense of touch. Feeling the light to be in its eye, the infant is incapable of differentiating it from itself until it puts forth its finger, and being burned and vaguely discerning a new sensation, it begins to apprehend the fact that the light is not in its eye, but beyond it, perhaps in its finger-tips. Yet, its innate or inherited sense of logic restrains it from again thrusting forth its hand into the light. Thus gradually it begins to experience the notion of space, distance, extension, separateness. And from this vague initial the infant slowly but surely ascends from one mode of consciousness to another, till in the course of time it learns to regard itself as single, individual, self-conscious, supreme. Out of these small, initial beginnings shall come forth, perhaps, a Plato, a Shakespeare, a Wagner.

Now, why put limits to human possibilities? Why shall not this ascent into the realm of the Unconscious (Spencer's "Unknowable" or "Unconditioned") continue on forever and forever, till infinite Man shall himself ultimately enter the realm of the Absolute Reality "transcending all relations?" For this precisely describes the conception of the Higher Self. It is the "Perfect Peace that passeth all understanding" of the Christian; the Nirvana of the Buddhists and the Brahm of the Hindus. It abides above all relations; it is not subject to time or space, to matter or motion. It is individual, yet omnipresent; self-realizable, yet diffused through the universal essence. Its correlate in Nature is found in the ether—the all-pervading substance which, itself the essence of all matter, is

traction, gravity; of life, of respiration, of articulation, circulation; the matrix of protoplasm, the maker of the cell, the ultimate mother and source of all things, the womb of universal phenomena; yet it cannot be seen, felt, smelt, tasted, or heard. No analyst can discern its constituents, for it is incomposite; no microscope can decipher its infinitesimal units, for it is unitary, but not digital; no scientist can define its nature; no physicist durst postulate its origin. Nevertheless, all admit that it exists, that it functionates—a universal Something without beginning, without conceivable end, everywhere yet nowhere, the sphinx of science, the illusive of the algebraic quantities of knowledge.

Such, also, is that Somewhat we call the Higher Self. It is in all, yet above all; it is everywhere, yet its location is undiscoverable. It cannot be described, differentiated, or analyzed. We simply postulate its existence as a logical necessity. It is an axiom of Being. We know that it is as we know gravity and electricity. For we can utilize it as we can those physical forces. We may ascend into the Higher Self and there functionate consciously on a plane wholly diverse from that of the ordinary. As the Ether is a universal, sublimated, all-pervasive yet visually undifferentiated quantity, so is the Higher Self. Everybody potentially possesses it, yet it is inexhaustible. The more it is absorbed, the more remains to be absorbed. Like the ether, it is a realm of undisturbed calm and silence. Abiding there we know only the state of restfulness, serenity, love, the *dolce far niente* of the soul, which can be experienced by no possibility on any other plane of consciousness.

Here all worlds become one. All individualities dissolve into a spiritual solidarity. Fraternity becomes not a combination of separate individualities but a conscious

nal. It destroys the sense of self; it gives peace for passion; rest for worry; harmony for disorder; calm for restiveness. It is imperturbable. It knows not joy or pain; it waits on sorrow's surcease and on pleasure's passing. It is beyond the storm. It is the storehouse of universal energy. From this universal supply-house every human being may be equipped with Nature's resources of strength and health and growth.



### MY THOUGHT.

Go, little Thought, I send thee forth,  
 My trusted messenger of love,  
 To the remotest parts of earth,  
 To depths beneath, to heights above.

No obstacle can stay thy flight,  
 Distance is naught, nor time nor space;  
 At brightest noon, or darkest night,  
 Thou'rt sure to reach thy destined place.

I cannot hold thee, little Thought,  
 For thou art as the tiny shoot  
 Which grows, and spreads, and blossoms out,  
 And I receive again thy fruit.

If thou art good and pure and sweet,  
 A double blessing then thou art;  
 The heart that thou in love dost meet  
 Reflects thy love upon my heart.

But if I send thee fraught with ill,  
 Thy keenest edge is inward turned,  
 For faithfully thy image will  
 Deep into my own soul be burned.

Oh, Thought of mine, be pure and kind!  
 Prove that the soul that gave thee birth  
 Holds only LOVE for all mankind—

## PERMANENT SUCCESS.

BY GEORGE S. EVANS.

Latterly it has become the fashion for certain of the great periodicals to secure articles from some of the most distinguished worthies of the land on the general topic of "Success." Many of these articles have been invigorating and inspiring by reason of the excellent examples instanced, or the sound advice set forth. They have, for the most part, been directed to the young and inexperienced. Some of the writers have held up one form of success as desirable, while others have laid special stress on some other phase. But without exception, all have argued from the commercial or material basis. While they have admitted the excellence of the practise of the abstract virtues, they have done so because the practise of such virtues is more apt to bring commercial success, than is the case where such virtues are lacking. They have, in effect, argued that a man should be honest because he can attain worldly fortune the more readily if he is honest rather than dishonest, and have overlooked the moral side of the virtue, honesty. This is perhaps characteristic of the times, and deplorably so.

It is good to inflame the minds of the young with stories of the deeds of the great; it is good to arouse their enthusiasm for "right living." But the expediency of arousing their avarice for money for the mere sake of money, of inspiring their desire for power for the mere sake of exercising it, may well be doubted. There is nothing reprehensible in the desire to acquire money in any quantity provided the acquirer looks to it that he gets it honestly, and after having come into its possession handles it as though he is the trustee of so much power to be exercised for the common good. Neither is there

anything despicable about desiring power, if such desire is based on the wish to exercise it for the common good.

But there is something despicable about desiring wealth for the mere pleasure which it and its acquirement brings. So is there something despicable in desiring power to satisfy the lust to lord it over others. In most of the articles that the periodicals have recently published on this subject, "Success," there has been too much emphasis laid on the sordid and ignoble side of it. There was a time when the philosophers said that the object of life should be individual happiness. Very few have outgrown this theory. But some have arrived at a far nobler and higher conclusion than this. According to them the individual should not consider himself happy unless all are happy, for it has been shown that humanity is a unit; that what injures one injures all. Hence, we have the idea of brotherhood. The philosophers to-day generally agree that the object of life should be more life. In other words they believe in progress. They believe that it is the duty of civilization to increase the number of the fit. They recognize the fact that the weak should be raised up to the level of the strong, and not the strong reduced to the level of the weak. The motive, the spirit in which an act is done, constitutes its test.

In spite of all the laudation of material success by its votaries, the dying words of Horace Greeley point out the only success that is worth the seeking. "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow; only one thing endures—character!" After all is said and done "wealth is of the heart and not of the hand." A character is formed by experiences and the spirit with which such experiences are met. "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Of what avail to attain to preferment, honor, station, if they are not based upon character? In the long run men are judged at their real value. They are judged for what

they were, not for what they had. Posterity remembers them because they heeded generous impulses, and because they did the things which lay nearest them according to the best light they had at the time. Posterity forgets or holds up to execration the men who reaped where they did not sow, men who lived to the flesh alone.

In his address on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cornell University, Senator Depew masterfully drew a contrast between the man who looks upon the acquirement of money as the only success and the man who "serves the Lord." He said: "The most arrogant and offensive manager of money is often the man who has endured and suffered adversity and finally becomes a success. He proudly boasts, 'I owe nothing to the world,' and 'No one ever did anything for me.' He is neither sympathetic with the struggling nor sensitive to duty. As a money-making machine he incurs the enmity of his fellows and cares nothing for their good will. With an increasing contempt for those who fail to get on in business comes a growing disparagement of the value of the work or services of others. He pays grudgingly and gives regretfully, only under the resistless pressure of his surroundings. In the lending of his money he practises the arts of the usurer, and in speculation those of the gambler. The world gains nothing by his life, and his heirs are the only beneficiaries at his death. Such a man does infinite harm. He is at once the excuse for and the irritant of the combination of the elements which, either blindly or viciously, labor for the destruction of our institutions and laws. He has existed under all forms of society and government, but it is in a republic that he becomes peculiarly obnoxious, and the methods of reaching him seem more accessible.

"There are men who so use their wealth that the whole community rejoices in their good fortune and applauds the management of their trusts. Their course sharply differentiates between property and its administration. They draw

the fire from vested interests upon whose integrity and safety the structure of society depends, and concentrate it upon the unworthy steward who defies the written laws of God and the unwritten ones of man. A most noble and brilliant representative of this class was the founder of this university (Ezra Cornell). Prosperity made him neither an idler nor a voluptuary. It added fresh vigor to his work, enlarged his vision, and broadened his sympathies. There were no mawkish sentimentalities nor theatrical surprises in his character. He determined to devote a portion of his fortune to the welfare of his countrymen and countrywomen, and decided that the best way was to give them the education and training with which to help themselves. He had the self-made man's belief that a successful career is possible to everyone who tries, but he knew from experience how much more difficult is progress for the poorly equipped in the sharp competitions of life. He did not give up money making. On the contrary, the more beneficent purposes to which he found it could be applied, the harder he worked to gain more. His was the ideal of the divine injunction to be 'diligent in business, serving the Lord.' "

Kings, princes, emperors, captains of industry have wielded the scepter of arbitrary temporal power. They have led armies to victory, built up vast enterprises, founded empires and ruled over them. But what has it availed them?

"They say the lion and the lizard keep  
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,  
And Bahram, that great hunter, the wild ass stamps o'er his head,  
But cannot break him from his sleep."

The things which are temporal have no permanent value. Display, pomp, and glory are not the deep things of life. Life has a deeper meaning than is evidenced by outward show. In life's quarry we must all hew out a character, and we hew out the character we work for. All of the effort and toil of existence should be directed toward acquiring a character.



The next question that naturally arises is: What kind of work should we do to acquire a character? Carlyle has answered this question.

"For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. \* \* \* The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. \* \* \* All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven. On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old monks, *laborare est Orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true work is worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of things unseen.

"A second man I honor. Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread; but the Bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one: when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality?"

Work is the inheritance of the human race. All of the accumulations of all the ages would not sustain mankind in ignoble ease for three years. The expansion of the race over the waste and barbarous portions of the globe has opened up vast fields for work. And the expansion of the human intellect, coupled with increased bodily wants, have increased the fields of labor. In the nineteenth century man was exalted, and that century will be remembered as one in which man made more conquests over Nature than were made in all of

the centuries preceding. With this increase of material wealth came an increase in the moral realm, but not in the same proportion, and it is just here that the problem of the time lies: How to influence the material and those who believe in it so as to equalize the ratio between matter and morals. While the nineteenth century will be remembered as one of achievement in many spheres, it will go down as one of failure in many particulars. In the mitigation of the lot of the poor it was a conspicuous failure. The condition of the poor in the great cities is worse to-day than ever before in the world's history, and the number of poor is increasing instead of diminishing. The theory that as the race progresses materially poverty increases so far as the masses are concerned, is correct. The work of the future, then, is to construct a scientific society, a society in which the number of the fit will be increased. Here is the work to be done by the teacher, the scholar, the statesman. Mankind has been submerged under the wave of material splendor, and it is time to begin the work of rescue. This is the work to be done; the work that will count for something, and in the doing of which the highest and most intense application will be required. Happy will the man be who can solve some of the problems of society, for future generations will call him blessed, and eternal fame will be his lot.



THE real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true sources of life and happiness are deeper than all these.  
—*John White Chadwick*



No sunrise, mountain top, or June of blossom is so beautiful

## ASPIRATION.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

Deep in the human breast  
Within life's sacred portal,  
Where discords are at rest  
In harmonies immortal;  
Where hopes and fears  
And smiles and tears  
In minor keys are blended,  
And peace, sweet dove,  
On wings of love  
Has from on high descended;  
There, in immortal youth,  
By holy genii guided,  
The heart will find the truth  
Of life and death confided.

Whatever be the heights  
To which the man aspires;  
His path must draw its light  
From Love's undying fires,  
Must feel the needs where duty leads  
In quest of the ideal,  
And in the stress  
Of usefulness  
Find knowledge of the real.  
Thus, in unfading youth,  
By holy genii guided,  
The man will find the truth  
Of life and death confided.

When in the storms of life  
The mind with flagging power  
Seeks from its daily strife  
Some silent, peaceful hour—  
It finds the source  
From whence it pours  
A stream of life undying,  
Where visions bright  
In matchless light  
From heart to heart are flying.  
There, in the sphere of youth,  
By holy genii guided,  
The man will find the truth  
Of life and death confided.

O, soul, enwrapt in love  
And taught by heavenly vision,  
Accept from heights above  
Thy sacred, heartfelt mission;  
To generate  
Hope, Love, and Faith  
In human thought and action,  
And place the true  
If old or new  
Above all creed and faction;  
For thus, in deathless youth,  
By holy genii guided,  
The mind will find the truth  
Of life and death confided.

Adversity's cold clutch  
Must not thy zeal diminish  
Nor take thy warm heart-touch  
From any work thou finish.  
As tides and floods

Of passing moods  
Which sweep through mind's dominion  
Must in the soul  
Their final goal  
Attain on love-wrought pinions.  
Hence, as you soar in youth,  
By holy genii guided,  
Thy mind shall find the truth  
Of life and death confided.

Seek everywhere for truth—  
Not but in Beauty's bowers;  
If roughly paved or smooth,  
If strewn by thorns or flowers,  
Thy path pursue,  
Thy duty do  
Through scenes of pains or pleasures,  
And Truth some day  
Shall for thee lay  
Her undecaying treasures,  
While borne on wings of youth,  
By holy genii guided,  
Thy soul shall find the truth  
Of life and death confided.



The blade of grass—the bud upon the rose tree  
Are links in Life's great chain of mystery,  
The life that in them flows is thy life, too,  
And all is fair and all divinely good,  
And every link the band of brotherhood.

HARRY T. FEE.



"BECAUSE you find a thing very difficult, do not at once conclude that no man can master it. But whatever you observe proper and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power."—*Marcus Aurelius*.

## HINTS OF THE NEW DAY.

BY J. H. A. MARSHALL.

The World dreams in the shadowy dawn of a New Day—a strong, fair dream of stupendous change.

Recent thought heaves under the impact of a new and revolutionary impulse.

The character of the subtle influence that is permeating all branches of speculation is somewhat a matter of conjecture, but that an overmastering principle has long been latent and now is active is shown by the gradual but certain undermining of standards considered, hitherto, as immutable as the stars.

Like mysterious writing on the wall comes the warning to the world of the downfall of empirical limitations, a downfall which, practically, is accomplished rather than imminent.

This overthrow of established criterions is not effected, it appears, in a destructive spirit, but is preliminary to rebuilding. Old codes and creeds have proven to be unequal to the ethical and scientific emergencies of a rapidly developing humanity; and their narrowness has become not merely unserviceable, but a menace to an expanding consciousness which reaching superior heights of understanding must needs find a wider field of action. To the unbiased observer this admission holds good for every definite direction of moral and mental growth.

It would seem that evolution is carried forward independently of human conscious effort; and new mental phases, inducing complementary experiences, are developed with much of the same inevitability as the child develops physical stature and wider intellectual interests.

Humanity is becoming prone to a detailed self-examination; is suspecting itself of possessing unguessed powers, and

cautiously experimenting with these, somewhat as a young bird essays the uses of its wings.

We may view humanity as a child of Nature barely coming to an age of clearer reason and higher responsibility. It has been a foolish, willful child, if the simile holds good, and has given Nature trouble enough by its perversity; but none the less the true mother loves and guides it, teaching it unswervingly the supreme law of its being, the law of the sovereign power of the Conscious Will.

Premonitory indications of the unfolding of this inherent power have expressed themselves in theories that treat of the natural sovereignty of mind over matter; and the world dreams of an exact science that will deal directly with causes rather than with effects.

In this connection come into existence a succession of strange cults and philosophies, floating upward as brilliant and as unstable as bubbles, and like them bursting quickly and irretrievably. They represent the first and ineffective strivings of a nascent faculty.

Notwithstanding the antics of visionaries and cranks, it has dawned upon many serious and clear thinkers that little independent knowledge can be gained from authoritative writings; the last page of human learning has been turned, and darkness is across it even as it was across the first. Despair often accompanies this conclusion; but in the reaction that follows, the mind rises into an unerring sense of the necessity for reliance on its own primal power of intuition. Opinions of others, even those opinions which are founded on experience and sincerity, are no longer satisfying; they serve as valuable guides oftentimes, but in themselves are as impotent to convey exact knowledge as is the finest description to convey a perfectly correct impression of the thing described. The mind has a new need—it is done with elementary learning and requires living knowledge obtained at first hand. It must identify itself with the object of its per-

ception; must dominate it in order to really know it; must cultivate the budding spiritual Will that constitutes it an individualized being, and which, later on, shall develop it into a true creator in its turn.

Evolution having brought humanity to a point from where are divined the powers attainable through comprehension of the subtile forces of Nature, we find the evanescent faculty of intuition revealing itself as an aspect of Will that is effective in the sublimated substance of the sphere of those forces.

This faculty has nothing whatever to do with mysticism. It is the higher human nature seeking its level of intelligence in the transcendent natural spheres, rising in virile might against the antagonism of sanctioned ignorance to establish its own invincible harmony; making its claim in realms of existence almost unguessed as yet by the intellect absorbed in conditions which have grown inefficient for the exercise of a more developed mentality. It is the soul's searchlight, penetrating the darkness of intellectual chaos which outlies the boundaries of material life; dissolving the phantom shadow of blind faith; revealing the truths of a higher nature both in man and in his universe; a higher existence; a higher activity; transforming subserviency into mastery. It trembles like a vivid star on the horizon of human understanding, steadily arising and flooding the mind with light, transfiguring all things since it raises motives and aspirations to a greater power.

Its increasing development is sensed to-day like that of some unseen, uncomprehended but overmastering deific presence recognized by the awed mind with ecstatic anticipation.

Possibly on emerging from the stone age man grew aware similarly of undreamed possibilities rushing newly into his grasp.

In following the spiral of evolution we have attained to a point whence we view a past left behind and below, and glimpse a future replete with ideal interests.



Nature, who holds the key to the mysteries of existence, calls us; long has she called us but for the first time we really hear and begin to understand. Our senses hark back to the prefigurative primeval. We faintly apprehend an imperative summons reverberant in the billowing winds; in the vast thrill of vitalizing sunshine; in the soothing sweep of sheeted rain; in the sanctified stillness of sweet, green-shadowed forests; in the ecstatic freedom of life in holy solitudes, where the mind may reach over the confines of crass matter and clasp hands with the soul; this and more, form the as yet undefined impulse which shall lead man back (a returned prodigal who for weary ages has gleaned wisdom from the husks of experience), but by loftier paths to the realization of a prototypal, ideal world, an ancient world made new in the undefiled dawn of an incipient emancipation.

The meeting cycles of evolution overlap, and it is very slowly that the new becomes blended with the old; so the advance guard of humanity has almost unwittingly crossed a confluence of ages, and is amazed at the new order which now heralds itself.

In the past, the sad, sin-blackened, sorrow-burdened past, man walked by the lurid light of his lower nature. He was barbaric even in his highest expressions; he prospered at the expense of others, and the pivot on which turned his principle motives was that of animal need. The faint stirrings of his dormant soul occasionally reached to dim images of Love and Truth, but these were distorted through the refractions of the gross medium of his flesh-bound comprehension into mere sentimentalisms. His charity, his pity, were mostly withered emotions dried in the furnace-breath of selfishness. His religion wavered between fear and covetousness; his science was timid; his compassion calculating; his love blind, and bound to self. He had not the soul's understanding. Now he has arisen and pauses on the threshold of an advent in existence (beginning to recognize the power of the Conscious Will over

the ponderable and to conjecture the results of that power as applied to the imponderable), which will lift him from animality into godhead. Although such conjecture is illimitable the startling character of the possibilities surmised does not deny them. Attainment has always followed imagination in all the achievements the world has witnessed.

Imagination is pointing to man as a ruler of natural forces independent of mechanical means. Having discovered an elemental clue through the renaissance of telepathy, he looks forward to the direct impact of thought-force on matter, and grows aware of how through that impact the average quality of intelligent thought affects, in direct reaction, universal conditions hitherto believed to be beyond the reach of human control. Only a few steps forward and Science will cognize that it lies within man's power to modify climates; atmospheric states; the form and disposition of the lower creatures—nay, more, that the prevailing characteristics of all such are and always have been due to and dependent upon that average quality. Science will then recognize a broad and exalted ethics as its only possible basis.

The aim of mechanics in this era is to simplify means; to produce greater power through concentration of methods; to economize force by lessening complications. Will we who have followed step by step the steady advance of the mechanical arts, who are amused at the crudeness of the clumsy, inefficient engines of a few generations back, dare to say that we have come to the end?

Outlying the area of the kingdom of the mechanically applied forces stretch ascendently the as yet unknown but palpable spaces of tenuous substance wherein thought may enter and experiment directly with those finer forces which are, none the less, natural; and which, also, are increasingly potent in proportion to their imponderability, just as steam is more potent than water, and electricity more potent than steam. Here is the proper domain of mind—mind freed from the

restraining impositions of dense matter—and enough has been done herein to prove that immeasurably more can be done.

Hitherto mind has been the subjective but positive agent operating on the negative gray matter; but in this tenuous and potent province of freer forces the relation of mind is reversed, and it becomes the negative agent subject to the impingement of that super-human (not super-natural) intelligence which our limited apprehension designates vaguely as the soul.

Imagination can postulate more, but perhaps it is best to pause here and strive for some comprehension of those significant details that refer to mind as a potential medium for the inflow of innate knowledge; the knowledge that is the slender link binding material man to his spiritual origin, that link which is, in this stage of evolution, the matter-quenched ray of Omniscience.

When humanity in general has arrived at that comprehensive eminence of understanding which will show a path leading through sequent upward spheres of realizations it will experience a radical "change of heart."

From the commanding height of its sublimated relations it will perceive that each and every being has its individuality confirmed by the inherent condition of existence. The drop returned to the ocean remains abstractly and essentially the same drop, different from every other drop; and each atom of its composition, however subdivided, is the same atom. We cannot imagine any case that will not revert to individuality as the aggregate expression of a distinct line of development.

This incapability of parity in every phase of manifestation is in itself the binding force of brotherhood. Were all or any equal, the necessity for brotherhood would be eliminated; all would be the same; progress would come to a standstill on a dead level deprived of instigation; for brotherhood implies inequality, and inequality is a word representing the necessity which holds together and forwards the individual atoms that

form the individual being, be that individual being a molecule or a cosmos.

Brotherhood is not a passing sentiment born of evanescent conditions, it is the natural law of differentiated being. It is the law that holds together atoms and universes; and it is innately a flat denial of equality in everything except itself.

Moreover, since it is the law by which all things abide, whether or not it be intellectually recognized as such, it is the highest expression of that moral equity which is what we want when we feel vaguely about for equality. In this realization the scale is from the antagonisms of blind force to the harmonious adjustments of the Conscious Will; from chaos to order. When man has learned this, he will rule benignly and with perfect Love in all the fair kingdoms over which he has dominion. In the coming races of the future, in the vanished races of the past, in the vague stirrings of protoplasmic beginnings, in the solemn decadence of exhausted evolutionary phases, he will see only an expanding power to know and to be. Existence will become a reality fairer than was ever any dream; a reality of true power which is inherently good and glad, being free.

Those who await on the verge, understanding in some dim measure the unfolding force of man's higher nature which is striving to lead him to view all things with the exalted, purified, and normal spiritual perception of the soul, see that the simple means to the stupendous end is to look as much as possible to the highest in oneself and in others; in everything; to gradually do away with limitations by making them unnecessary. There is always a higher and a lower, give heed to the higher only and ignore the lower and it will weaken and fade out, a dark shadow absorbed by the strong, vivifying Light of a spiritualized intelligence.



PRAYER is not so much a word or an act: it is a certain condition of the soul to receive influences from spiritual fountains of power.—*Frank Walters.*

## INTUITION AND HAPPINESS.

BY ANNE STORY ALLEN.

"My sons," said an old man, "I have suffered many afflictions in my life, most of which never came to me."

These words are not merely the statement of a personal or unique experience. Nearly every one can truthfully say: "The most of my suffering has been unnecessary." Another step could be taken and honest conviction voiced something like this:

"My faculties have been untrained and untaught. Imagination, a most reliable guide when controlled, has led me through many a dark and fearful path; caution, my good friend when we are not at variance, has many a time checked my steps and hindered my progress. Determination, my helpful assistant, has often forced me to climb rough and barren peaks, and I have retraced my steps without its aid. Attention has been allowed to wander when most needed, and concentration has become weak and ineffective from constant disuse. All my faculties have in turn mastered me, while I, who should be master of them, have stood passive and bewildered. I am tired of this false position. Happiness is for me. I know it. I claim my own."

Is this claim a selfish one? Another question will answer. Can true happiness be selfish? Does not a truly happy person give out to those about him, and to those, sometimes who are far away, something which an unhappy person does not possess and consequently cannot impart?

What is happiness? Wherein does it differ fundamentally from unhappiness?

Happiness is positive, active. Unhappiness is negative, passive. Happiness is a harmonious state produced by thought

control. Unhappiness is a condition brought about through receptivity to every external influence.

Man is created to rule all below him, and, as all below him is included in him, self-mastery means the mastery of all; and the heritage to be claimed is the heritage of happiness. But intuition which declares for happiness and reason which explains the lack of it are not in harmony. Reason has never been taught to interpret intuition, and intuition will not agree with reason. Intuition obtains its knowledge from within. It needs no confirmation, only interpretation.

Reason reaches out for proof. It makes use of experience, the senses, analogies. In its rightful position, subservient to intuition, it will broaden and expand as it can never do if given the ruling place. Truths, communicated by intuition, must be practically applied by reason. If this is not understood, it is likely to be put aside as unworthy of investigation; then reason is allowed full sway and experience is thought to be the only teacher.

In the search for happiness, one thing and then another has been tried. Nothing has proved satisfying. According to temperamental desire, each has sought for sensation in varying degrees of refinement. Mental sensation, physical sensation, all has left a woful lack. Probing into the perishable for the imperishable, confounding effect with cause, seeking the greater in the less.

"There is nothing in it," cries the rich man, as he thinks of the one great sorrow that all his money could not avert.

"Nothing in it," says the traveller, as he brings back again his weary, restless heart.

"Nothing in it," decides the student, as he lays aside his books.

But there is something in it. Experience has been trying, in her slow, bungling, often cruel, way to teach life's lesson. Often the pupil has learned only to pronounce the letters, and the meaning of the words and the significance of the sentence

have been lost. Experience speaks in still harsher tones. The pupil shudders and recoils from his teacher. Then in the hush of despair, the voice of intuition is heard. It catches reason's attention.

"Like produces like," says Intuition. Reason agrees.

Intuition continues: "Harmony is the cause of happiness." Reason assents with various reservations.

Intuition says: "Constructive thought builds; destructive thought destroys." Reason nods her head, and says: "Of course."

Intuition adds: "All thought, then, should be constructive." "I begin to see," says Reason.

"Constructive thought," says Intuition, "can build of any material at hand. A huge granite block is dislodged and crashing down the mountain side blocks the way. Idealism and Optimism are travelling along the road and suddenly find it impassable. They consult together and with the instrument of constructive thought they build a beautiful arch of stone, which shall be for a message to those who will read. Had Materialism and Pessimism reached the boulder first, fragments of granite would have been scattered far and near by the force of their destructive thought and the road would have been thereafter a hard and stony one to travel."

"I will think on these things," says Reason.

To many people intuition is scarcely more than a name. An almost supernatural faculty bestowed sparingly and closely allied to superstition. It is not generally recognized to be as definite in its action as the sense of hearing, and infinitely more to be relied upon. Absolutely to be trusted when reason has been trained to act as interpreter. How many people can instantly cease all thought, quiet the senses and wait for intuition to report from the fountain-head of knowledge? How many have the faith and courage to act according to intuition's command, no matter what may be the temporary and apparent result? That a few find this guide and obey it,

proves its existence and power. That so many unsatisfied and unhappy are blindly groping for it assures us of its coming universal acceptance.

The business man at his office, the professional man at his desk, the mother at home, each has, recognized or unrecognized, this faculty, this sixth sense. To recognize it is the first step toward cultivating it. The cultivation of it leads to a knowledge of the value of constructive thought. Out of the material once looked upon as a stumbling block constructive thought builds a beautiful arch and clears the road to happiness.



IF my dreams of doing something splendid and rising to something great are dead and gone, I will take hold with a will at what I know I can do still to a good purpose, and then let the eternal love which is watching for me take care of the rest.—*Robert Collyer.*



HIS thoughts are as thine own; nor are his ways  
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense  
Of beauty infinite and love intense.  
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,  
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;  
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

—*George MacDonald.*



WOULD you see God? Look about you among the good, the true, the loving hearts of his children, and in every trait of holiness and benevolence there present see Divinity ever freshly incarnating itself, to teach new lessons of goodness, righteousness, and love to all the sons of men.—*Joseph May.*



CHEERFULNESS—enforced at first—by and by inspires a gracious contentment; and self-sacrifice—at first a conscious struggle—loses itself in the self-forgetfulness of love. In such ways as these the daily crosses of duty change into the many-rayed crown of life.—*Brooke Herford.*



## SUMMER SCHOOL WORK AS VIEWED BY THE DAILY NEWS.

[The following article will be of interest to the readers of MIND as showing the attitude of the press toward the New Thought movement. The New York *Daily News* sent a reporter to the Upland Farms Summer School at Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y., to make an investigation as to what was being done there. The following is an extract from an article which appeared in that paper on August 3d. The article was followed a day or two later with very favorable remarks and was illustrated by a view of one of the halls used for educational purposes at the Summer School. It is gratifying to know that the press throughout the country has become decidedly favorable to the whole New Thought movement.—C. B. P.]

"Between the New Thought and Socialism there is a connection only along the most general lines," said Charles Brodie Patterson, yesterday. "Socialism believes in the development of humanity through the betterment of external conditions; the New Thought philosophy teaches that the most effective way to regenerate society is to work outward from the center of individual life, and to accomplish this by means of good will instead of through antagonism and resistance displayed toward existing conditions."

Socialism, in one form or another, has been taught and philosophized over for centuries. Altruism has always been the dream of the better part of humanity. Harmony between the physical, spiritual, and intellectual man has been preached by every great teacher of ethics in ancient and modern times, and yet the latest word on the subject is called the New Thought.

People in New York—the vast majority of them—have but the haziest idea of what the New Thought means. As half

the superficial part of mankind confuses Socialism with Anarchy, so practical people shrug their shoulders at the mention of any possible form of new thought, and murmur, disdainfully, "another fad."

If it is a fad, it has an attractive setting. Nearly forty miles up the Hudson is one of the loveliest spots of all the lovely Hudson shore. It is called Oscawana, and it isn't a town—it is a spot. The nucleolus of this nucleus of beauty is Upland Farms, and here is the Summer School of the New Thought.

This is only the second year of the school's existence, but already it has three times as many applicants for admission as it can accommodate. Two hundred people now live in farm-houses and tents, and lead an idyllic summer life of work and play, and the rest stay outside and envy them.

It is not a peculiar people. In no sense is it a community of cranks. It is simply a summer school, as Chautauqua is a summer school, only it is planned and conducted after the ideas advanced by William Morris.

People of all classes, creeds and occupations are there, and they think, speak and do as they please, with as much freedom as if they were at any summer resort.

Their thoughts, speeches, and deeds are along harmonious lines or they would naturally not be there, but there are no rules and regulations. Classes and lectures there are in plenty, but the people may attend them or not, just as they please.

Most of them do please, and these study music, art, wood carving, dramatic art, physical culture or philosophy, as their taste and inclination lead them.

The lectures are free, and the tuition fees for the classes are very low. The entrance fee is nominal, and all expenses of living are kept within the lowest reasonable limit.

The organization that started the idea of the summer school two years ago, incorporated last fall under the name of the Upland Farms Alliance, and its object is purely educational and industrial. It has already established a good free library

at the farm and intends to move the publishing house of the Alliance to Oscawana before next year. There will also be various industries at the farm—a chicken ranch, a book bindery, a shop for wood carving. The idea is to combine work and pleasure—to develop latent talent along higher lines, and to make all pleasure educational.

Many well-known people are becoming interested in land surrounding the farm. Ralph Waldo Trine has a beautiful little place on a height adjoining the farm, and Edwin Markham is negotiating for an idyllic spot just outside its boundaries on which to build a country home.

Within the limits of the farm itself are many cottages and tents, and plans for more cottages are being pushed to completion. A new assembly hall has just been built on a wooded height, to take the place of the old Harmony Hall, which was a reformed barn.

The main house is "The Locusts," a roomy, old farmhouse that has a welcome ready for many guests, and the other habitations wander off and settle in picturesque hollows or perch on ambitious little hills in a delightfully inconsequent way.

The whole place is hills and hollows, woods and streams, springs and meadows. Some of it is as wild as it was in the days of Hendrik Hudson, and some of it makes a faint-hearted attempt to look half-way cultivated and conventional, but it is all most beautiful.

A cluster of tents nestle under a group of hoary apple trees, and feel upon their canvas roofs the thud of apples that are worthy descendants of the excellent fruit of which a clergyman in old Ireland wrote a hundred and one years ago, thanking the great-grandfather of the present owner for the barrel of delicious American apples sent across the sea. That barrel of apples came from these same trees, and the fruit they bear to-day still merits the cordial praise of the good priest.

In addition to the classes and lectures at Upland Farms, there are entertainments that would draw good audiences if

given in New York in the season. Last Saturday night was typical. The Saturday night "spree" is usually a musicale followed by a dance, but this time it was a reading of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," with the musical setting by Strauss.

It was beautifully read by Joseph Adelman, the instructor in dramatic art, who in winter is Frohman's stage director and associated with the American Academy of Dramatic Art. The music was most sympathetically interpreted by Miss Cornelia Dyas, who is musical instructor at the White House.

Among the people assembled in the rustic little hall were painters, musicians, society women exquisitely gowned, and farmers' daughters in simple muslin, philosophers and romping children, lecturers, writers, and craftsmen. A wide range, and yet the spirit of keen artistic appreciation of the beauty of music and story, and the simple merriment in the dance which followed was alike in all. It was one of the kindest crowds ever gathered under one roof.

Men known throughout the length and breadth of the country chatted with farmers from the neighboring hillsides, and taught little lads and lassies how to dance. Gray-haired women cakewalked with the vigor and enthusiasm of debutantes.

On Sunday morning the scene in the assembly hall was just as characteristic, though very different. Brilliant sunshine mellowed every tint in the unpainted wood of floor and beam, and a thoughtful, intelligent audience followed with the keen absorption of thinkers the address upon the scope and meaning of the New Thought, delivered by Charles Brodie Patterson, who is at the head of the Alliance, so far as anybody can be said to be at the head.

Dr. Patterson's lecture was by request of a listener who was anxious to have the New Thought philosophy not only defined, but differentiated from other and apparently similar movements.

He began by showing its radical difference from Christian Science, with which it has often been confused, even as it

has been mixed up with hypnotism and spiritualism. In the case of Christian Science, one main difference lies in the refusal of the followers of Mrs. Eddy to recognize growth and development in life. As is well known, the Christian Scientist "affirms" that God is all in all, that the universe does not exist, nor sin, nor sickness.

The New Thought does not separate God from creation, nor mind from matter. God is all in all, but the universe is the expression of God. Christian Science affirms perfection in all things. The New Thought teaches that the germ is in each one, but that each man must work out his own salvation, stage by stage, from the Adam, which is the soul in infancy, to the Christ, which is the soul in manhood.

Christian Science denied disease, the New Thought sees in sin and disease the action of cause and effect. Sin is but a transitory condition of life that exists through ignorance of the law and is overcome by knowledge. Disease is the result of ignorance, which is unconscious sin, the condition that lies at the bottom of all sin, and that expresses itself on the physical organization of man, as the physical condition invariably corresponds to the mental, and is changed by its action.

The New Thought believes that all wrong conditions are brought about through the picturing faculty of the mind. By the law of correspondences, every thought has its effect upon a man's physical organism and tends to its upbuilding or destruction. The thing to be desired is spiritual change, but the regular order of growth and development must follow.

New Thought, being an outgrowth of what was known as Mental Science, is often supposed to be closely allied with hypnotism, but Dr. Patterson denies emphatically that this is the case. He calls hypnotism a mental reaction caused by a suggestion forced upon the mind by the will of another during a temporary dissipation of force in the subject. It ends in the forcing of the life principle out of the body of a man, and the inevitable deadening and weakening of all the fac-

ulties of his mind, until he becomes a mere automaton. The New Thought asserts the God-given right of every man to be free and to grow, and it conveys mental suggestions by means of advice, which the patient is free to accept or not, as he will. It does not give so much as it calls forth the latent possibilities written in the very life of man, and endeavors to teach the strengthening of the faculties by use.

The Spiritualists assert that the New Thought is simply aided and surrounded by beings who pour power into its exponents, but these exponents deny any supernatural aid. They acknowledge the potency of thought in any sphere of life, but assert that the concern of the New Thought is to get as much out of the present life as possible, without paying too much attention to either the future or the past.

As Dr. Patterson defines it, the movement called the New Thought contains much that is old. It has simply outgrown form, creed, and dogma, which it regards as hindrances to the best development. It holds that life is constant living and dying—dying to old things and living to new.

Above all, this movement is non-sectarian, and its adherents assert that the day it becomes sectarian will see the beginning of its downfall. The world wants no addition to the creeds and dogmas already in existence, or to the so-called spiritual movements which exist chiefly for the glorification of some ambitious individual.

The pioneers of the New Thought endeavor to keep it before the people as devoid of form as possible, and to keep the organization in such a state as to encourage the greatest individual freedom. It is committed neither to individualism nor to Socialism, but holds to the existence of a great truth between the two. The individualist must realize fully his relation to God and to humanity before he is fit for Socialism, and Socialism must leave the individual free to work out his own salvation and so be able to give the most effectual help to his fellow men.

The position taken by the philosopher of the New Thought is not that of blame or opposition toward the extremely unequal distribution of wealth and the existence of class distinction. He regards it simply as an untrue system brought by wrong conditions.

Like the Socialist, the New Thought philosopher maintains that God intended the people of the world to own the things of the world. Any other system is radically wrong, but it should be swept away by lawful and orderly means and by natural development, and not by the exertion of antagonistic force.

The two systems differ only as to the means to be employed; the end in view is precisely the same—the realization of freedom in the individual and of his true relation to the rest of humanity.

As to the beliefs and teachings of the New Thought philosophy, it affirms that God is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient, but if any one prefers Herbert Spencer's definition of God as "Infinite and Eternal Energy, within and without all things and from which all things proceed," it means the same thing.

That this energy is "blind force" the New Thought philosopher does emphatically deny. He maintains that all things in nature, from the greatest to the smallest, give absolute proof of intelligence and of orderly development.

The very atom is alive and is controlled by intelligence. As a great scientist asserts, all life is organic, even rocks are alive, and nothing exists that is not in process of evolution through the force of the indwelling Spirit.

To the student of life there is intelligence in everything, and there is only one Intelligence in the universe. Everything that exists is simply a manifestation of this Intelligence, and law and order control every part, the mind and soul of man as much as the earth and the sun. All intelligence, high or low, has its source in this great Intelligence. In other words, God is in the bad as well as in the good; one Spirit controls all.

Every positive must have its negative. Darkness, ignorance, wrong, are but the negatives of great realities. Evil is but a transitory condition, a passing phase, that is vitally necessary for the development of humanity through the resistance which it offers to growth. To resist evil is to strengthen it and prolong its life by spreading its sphere of action through the arousing of the spirit of partisanship and of opposition, and thereby creating and spreading abroad the spirit of discord.

All life is one, and only as all work together for good can evil be set at naught. The spirit of opposition quenches growth on both sides. Not to be affected by an evil deed means that there is no point of contact between the doer and the sufferer. The commands, "Resist not evil," and "Overcome evil with good" are absolutely practical and effective, as evil has no power except what we give it, being nothing in itself.

Conformity to God's law gives righteous expression and nothing else, and evil is nothing but lack of conformity to law. Its use is that men know law and realize it only by clashing with it and so gaining knowledge. The only evil is lack of knowledge.

The New Thought recognizes, above all, order in growth and development. It realizes the three great stages in the life of man, the simply physical being with purely animal attributes, to be appealed to only through the sense of Nature; the intellectual man, who subjects everything to the test of thought and reason, and the spiritual man, who feels and knows.

Working from the center outward one knows that all are related, the spiritual being, the mind to think, the sense-nature to appreciate external things, and law and order in all things.

It is impossible to reach all men with the highest thought; a large proportion can be appealed to only on the sense plan. Among these the Salvation Army is doing splendid work—work that the teacher of the New Thought could not possibly do, for the time is not yet.



The undeveloped man has not yet fulfilled his perfect mission. He is not evil or wrong, but simply has not advanced far upon the way which must be trodden by all alike.

No partiality is ever shown. The law acts for all, and God's gifts are for all. The only difference lies in the capacity for intelligent appreciation of the gifts.

With greater intelligence God's law is made manifest, and the need for the arbitrary laws of man to carry on a civilization such as we have to-day vanishes of itself, because there is no place for it.

Alluding to the teachings of other religious bodies, Dr. Patterson expressed his conviction that all religions should be thorough, philosophic, and scientific, able to demonstrate the kingdom of heaven that now is—the power of God to work in the life of man.



#### THE HAPPY LIFE.

The only perfect happiness is found  
In letting God with us have Its way,  
Till all the joys of Paradise abound  
In simply living Christ from day to day.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.



Whatsoever thou lovest  
That become thou must.  
God, if God thou lovest;  
Dust if thou lovest dust.

ANON.



LIVE true to God and the idea of God which he has given you to fulfil among men—witnesses for the truth as revealed by Christ. We complain, we fret, we hurry, we strive to make a figure in the world, and chafe against our limits. Why should we make so much ado? We have an eternity before us. He that believeth shall not make haste.—*Stopford Brooke.*

## THE BROTHERHOOD IDEAL OF TO-DAY.

BY HELEN VAN-ANDERSON.

Never in all the world's history has there been a deeper or broader spirit of Brotherhood than to-day, yet times and conditions are very different than in ancient or mediæval ages. There is no longer need of aggressive or defensive methods for establishing the bond of unity. In an infinite variety of forms, both secretly and publicly, the Brotherhood spirit is pervading all classes and states of society. Philanthropic and benevolent fraternities exist on every hand and for almost every conceivable purpose; yet greater than all and far deeper is that far reaching under current of sincere yearning in the hearts of the masses who do unselfish service for the betterment of mankind. Individuals alone and in obscure places are giving lives of unselfish service and true sympathy to those less fortunate, in their own neighborhoods, as well as whomsoever they may be able to reach through their alliance with organized societies.

Many are the prayers going forth from the illiterate and the poor that they may be enabled to do something in the way of service, may help to bear some burden besides their own. Even among the youth, boys and girls on the prairies and in the small villages are awakening to the blessedness of a life of thoughtful sympathy and kindly service.

Within the last few years the writer has had occasion to come in heartful contact through correspondence and friendly association with many of these aspiring young people, and with pleasure bears witness to this growing spirit of aspiration for the larger life which Brotherhood implies. To what can be attributed these early signs unless to that broad, generous, and universal spirit of fellowship conferred by the

splendid opportunities for association and benevolent work of the various organizations which have been founded and are maintained especially for the young.

The Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, for example, are doing an untold amount of good in developing the noblest manhood and womanhood through their religious, educational, social, and business departments. It was my privilege recently to meet a number of young men who were closely identified with this work, and both by observation and conversation my heart was deeply impressed with the value of the coöperative and benevolent opportunities of the association.

The great temperance movement, know especially as the work of the W. C. T. U., has the true spirit of Brotherhood as its foundation stone, and more earnest, more unselfish, more self-sacrificing labor has never been given than by these high minded, noble women who are devoting themselves to this great cause.

Another phase of the Brotherhood spirit and one which enlists the admiration of the whole world is the splendid organization and remarkable work done by the Salvation Army. In almost every village, in every town and city there are large or small working bodies of these devoted servers of humanity, who seem above all, eager to search out and save the most benighted and vilest of humanity. Through heat and cold, through storm and shine, through all phases and degrees of poverty, destitution, and crime go these sanctified men and women, ready to do anything, even the most menial service, for their needy brothers and sisters, whom they would redeem and turn into the path of salvation.

It is the beautiful spirit of service without thought of reward or personal benefit which represents true Brotherhood, and to find so many evidences of this pervading spirit is a mighty stimulus to a deeper faith in God and humanity. Even the idea of Brotherhood is broadening, and from the pens

of our most progressive and eminent scientists are coming statements of the evidence that there is a connecting link of intelligence which is manifested throughout the human, animal, and vegetable kingdoms. The evidence of this universal Brotherhood has already had ample proof in the brotherly feeling which has produced societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, for the protection and care of plants, trees, etc. Not only are countless numbers of individuals interested in preventing suffering and curing disease among the animals, but there are many among the unknown and unnamed philanthropists who would almost literally lay down their lives for the animal, as well as the human brothers, and many are the unrecorded deeds that bear witness of this brotherly devotion which animates many hearts. Shall we not say, and may we not honestly believe that there is really more unselfishness than selfishness in the world? Can we not agree with Ruskin (I think it was), who said, "If it were not for the underlying altruism in humanity this world would indeed be a social chaos?" If it is true that the individual is the sum of all he has been, it must be equally true that the world is the sum of all it has been. The magnificent records, therefore, of Brotherhood in ancient and medieval times, the deepening and broadening spirit which the struggles and experiences of centuries have evolved must be our heritage of to-day, must be the root of the many branches and the beautiful blossoms which are manifested throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. It matters not what phase of altruism is manifested, it emanates from the same root and is, therefore, a phase of Brotherhood, and so long as it stimulates a warmer sympathy, a better life, and a more unselfish devotion to a mutual cause it is good.

All coöperative work is educational in the truest sense of the word, for it reduces or brings forth the best in the individual character. Seclusion or isolation of person or interests induces selfishness. Fellowship and coöperation displaces

selfishness, bringing forth instead the sweet fruits of brotherly kindness. The larger and broader the view of life in its universality, the larger and broader the activities. It is well, therefore, that we have institutions and organizations for the enlargement of knowledge on all planes.

We need the broadest basis for scientific research, discovery, and invention. We need to know the history of the formation and development of the earth and everything it contains. We need to know the laws governing all processes of material evolution; therefore we must have a spirit of appreciation and thankfulness that the scientific spirit exists and that it is doing its work through the establishment and maintenance of organizations and institutions which uphold and further its aims.

We need the broadest basis for the propagation and development of art in all its branches; for, as science discovers and makes known the tangible, art reveals and crystallizes in beautiful and suggestive forms the intangible. Science interprets the reflection of God's ideas. Art gives their imitation. What is true of art is true of literature, oratory, sculpture, and all kindred expressions of the soul.

We need the broadest basis for religion, in order to discover and interpret the one origin and source of all religious experience. "He hath made everything beautiful in His time," declares the inspired writer in Ecclesiastes. May this not be as equally said of the process of evolution as of the process of creation?

With the larger knowledge, the larger view is not the infinite variety in diversity but the infinite expression of Unity? Awakened to the magnificent truth that all lives are but the inlet or outlet of the one Life, that all works are but the activities of the one Worker, may we not foresee the establishment of a Brotherhood which shall be world wide in its organization, universal in its interests, unlimited in its sympathies, Godlike in its activities?

Already we see the signs of its beginning and we welcome every aim and effort for education along any and all lines. There are schools and organizations for the development of the physical, intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual nature of man. Let us encourage and help, through coöperation and fellowship, if in no more substantial way, each one. Let us see beyond the attainments of the present to possibilities of the future. Let us realize that, no matter how widely divergent the apparent aims and methods, each is necessary to the perfecting of humanity as a whole. Let us welcome every project to stimulate the soulful faculties and educe the natural fruits of the soulful life. All this outreaching for a knowledge of the hitherto unknown characterizes the present age, and is but the desire to know the real and essential being in order to become and manifest that being. The child identifies his being as body. The adult identifies his being as the thinking faculties or mind, but the spiritually-born—he who knows the reality back of the apparent—identifies his being as the spirit which feels, loves, knows, and acts. This is the ultimate of all knowledge, that man shall know himself as the image of God, presenting in his character the likeness of God. God is, therefore God works. Man is, therefore Man works. But he must know himself as Man before he can truly work. While he is a child he is but a creature. While he is a physical adult he is a thinker, but when he becomes spiritually awakened to know his own being he is a doer and, above all, a lover. Thus he becomes Godlike; thus he becomes brotherly; thus he feels, perceives, and manifests unity with all creation.

In the earliest ages of coöperation, which we have termed Ancient Brotherhood, men worked for the building of better physical conditions; in the middle ages for the betterment of moral conditions; in this day for the betterment of spiritual conditions.

Most gladly we welcome all efforts to enlarge the spiritual ideal, to awaken the spiritual life, to bring about a universal

knowledge of spiritual truth; for this means the putting on of the new Man, the bringing to pass of that real Brotherhood which shall unite all humanity in brotherly fellowship and brotherly service.

Among the societies already organized and working out these spiritual principles are the Chatauqua Assembly, Emerson School of Oratory, Green Acre Summer School, the Brotherhood of the Illuminati, the Upland Farms Alliance, and many others, all of which are seeking to bring about the establishment of the Ideal in the manifestation of a Real Brotherhood.



I CANNOT conceive a religion which does not lighten human burdens. I do not believe that God ever spoke a word in the way of revelation which was not intended to make the soul serene and happy. If we do not interpret the Bible after this fashion, then we misinterpret it.—*Rev. G. H. Hepworth.*



Be content with such things as ye have.—*Heb. XIII., 5.*



Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.  
Be useful where thou livest, that they may  
. . . . Find out men's wants and will,  
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less  
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

*G. Herbert.*



"THE soul that is in earnest does not stop to count the cost."



HE is an infidel, in the only proper sense of that word, whose life denies his faith.—*John Hamilton Thom.*



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### RELATIONSHIP AND ENVIRONMENT.

**W**HEN we make a careful study of life in all its aspects we will find that law is founded in love, because whenever we conform to it the result of our actions is good; we find that the law benefits and helps us in every way, far beyond our anticipation. On the other hand, when we act in opposition to it, we get results which are not beneficial; the one who observes the law is blessed, the one who does not observe the law of life is not blessed. Let us take an illustration from Nature.

Suppose you put two plants in boxes filled with exactly the same kind of earth, the plants being equally healthy and strong, and then place the boxes in the sunlight. If you water one of the plants and you allow the other to go without water, you will find that in a number of days, if no rain has fallen, one plant is all shriveled up by the sun and the other has grown luxuriantly. We find that the very same power that gives life, under certain conditions can also retard the plant's growth; and this is so on the human plane. We are bathed in the great life of the Universe, but we do not receive life in its fulness unless we maintain proper relations to it.

There is no strain or tension in the right kind of growth. We make a great many efforts to grow which are useless efforts. When we understand the laws of life aright and conform to them, the growth is just as natural as the growth going on in the plant or tree. The difference between the illustration I gave of the two plants and the human life is this: the plants in their unnatural condition require some outside help, whereas, in human life the care and attention must come from the individual. The real need is not that of some outside condition being bestowed on the indi-



vidual, but a recognition on the part of the individual that he himself has something to do. That something is to learn all he can of the laws of life, and then to make use of that knowledge, because, unless we use it, knowledge actually hampers us. We are far from wise when we are seeking knowledge just for the sake of knowledge, but we show our wisdom when we seek it in order to increase our power of service.

The essential thing, then, is that we sustain correct relations to the world about us. How are we related to it? How are we related to God, to our fellow-man? These are some of the great questions of life. Let us first consider our relation to God.

We speak of the soul as differentiated spirit; that is, each soul is one in essence with the great Universal Soul. All possibilities, all qualities are in the soul—the God-love, the God-life, the God-power; everything that is in God enters into the soul of man, and God is seeking expression through the soul and in the life of man.

When we try to give expression to the God-like qualities within us, the individual soul will come into a conscious relationship with the Universal Soul, and we shall begin to realize that the soul is at one with God—one in faith, one in purpose, and one in love. We only begin to live as we realize our soul-life; then it is that we begin to see the unity of life in the world about us. We see that everything is related to everything else, and that we ourselves are related to every part. We realize fully that there is no separation between our own lives and the lives of other people. *Our neighbor is ourself.* We are all members one of another. Only as each individual sees his relation to the great whole does he become helpful to the whole.

We can see, therefore, how much depends upon the way in which we relate ourselves to mankind. In doing for another you are doing for God and for yourself. If this view of life were taken, all dissensions and all hard feelings, all bitter and unkind

words would pass away, and we would no more think of finding fault with another than we would think of finding fault with some organ of the body. If the body is weak and diseased we should try to overcome that weakness or disease, and give it our best care and thought. Shall we not do likewise in regard to the people around us?

Instead of finding fault with those who injure us, we should rest in the thought that anger, strife, and discord are unreal things: they have no connection with the real men and women (the souls that are within), but are simply on the surface of life. The real self does not express evil thoughts and feelings, but they are imaginations which spring from our concept of the separateness of God and man. When we see that we are not separate, but all one, we shall not think anything of the unkind word or deed, because we know that it comes from the unreal self, which will pass away as men come to express more perfectly God's own image and likeness.

If we will take this view of life, we shall find that the little things that have disturbed us in the past will have no influence, no power, over us in any way. We shall keep on doing good, whatever other people do. The Christ law is that we should do good to others, and we can only do this when we recognize the unity of all life. When we look at things as separate or detached, we see much that seems to us to be wrong in the outer world. In one sense wrong exists, but sometimes through wrong-doing we learn to do right. We learn the law of God through the results which follow breaking the law. We know the truth by that which contradicts the truth. Much time is wasted in lamenting the evil conditions of the world, but the world is not made better by such lamentation. A thought that is not productive of good is an idle thought, and the sooner we get rid of it the better. The true way to help the world is to so let your light shine that others may see life in its fulness.

Let us think a moment about the great law of attraction. When we form certain habits and continue them until they have become thoroughly established in mind, we have, through the power of thought, related ourselves to all people thinking and doing the things we have been doing. Those people are our relatives.

Suppose it has been your habit to take exception to people who differ with you, suppose it has been your habit to find fault with people whom you thought were not doing right, then through this critical and fault-finding habit all the fault-finding people of the world have become related to you; and the effect of this relationship is that if you try to give up fault-finding you will be conscious of a strong impulse which will lead you to continue in that habit. That impulse is the power of other minds that are related to you, acting upon your mind. Until you break off that relationship and establish a new relationship it will always be the same.

If you form a habit of thinking kind thoughts and saying kinds words, in a short time your mind becomes related to all the kindly natured people in the world, and it becomes much easier for you to say a kind word than an unkind one, to do the kind rather than the unkind deed. This is because you have all the force of loving thoughts pouring into your life.

If you wish to be well and strong, take this thought: "It is right that I should be well and strong. God is the source of my life; in Him I live and move and have my being. I have no life apart from God; He is my strength and my help, and everything is mine because it is God's." If you let the mind dwell on these thoughts, little by little you will establish a relationship with all healthy minds, and all your thoughts will be filled with health and harmony.

A mind is only sane as it sees and knows that all is of God. "All is of God that is or is to be, and God is good." By seeing life

in this way you become related to all this order of thought; it keeps pouring in upon you, and you become strong and vigorous, expressing in an ever-increasing degree both health and poise. You see the brightness of life, the joy of living, the joy of being in the world and doing good.

But you cannot easily break away from the false relationships of life if they have once been thoroughly formed and established. It is only through persistent effort that it can be done; but do not think that because you have tried once and failed that you cannot succeed. *Any one can overcome any condition.* If little by little you have been building up an environment of sickness and disease, you have the power to overcome it; it is only a question as to whether you choose to use that power. Power is given to us to be thoroughly well and strong, to be thoroughly poised, and to do God's will in everything, not in some things, but in *all* things. We are all equal to it in so far as we know God's will, and that is all that is expected, because if we do the will we shall know the doctrine, we shall know the truth. We are equal to everything that presents itself in life, otherwise it would not present itself to us. The very fact that a thing comes to us to do shows us that we have the power to do it, otherwise it would not come.

Each and every one of us is confronted by something, and the problem that seems the largest one to you to-day is the one for you to solve if you will let yourself do it. It makes no difference how hard it seems to be, the fact that you can do what you will is true. But remember that it is not according to the weak human will, but through the recognition of Universal Will acting in and through us that we express what we desire to express. When our will has become God's will we can do all things, for no ideal can enter the mind to which it cannot give expression.

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER.

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*FOR THE PARENTS.*

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"A little elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, holding yours so tight;  
You do not prize this blessing over much.

. . . . .

"But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day,—  
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,  
The little child that brought me only good.

. . . . .

"I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging at their gown;  
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear it patter in my house once more;  
"If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I."

—May Riley Smith.

## THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"Mama," said Ailsa one night, after she was in bed and just as her Mama was leaving the room, "that glorious star seems to call to me."

Mama came to the bed and looked through the window where Mars was shining in fiery splendor.

"It is a new one, and I hope will not go away," added Ailsa.

"It will in time, dear, but another will come. They are all moving, and we are moving with them," explained Mama; "but what does it say to you?"

"I can't just tell, but it is something like 'Think up and not think down.'"

Mama sat down upon the edge of the bed and held the little hand. "Try and tell me how it says 'Think up,'" she urged, gently.

"When I lie here I look out at the beautiful stars and think what it may be up there, and then, before I know it, I am thinking of what I did during the day, and what the girls said. Then I don't see the star; but pretty quick there it is calling. 'Think of me, think up here,' and I do," she added, bashfully.

"Yes, darling, and you should," responded her mother. "The great Power that made and rules the universe knows countless suns and earths that we are ignorant of. It is the source of all knowledge; and the more we lift our thoughts up, the more this Wisdom flows into us and we see beyond the petty affairs here below. Music, poetry, painting, goodness—all such things come to those who 'think up.'"

"Then colored children and dirty ones can think up and are as good as we are," proclaimed the child.

"Certainly. Why, I have always taught you that!" was the mother's pained reply.

"Yes, but most of the girls say they are not, and won't have a thing to do with them; and it's pretty hard sometimes," complained Ailsa.

"That shows we must not 'think down,'" responded Mama. "Thinking up should make any one keep clean. Yet I know of many clean people on the outside who think down continually;

but if one begins young it grows easier, and soon it is as hard to think down as it was to think up."

"In the daytime I can't look at the sun, and there are so many things to do they take all my thoughts," Ailsa confessed.

"Try and remember the stars are above, even if they can't be seen; and day is the time to work out our inspired thoughts to help others. Then you will find that many of the things we do are unnecessary and would better be left undone. I read something beautiful to-day. 'How much better to *be* than to *have*, for our *being* goes on after this life, but our *having* has to be left behind,' " and, kissing her child, the mother left her with the star.

One day Ailsa went to the piano and played very sweetly. Her mother came into the room.

"This seems to be what the star tells me, only it hasn't any words," said Ailsa.

"To some there will come words and no music," returned her mother. "All helps. Others will be moved to kindly deeds through love. It will all find an outlet in expression of some kind. Keep on in the way it appeals to you."

Ailsa became a musician, composing and playing, giving happiness to others, herself growing spiritually, and with her beautiful melodies causing others to aspire and grow likewise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Esther caught her mother's dress as she was leaving the room after seeing her child carefully tucked into bed.

"Mother," she asked, "does ever it seem to you that the stars talk?"

"Gracious, child! what ever do you mean?" ejaculated her mother, pausing by the bed and holding the light the better to examine Esther's face.

"Put the light down, please, then come and I will tell you," answered Esther. She spoke so pleadingly that her mother did as requested, although against her will.

"Well, what it is?" she impatiently asked.

"The stars seem to be looking through the window and calling. 'What are we? Who are you? Think about us,' " replied

Esther, answering with difficulty, because of her mother's unsympathizing manner.

"What nonsense! You are not old enough to think of such things. You need to turn over and go to sleep."

"When I can't go to sleep right away I must think of something," sighed Esther, "and the heavens are so beautiful! I would like to go up there. What do grown people know about them?"

"Oh, you'll study by-and-by that some of them are suns and some planets, and they are moving and are named," answered her mother, vaguely.

"Is that all?"

"Oh, about all. What they do know doesn't do any good that I can see. Come, now, go to sleep;" and reaching over she pulled down the shade.

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Esther.

"But I shall. Now, if you *must* think, count the sheep jumping over a fence; or think of the good time you've had to-day and will to-morrow, if you're a good girl, and you'll soon fall asleep," and giving her a hasty kiss her mother took the light and departed.

Esther tried to do as her mother suggested, but the thought of the stars was enthralling, and, sitting up, she lifted the shade.

"You are looking for me," she whispered, softly. Then came the thought that her mother had forbidden this, and, like the obedient child she was, she lay down in her bed. But the next night her mother came into the room for something and found Esther sitting up, looking at the moon that was just rising.

"Now, your head shall not be filled with any ridiculous thoughts!" exclaimed her mother, pulling down the shade. "Come," she added, seeing the grieved look upon Esther's face, "I'm going to have your new dress done to-morrow. Think how fine you will look when we go downtown to get you a hat to go with it! Children should be children and not think of grown-up things."

So, Esther succeeded in thinking of her new clothes, and the following day her bed was moved to another part of the room where there was no window. Gradually the heaven-reaching mind was brought down to earth, and Esther grew up an ordi-



nary young woman, with her mind fixed upon dress, appearance, and a general good time, moving in that whirlpool that forgets the divine origin of all and seeks only the passing show here.

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.

“Under the ceaseless immutable laws of regulated modern child-life, in which no impulsive, unpremeditated move can be made, many a would-be joyous playfellow of the winds and sun is transformed into a ‘neat, compact’ bit of human formalism, in which all natural, individual endowment and propensity are thwarted.”—*New York Evening Post*.

“Absorbed either by the charm and fascination of infancy and childhood or by the annoyances which irritable and exacting children cause us, we rarely consider what are the rights of these embryo men and women.”—*New York Evening Post*.

WE want religion, because without it a part of our nature—and that the highest—would be dormant. We want it, because it alone gives the meaning of experiences and feelings and capacities which are as truly ours as anything connected with our existence.—*Selected*.

In all the little things of life,  
Thyself, Lord, may I see;  
In little and in great alike  
Reveal Thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life  
To Thee, my God, be given;  
And all this earthly course below  
Be our dear path to heaven.

—H. Bonar.

OH! the birds and the flowers are first cousins to one another. The birds are blossoms with wings, and the blossoms sing with the birds—only their music is too fine for mortal ear to catch.—*Lucy Larcom*.

BE kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.—*Rom. xii, 10*.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

## A LETTER TO AUNT FLO.

DEAR AUNT FLO:

I am so glad you asked me to write to you, for I want to tell you how much I like your stories in MIND. I think those boys you told about in your letter are trumps! I'm a boy, too—just got into subtraction, so I must be a little bigger than the boy in addition. How I wish I had been there to sing about old Rip Van Winkle! I like that song, too.

Now, I want to tell you, Aunt Flo (I like that name), that I have a little dog—a "Boston bull." His name is Kibo, and I bet you'll think he did a funnier thing than your horned toad you told us about.

You see, Kibo and I are real chums. The other day we were going to have the piazza and windows washed with the hose, and I begged to hold the hose. After promising I'd not get a drop of water on my clothes, Mother said I could play fireman. I was so happy about it that I danced up and down. Then Kibo got excited, too. But I told him he could not play this time, for he was only a little dog. He didn't seem to care what I said, for he kept on jumping and barking while they were getting the hose ready.

Clara—that's the housemaid—let me hold the end with the nozzle on it, and she turned on the water. Such fun! I played the fire was coming out of the window. I was so excited that I didn't see Kibo coming. He gave a jump right into the water and grabbed the nozzle away from me, knocking me down. I tried to get up and run away; he followed me, wetting me all the time. Everybody was laughing at me, and I was too ashamed to cry; but I wanted to, for I couldn't be a fireman any longer. I suppose if I had been grown up, like you, I wouldn't have felt angry at Kibo. I wouldn't speak to him for a whole hour; and he would come dancing around me and bark, as much as to say:

"I'm a stronger, better fireman than you are, if I *am* only a dog! Even a dog can teach boys something. *I'm* not afraid of the water!"

But after a while I thought of what I had read in *MIND* about anger, and I "made up" with Kibo. We are just as good friends as ever. Mother knew I wasn't to blame for getting wet, and she said poor little Kibo didn't know he was doing anything wrong.

When any one goes down cellar now Kibo tries to drag the hose toward the cellar door—for the hose is put on to a water pipe down cellar and carried through the cellar window when in use. And Kibo barks and cries to let us know he wants to play with the water again.

I hope you won't stop writing funny things about horned toads, because you think my dog is funnier, for I like to read about horned toads, and I don't know anything about them, for I live in New England.

Oh, I want to tell you that my dog laughs, just as Buster Brown's does! Everybody said he laughed when Mother took me in the house after he had wet me through.

Mother is writing down what I say. She says that this letter is getting pretty long; so I will say good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

ALLISON.

P. S.—The boys call me Chub—short for Chubby—because I'm so short and fat. But I don't care.



#### AMERICAN ROYALTY.

Bright-faced urchins are trudging to school;

They are in patches—ah, yes!—not a few.

Yet doff I my hat in reverent mood—

Future Presidents perchance I view!

—FANNY L. FANCHER.



#### THE INDEPENDENT BEESWAX TELEPHONE COMPANY.

"Why, we can run a telephone all by ourselves," said Johnny to Fletcher, very earnestly. "I saw Papa put one in, and I know all about it."

"You do?" asked Fletcher, very doubtfully.

"Yes, sir; I do. You just have a waxed string and some receivers, and it's just as easy!"

Still Johnny's friend looked a little doubtful; but he was delighted with the idea, and asked:

"Where can we have it?"

"Right from your house to mine." And at once the new telephone company began business in earnest.

I must tell you that there was a telephone strike in the city, and so much talk about it and the distress it had caused that everybody, even to the little folks, could think and talk of nothing else. The "telephone girls" couldn't have chosen a better time to show their worth, and that they ought to have better pay; for, although it was mid-June, it was so rainy and cold that people *had* to have fires, and so there was many a ring for coal offices. Then there was a mammoth summer festival they were making ready for. So, you see, that besides all the usual every-day calls, here were all these extra ones, for the "green centrals" to look after. It is little wonder, therefore, that many a family was without coal, butter, bread, and lots of necessary things during the three weeks' strike, when, we're glad to say, the telephone girls were taken back and had their "pay" raised.

It is little wonder that some of the bright boys in the city thought to help matters by forming an "Independent Beeswax Telephone Company." The leading spirits and stockholders of this most worthy enterprise were Johnny and Harry Given and Fletcher and Joy Buckholtz, and several others were also interested.

The experimental line was to be stretched between the Given and Buckholtz homes, about a half block apart, and with a street between.

We assure you there was lively work for a few days and nights among these youthful inventors; nor is it surprising that lumber—in the shape of cigar boxes and tin baking-powder cans—and string and beeswax were in great demand.

The Buckholtz half of the company owned a scroll-saw, and so no outside help was needed in manufacturing the receivers. Fletcher and Joy did a very neat job. And, though Tom Dixon, not very friendly to the "combine," said the boxes and receivers made him think of a "fake penny-in-the-slot machine," we think

that any bright and friendly person would have pronounced them well done at first glance.

These important articles finished—and it had taken some three days of hard work and experimenting, and a vast amount of advice and talk by the entire company—and then the string was waxed.

By means of ladders the line was soon stretched and connection established—or at least the boys thought so.

"Hurrah for the Independent Beeswax Telephone Company!" shouted Johnny Given, as he stood at the top of the ladder. And how the boys shouted and threw up their hats and turned somersaults!

"We've got her! It's a sure thing!" they cried.

It was just supper-time when "all was ready;" so it was decided not to send the first message until afterwards. "And then there won't be so much noise in the street," added Johnny, by way of consolation, for the boys didn't want to wait. But Johnny, who was, by common consent, the president, knew full well that this was a very important occasion and needed the most favorable conditions.

"Now, Fletcher, when you hear me whistle you want to begin to talk—talk like a house afire!" was the president's instructions as the boys, after a hurried supper, met again under the trees in the Buckholtz yard.

Then the crowd divided, part going with Fletcher, who was to send the first message, and part with Johnny, who was to receive it.

We are glad to tell our readers that other than the boys sympathized with this new movement, and were on hand to listen. The parents and sisters had given many a friendly word, and seemed as anxious for success as the boys. So the "offices," which were Johnny's and Fletcher's sleeping rooms on the second floor of their homes, were fairly crowded.

Soon, shrill and clear as a Scotchman's fife, came the whistle, as Johnny leaned out of his window facing the Buckholtz office.

"All right!" shouted Fletcher, leaning out of his window. Then he took up the receiver, and at the same time put his mouth close to the transmitter, and talked "like a house afire."

Such anxious listening! You could have heard a pin drop in either office! This was the message:

"Hurrah for the Independent Beeswax Telephone Company! Three cheers for Johnny Given the president. My country, 'tis of thee—I'll stand by the old flag—Twinkle, twinkle, little star! Hip, hip, hooray! Send up a quart of peanuts, a pound of chocolate creams——"

"Ring off!" came from the open window—not the 'phone—of the Given office.

"Did you hear?"—from the open window—not through the 'phone—of the Buckholtz office.

"No!" was the disgusted reply of the president, on the still air through the tree-tops. "But now you listen, and *I'll* talk like fury;" and the last piece of poetry Johnny had learned in school was sent over the line without any stops whatever.

"Did you hear that?" he shouted.

"Oh, I heard a buzz!" from the other head out the window.

"Well, there's something wrong," returned Johnny. "We'll have to fix her."

Then how they all worked for a good hour or more, running from one office to the other, then dividing in groups again for another "test!" The wise mothers did not scold at the noise the children made, nor over the dust they tracked up and down stairs. There was too much at stake!

But, alas! "The plans o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and so do those of boys.

"Oh, she won't work! We'll have to fix her in the morning," was the last message sent by the president that night over the wireless, lineless evening zephyr.

The next day there was a most thorough investigation and overhauling. The line was taken down, rewaxed, and restretched, the receivers readjusted, after talking with some regular 'phone men, and the boys were again ready to test the telephone. But alack-a-day! It was so easy to rain these days, and just as the president stuck his head out of the window to give the whistle a bolt of lightning and clap of thunder made him draw it in. Then followed a small cloudburst and high winds—and you know what havoc these storms often make with the telephone and telegraph

lines. So you will not be surprised that the Independent Beeswax Telephone Company's "wire" was laid low with many others.

And do you imagine the boys were discouraged? Never! They bravely "rigged up" the string again, and at last very clear messages were carried over the "wire."

We prophecy that some time in the future—it may not be many years hence—these boys of the Independent Beeswax Telephone Company will be heard from, and to their credit.

ESTELLE MENDELL AMORY.



#### A SMALL BOY'S FIRST LESSON IN SUGGESTION.

Harley Wood had been a very sick boy for about a week, but was finely restored to health by a mental healer. This was the little fellow's first experience in being cured without medicine; for, in his mamma's family, away out in South Dakota, the doctor and his medicines were considered quite indispensable.

Harley was now spending a summer with his uncle and aunt down in old New England; and when he was taken sick auntie sent for a healer, and within a few days Harley was a well boy, but a very puzzled one.

He thought, however, it was much nicer than taking Dr. Sander's nasty doses, as they did at home. But all kinds of explanations could not make it clear in his "little noddle" how he had been healed by the power of the mind over the body.

A few days later Harley had a real lesson along this line that he always remembered.

He and his Uncle Hiram were out for a stroll through the woodland pasture, looking for wild strawberries. The little fellow ran hither and yon as happy as a lark. When the fun was all over and they struck out for home it dawned on the little chap's mind that he was "awful tired."

"Oh, Uncle Hi," said he, "I can go no further! You will *just have* to carry me."

He took out his jackknife and began cutting a little pine switch that grew close by; and, as the little fellow saw him carefully trim it up, leaving a bushy end, in imitation of a horse's tail, he became much interested, and wanted to know what was "on foot."

"This," said Uncle Hi, "is a bucking broncho. Don't you see its beautiful tail?" (at the same time waving it back and forth) "And it takes a genuine rough rider to master this fellow, for he is a fierce horse."

Harley was on his feet in an instant. "You know, Uncle Hi, we have lots of bronchos in Dakota, and I am from there, so I can ride it."

His uncle expressed grave fears for his safety if he should attempt to ride it, and, as he did so, the little fellow grew the more excited, all the time assuring his uncle of his ability to ride the imagined broncho.

He finely plumed the young rough rider's cap, cut him a nice red willow riding whip, withed some crude spurs on his little boots, called him "Teddy," and, with a yell, turned the fiery steed and its brave rider loose.

Away they bounded and were at home long before his uncle arrived, who, coming up, smiled a knowing smile as he saw his little nephew still riding up and down the walk, looking anything but tired.

Uncle Hiram took him upon his knee and explained how his mind had gotten the victory over his little, tired legs. Harley thought for a moment, and, with drooping eyes, said:

"Ah, Uncle Hi, you just fooled me! I am so s-lee-p-y!"

T. H. GIBBS.



## A TRUE STORY OF A REAL HERO.

As with gold, so is character often tested by fire to prove its presence and purity.

In a great hotel of a big city there once lived Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, their two sons and two daughters, together with a nurse and seamstress.

One Saturday morning Mr. Sheldon and the boys had gone



out for a ride in the park. Mrs. Sheldon was sitting at her desk, busily writing; Adelaide, a beautiful girl of thirteen, was painting, while the nurse amused the little pet of the household, "Brown Eyes," as she was often called. The stitch, stitch of the patient seamstress at a machine in an adjoining room was heard.

After a while Mrs. Sheldon looked up from her writing, saying to the nurse, "Betty, let the baby see the fire engines. I hear them passing."

Betty started to obey, just as Adelaide, with a smothered exclamation, hastened to the window. Mrs. Sheldon had chosen her suite on the topmost floor, that she might secure quiet retirement at will. Just now she had been so completely preoccupied that she had not noticed the calls and cries from the street.

As Adelaide looked down from the window she saw a half-dozen fire engines drawn up around the hotel, and a crowd of anxious, excited people calling to the inmates to hurry from the building.

The fire had originated in a lower story, and, when Mrs. Sheldon realized the true condition of herself and family, the smoke and fire were already making escape by the elevators difficult if not impossible. Frantic at the thought of her helplessness, Mrs. Sheldon wrung her hands in despair, the nurse began calling on all the saints of her calendar, and the baby screamed in terror.

It all happened in less than five minutes, and all would have perished in the flames but for Adelaide's presence of mind and quick action. She gave the nurse a wet towel, telling her to wrap it loosely about the baby's face to preserve her from smoke and flame; and, assuring her mother that she perfectly remembered the way down the back stairway to a rear entrance, she led the way, encouraging them all by her calmness and decision.

When so nearly down that they had begun to feel safe, Adelaide cried out and dashed back up the stairs, telling them to go on without her. She had remembered the little seamstress, who, not hearing, or unheeding, the sights or sounds, sat at her machine in an inner room.

Adelaide found her, dazed and terrified and almost stifled by the smoke. She seized the seamstress by the hand, and together

they descended the stairway and joined the family, who were safely out of the burning building.

Mr. Sheldon and the boys were horrified, on their return, to find the hotel in flames, and feared the worst. But their thankfulness and joy can be imagined when, after a short time of suspense, they all met to find themselves an unbroken family.

The favorite name for Adelaide after that was "Hero."

AMELIA M. CALKINS.



### MOTHER GOOSE IN THE NEW THOUGHT.

Hi diddle, diddle! the cat and the fiddle,  
The cow couldn't jump o'er the moon;  
So the little dog cried till he broke his heart,  
And the dish tumbled down with the spoon!

When poor Mother Goose had heard of their fate,  
She sobbed in a pitiful way,  
"Oh! the world has turned all upside down," she cried,  
And my children have all gone astray!"

Oh, never you grieve, dear old Mother Goose,  
Your children were good in their time:  
But now we are singing another song,  
And writing another rhyme!

It's, Rock-a-by, baby, 'way up in the sky,  
The great stars are shining so bright;  
While the little ones nestling so close to their side  
Are twinkling their own tiny light.

The bright silver moon is gliding along,  
And shedding her kindly ray  
To scatter the darkness far off from the earth.  
And point the poor traveler's way.

And all of God's people are stars, you know,  
Showing the light of His Love;  
And each little child can shine as true  
As the heavenly hosts above.

MARIE L. PECK.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM. By Joseph Jacobs. Price, \$1.25. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co.

We cannot do better than to quote from the outside cover of this book, "A Retrospect, A.D. 54."

"This volume is in a measure a Jewish Life of Jesus written as if by one of the members of the Sanhedrin who condemned Jesus to death. Looking back twenty years later he recalls for the benefit of a Greek friend of his the incidents that occurred at the time, showing the motives which led the Jews to reject Jesus. Two sermons of Jesus are included, made up of sayings of his which do not occur in the Gospels, but have been extracted from the Church Fathers. The volume also includes a Jewish catechism from which, it is claimed, Jesus acquired the fundamental principles of his teachings."

Again in the introduction the author refers to the antagonisms which have existed between Jewish and Christian people because of the misconceptions on the part of both of the man Jesus. It is not to be expected that people who have had beyond question the purest monotheism of any people who have ever lived on the face of the earth at any time or in any country should for an instant favor the Christian conception of Jesus as being God.

The book will prove of great interest to people who want to get at the unbiased Jewish opinion of Jesus. It is written in a highly interesting way, giving a record of events as they occurred in the latter part of the life of Jesus, but always with the thought that here is a man like as we are, imbued with certain ideals concerning life to which He is seeking to give expression, and through doing this runs counter to the ideals and customs of his time. Not that He differed so much from the ideals as given by the greatest prophet and wisest men of Israel, but rather that He differed with the interpreters and spoke as one having authority without giving due credit to the law and the prophets. The writer of this book tries to deal with his subject in as sympathetic a way as it is possible for one to do, holding first to one position and yet trying to see the good that is to be found in another.

WISDOM AND WILL IN EDUCATION. By Charles William Super.

Price, \$1.25. Published by R. L. Myers & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

This is a scholarly book. It is a book that will well repay one to read, and read carefully. The author recognizes that educational progress is made in the face of many obstacles; that our educational system is very far from what it should be. Perhaps I can do no better than to quote from his introduction:

"Everybody realizes that we cannot get along without education; yet many intelligent persons are reiterating that education is not accomplishing what may be justly expected of it. If the putting in practice of a rational system of instruction were entirely in the hands of teachers we should doubtless see a rapid advance toward so desirable a goal. But in democratic communities where almost everybody has something to say about what is to be done and how it is to be done, especially in matters that concern or are supposed to concern every man, woman and child, progress in popular education can, in the nature of the case, move forward no faster than progress in general enlightenment."

The book has largely for its object the discussion of the sociological side of life. It deals perhaps more with the collective life than the individual life. The writer is a very thorough believer in idealism. As an illustration we quote: "If I read history aright the world owes about all that is valuable in it to dreamers and idealists, to men who live in the future rather than in the present. Human progress depends upon the dreams of enthusiasts. The inventor, the discoverer, the reformer are dreamers who, prophet-like, see in their imagination things that other mortals know not of. Many dreams have become realities and are commonplace facts to us now. It is hardly too much to say that civilization consists of realized dreams." Yet, withal, there is the practical, common sense side to the book, which recognizes the need of a real effort to all progress, and this is illustrated in another quotation: "Happiness is an important component of life, but it is not the most important; it is not the end and purpose of life. Let us not look for ease in this world unless it be on the eve of a life that has been full of aspiration and labor. There is no ease for those who wish to progress. And let us find satisfaction, not in the pleasures of life—usually so-called—but in the noble struggle for advancement and amelioration."

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## THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY.

BY ELLEN M. DYER.

"It is a very striking fact," says Lillian Whiting, "that of all the long series of congresses held in Chicago in connection with the World's Exposition, none attracted such crowds and throngs as those which discussed religion and the higher life. The psychical, the theosophical, and the great Parliament of Religions—an august assembly—were those which the people thronged to a degree ten-fold greater than those devoted to science or economics. For the whole world is feeling the electric thrill of a new life. Our Sinai is before us, and we realize we must climb it, and hold communion with the Divine. A wave of new invigoration is sweeping over the whole world."

Two thousand years ago there was born, so history more or less authentic in detail, tells us, in a stable, in Bethlehem of Judea, a man-child, of humble parentage and under most mysterious circumstances. The seer, lifting his eyes to heaven, reverently declared the child to be conceived of the Holy Ghost. The common people said: "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Under the most adverse and depressing circumstances this child waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him. Banished from the land that witnessed his birth, he afterward returned to astonish the people with his teaching, to lead them by his example, to purify them by his life, and unite them by his death; to bring heaven down to

earth, to lift earth up to heaven; to give God "the Unknown" to the people as a Father; to give the people back to God, no longer alien, but his children. Did this man, Jesus, fail? Did he succeed?

While the doctrines of this wonderful teacher, hushed and almost silenced for a time, have yet echoed with more or less distinctness through all these two thousand years, if we judge by the seeming, men have not grown essentially better in their deeds, or kinder in their hearts, or wiser in the practical use of the great forces that underlie life's activities. Heaven has not come to earth, save as a shaft of its ineffable light has flashed now and then through the windows of some great and pure soul; earth has been lifted to heaven only through mighty throes of agony, gaining in the passing contact but strength for greater and deeper suffering. The great world, says the pessimist, is sick, unhappy, disappointed; and yet—oh, hope of the hopeless!—it is still hungering and thirsting—and, though it knows it not—after righteousness.

Herein lies the success of the historical Jesus. The eternal germ has been planted. Through the thick, hard soil of the letter it has been making ready to burst into living green. The Jesus of Nazareth pointed the way to the Christ of the soul, which is the Christ of to-day.

Previous to the historical Christ was the Law, hard, inflexible, the keeping of it unattainable. Previous to the Christ of to-day was the Letter, also hard, inflexible, unattainable. Neither could make perfect. They could but prepare a highway for the Christ that is to come, yea, that is now here; the Christ that is pre-eminently Love.

This is a sign of its near presence: the clouds of dissatisfaction, doubt, distrust, have been for the last few decades gathering heavy all over the land; every phase and plane of life as manifested, has groped more feebly and desperately in the darkness; the voice of the pessimist is heard on every hand: "Woe to us! because of wrongs that are not righted, of burdens

too heavy to be borne, that are not lifted, of darkness that thickens and does not break!" But also is the voice of the prophet heard with quickening thrill: "Lo! a light breaketh out from the east!"

Yes, this is a sign of the near presence of the new Christ—that all from without, the God of the without, of the Law and the Letter, personal, and construed in the image of man; the Christ of the without, perplexing, and defying the rational seeker after truth; the science of the without that leads only to the closed portals of the unknown cause; the logic of the without that must recognize the exception as well as the rule, to make good the connection between premise and conclusion; the attainments gained through conflicting struggles and blind and futile efforts; have all proven unsatisfying, and to-day, the race-man, realizing this dissatisfaction and disappointment, is throwing off the swaddling-clothes of his infancy, is turning himself about, and looking within for that which he has so long vainly sought without.

This is the question he is now asking and for which he is imperatively demanding an answer: "What sayest thou that I, the Son of Man, am?"

The race-man and the individual soul are finding answer to this question, not in looking back through the fading vista of eighteen hundred years for an embodied Jesus; not through racking the brains in effort to think, or knotting the muscles in struggles to do; not by asking scholar, priest, or neighbor, or by consulting heavy and dusty tomes. The answer comes in the unfolding events of the years, the seasons, the months and the moments.

Four hundred years ago, through the ocean currents a channel was being made for that answer to come when Columbus, standing on the narrow deck of the *Santa Maria*, after days of alternate hope and despair, heard the cry go up, "Land! Land! Land!"—and when two hundred years later, a handful of earnest souls made their way from Amsterdam and Delft

Haven to Plymouth, "for conscience's sake." We knew the answer was coming when George Washington signed the paper that constituted us a free and independent nation, and Abraham Lincoln gave freedom to the slave.

We companion with Morse, and Edison, with Tesla, and Roentgen; we watch along all lines of invention, of scientific research, of education and reform, of religion opening from the *within* to the without; and we say, "Behold the Son of Man unfolding, and in that unfolding, behold the Christ!"

We inhale the perfume of the flower:

"If I could understand what you are, little flower—root and all,  
And all in all, I should know what God and man is."

We turn the ear toward the bird singing on the bough, having laid away the gun; we look down into the eyes of the little waif as we give him the "cup of water" and the bread, and our confidence; we feel for the pulse-beat of our neighbor as we lay our palm close against his; and we say, "Behold! The Christ!"

And we remember that one day there came into our souls, in response to unutterable longing, a feeble, new-born hope that grew at last to be a recognition that we were something more than this person of limitation that we seemed to be. We were almost frightened at our presumption, for it came not from the world of sense and sight, by recognized authority, or human reason. The little thing lay in the manger of our affections and desires, and we dared not bring it forth lest Herod should kill it. We kept it hidden in the Egypt of our own natural life until, to us, the Herod of mortal judgment was dead. Then we took it to Nazareth, a place quiet and apart from the throng, for it seemed something peculiar to ourself—not quite like anything that others claimed to possess.

But there came a time when it was so grown within us, that it went where we went; and it lingered, and made its own impression, and did its own work, when we were least conscious of its power.



And again there shall come a time when this that has so grown within us, is acknowledged to be greater and holier than that self through which it was brought forth; and all the lower self surrenders to it, is transformed by it, is crucified, that it may live untrammelled, and rise to its true place and work at the right hand of God. Then the question shall be, for us, forever answered; we shall have found, we shall know the *Self*.

"What sayest thou that I, the Son of Man, am?"

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

We shall know henceforth that every living soul must be, sometime, to some one, a Christ. And the weight of responsibility, and of the unspeakable blessedness of holy privilege, shall rest upon us, not heavily but joyously, since our shoulders take not the weight.

"The longer I live and the more I see  
Of the struggles of souls toward the heights above,  
The stronger the thought comes home to me,  
That the universe rests on the shoulders of Love;—  
A Love so limitless, deep, and broad,  
That men have re-named it and called it God."

Unto this sin-sick world is born to-day a Saviour. "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Not in the outer court, or public inn, but in the manger of the individual soul that is ready, lies the Christ of To-Day.



## OBITUARY: ELLEN M. DYER.

"I was never so happy in my life, were the words repeated over and over again by the subject of this obituary just before her beautiful spirit left its fleshly tabernacle to enter upon the fuller, freer life of The World Beyond.

To those who knew Miss Dyer her friendship was a bene-

diction, and her influence for good, sound, wholesome living one that time cannot efface.

To others a little outline of her life may be of interest.

Born with a delicate physique, believed to have inherited consumption from her mother, Miss Dyer was given up to die from that dread disease early in life.

In her extremity the knowledge that health rests upon a spiritual basis and can be regained through the knowledge and application of spiritual laws came to her and after a few years the dark shadow of this disease passed from her, never more to return.

Previous to this experience Miss Dyer had been an unusually successful teacher and after it she could not, in loyalty to the truth that had made her free, devote her gift of teaching to any other branch than that which had saved her life.

The wonder of it! In gratitude for it—she *must* extend this new thought to others as far as it lay in her power to do so.

The last twenty-five years of her life she devoted joyously and with singleness of heart to the study of (for she was a student all her life) and giving instruction in the laws of health on a spiritual basis.

She did not hamper herself by following strictly any of the many different schools of mental or spiritual healing, but, following more nearly what is known as the New Thought movement, she believed that the Divine source was open to every child of God and she went to that source for herself—drank deeply of the water of truth and passed on to many a thirsty one the cup that refreshed and enabled him to live.

Many there are that rise up and call her blessed for the help and comfort she has brought to them.

So delicate and yet so forceful was her personality that the lovely motto, "Ease in force is power," which hung in her studio seemed the very expression of herself.

To many a weary one has the strong, peaceful, uplifting atmosphere of her pretty studios in Vineland and Philadelphia

been like the shadow of a rock, where rest and refreshment were found for life's journeys.

According to her wish, the little body which she left behind her was cremated at the Germantown Crematory.

The simple service, attended by a few of her nearest friends and students, was held at the crematory on September 14th, at noon, Rev. Clarence Lathbury, of Germantown, officiating.

Miss Dyer was at Kingston, N. Y., at the sanitarium of Dr. Sahler, whither she had gone for rest and refreshment, when she passed from this world to the other on September 8th.

Her last hours on earth were such joyous, happy ones that those who were with her say the brightness of them will shed a radiance over their whole lives.

•••••

"Serve God and be cheerful." Live nobly,  
Do right and do good. Make the best  
Of the gifts and the work put before you,  
And to God without fear leave the rest.  
—William Newell.

•••••

OPPORTUNITY goes, but inspiration comes. Time goes, but eternity comes. The human goes, the divine comes. The world passes away, and the fashion of it; but heaven comes,—the heaven of a better faith, loftier hope, more generous love, making all things new and fair.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

•••••

WHO will not pray, if prayer for such a boon be lawful, that the mysterious teacher whom we call Death may whisper to us, like Him of old, "I am come that ye may have life, and may have it abundantly."—*J. Estlin Carpenter.*

•••••

WE prepare ourselves for eternity by doing our day's work while it is day.—*Henry W. Crosskey.*

## THE UNIVERSE INTERROGATED.\*

BY GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON.

"No truth can be said to be seen as *it is* until it is seen in its relation to all other truths. In this relation only is it true."

—*Caroline Payson Hopkins.*

Cosmogony at present is a doctrine, or an hypothesis—not a science. But it would seem that we have in the laws of the Universe, in the invariable, ever-acting forces which are the causes of change and of the whole connected course of natural events, the means at hand to trace what is to what was, and that we may, step by step, consequence by consequence, learn the whole history of Nature, discovering with certainty the necessary changes or sequences caused by radiation, conduction, chemical affinity, and the attraction of gravitation. And if we can so follow efficient causes backward through the whole order of Nature to a self-revealed limit or beginning, or till we have passed through a complete cosmic cycle, we can prove once for all whether the power of the Universe is fatalistic or free, mechanical or mental.

The beginning of knowledge must be in the individual consciousness and be added to by observation and comparison.

I move at pleasure my arm, my hand and whatever it contains. I exercise power, and I possess the same power in quiescence when I choose to rest. I choose whether to do this or that. I strike a man maliciously, and all men condemn such action. Every normal mind recognizes its freedom and the freedom of all other minds.

But the world that environs us appears to be a realm of unvarying forces whose action is constant, measurable, and exactly predicable. We can alter the natural course of events, but only supernaturally, that is, by the addition of will power.

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Astronomers who weigh worlds and calculate their orbits and eclipses, and chemists who measure molecules and by syntheses and analyses make and resolve all substances, know and agree that the nature of things is constant. Countless observed sequences and exact scientific experiments prove that the so-called material forces of the Universe are unvarying. As scientists and as ordinary manipulators of the natural forces we make all our plans with reliance on the stability of nature, and are never put to confusion.

One of the forces found in matter, acting in all matter under all conditions, is called the attraction of gravitation, "the force by which all bodies or particles of matter in the Universe tend toward each other." This force balances the worlds in their orbits, and were it not for the process of change discovered in the worlds and suns themselves, the conclusion would be forced upon us that the present balanced system of relations and motions of the heavenly bodies must reach backward and forward to eternity. But astronomers have discovered that some suns are in the white heat of early maturity, some are in the red heat of age, and some have grown cold and dark. The planets, being smaller bodies, have naturally cooled more quickly and are in the dark stage of evolution. In our planet and its satellite we have exceedingly full, complete evidence of cooling worlds which in their natural climax of heat and previous heat-storing process (which must be inferred) and in the necessary beginning of the world fires, flash light at last upon the whole universe of mystery.

The figure of the earth, flattened at the poles, indicates that it was once in a fluid state, and that beneath a cooling crust the molten condition long remained is evidenced by the gigantic marks of sinkings and upheavals, by the great breakings and mountain-range crumplings of its strata, by the eleva-

outpoured lava belonging to ages past. The geologists and chemists have discovered, also, the igneous origin of the primary rocks, and that all the waters and aqueous vapors of the earth were produced by the burning of oxygen and hydrogen gases.

Now, if the worlds and suns by means of the constantly active principle of conduction and radiation are cooling, how was their former greater heat made and accumulated? Contraction, it must be borne in mind, cannot increase the store of heat. At best, it can only produce it as a sequence to loss, or as an effect of cooling, and in the process less heat is furnished by contraction than is radiated away. The actual fact of cooling and contracting worlds infers necessarily a time when the cooling, contracting body was much hotter and less dense, and points us plainly, unavoidably, to a time of heat climax in the history of the world fire. Prior to this heat climax in each burning sphere its store of heat must have been steadily increased by impact from without and by combustion—as in any and every natural fire by feeding it. A cooling sphere leads us plainly back to its most heated period; and the preceding period of its history must needs have been a period of increasing the mass of its matter and its store of heat. The climax of highest possible temperature and greatest store of heat in a radiating sphere could not be a standstill point. The heat must either be growing less by radiation, or the mass must be increasing by attracted heat-producing matter, or the elements of matter.

The age of every natural or world fire is indicated by the mass and density of its heat-radiating matter, the greater the radiating mass the older the fire; possible exceptions to this rule being occasioned by a crash of worlds, the falling of a star wanderer into some attracting sun center.

Previous to the highest temperature in a cooling sphere its store of heat must have been steadily or continuously increased, increased without intermission of the fire-feeding,

mass-increasing process from a beginning; and that beginning, if at the remotest possible point of time, was necessarily a beginning of tiniest flame, the fuel elements being drawn together then and subsequently by gravity out of surrounding space. As we trace the great fires of Nature backward through the world-cooling, heat-storing, fire-feeding, matter-collecting, world-building process, we come at last with scientific certainty to the beginning of each fire system, sun and world, to the oldest possible flame of its first few atoms, drawn together by gravitation and set on fire by chemical affinity. These, before the flame could go out or the heat be lost, must have been followed and the fire fed by more atoms or elementary fuel attracted from the space behind. This continuous indivisible fire process, made necessary by the indisputable fact of radiation with its later diminishing and earlier increasing store of heat, was the order of Nature which builded the burning worlds and suns in fire from primeval flames, by means of the attracted particles of cosmic matter.

We have thus traced all matter that gravitates, all suns and worlds and the separated parts that compose them, back to a space and time limit, to a time and condition of diffusion, to a cosmic "cloud" or "clouds" from which the material bodies of the Universe were formed. But the beginning of the phenomena of gravitation must be accounted for.

Imagine this cosmic "cloud" of uncompounded, ununited atoms. Could it have been unlimited in extent, occupying infinite space?

If unlimited in its extent, the attracting forces of gravitation would have been in equilibrium and the particles of matter must have remained forever at rest. Matter infinitely diffused could not have attracted itself into masses and made the worlds of the Universe.

But if the only other alternative be accepted, namely, that the cosmic cloud was not infinite in extent, was itself surrounded by empty space, we face another question.

If the cosmic cloud or a number of clouds were surrounded by empty space, so that the cloud particles would naturally fall toward each other and draw together, how can we account for the fact which we have discovered, namely, that they *began* to fall together? Why did they not attract each other *before*? They could not have been falling or drawing together during the previous eternity from infinite space, because of the force equilibrium involved in such an arrangement, and for the additional reason that there were started many centers of attraction on every side, centers surrounded by centers—forming attracting, growing stars surrounded by like stars. The intermediate lines between the star (sun) of the solar system and the surrounding stars would be the limit from which elementary or forming matter could fall our way.

In view of the universal facts, the facts of radiation, conduction, the storing of heat, the limitations of the sun and the source of heat, or of the fields of space (as divided by attraction star-centers) from which matter or the elements of matter falling could furnish it, we are forced to conclude that at a certain time the elementary particles now constituting the solar system and all other bodies of the material universe began to gravitate, began to draw or be drawn together at the countless concentered attraction points of the diffused cosmic whole. But if the diffused cosmic matter began to gravitate at some certain time, prior to that time it must have lacked\* the power. The gravitating power beginning to act in every particle of matter at some certain time was, therefore, not *mechanical* in its origin, but *mental*, and must have been the act of an Infinite Free Agent, to whom we have thus traced all the formations, transformations, changes and power of Nature.



credible; but the connected testimony of radiation, conduction, chemical action, and gravitation must be absolutely trustworthy.

The Universe consists to-day of sunlit worlds and blazing stars whose furious flames are fed even yet by meteor and comet fuel-gatherers and by "wandering stars"—the more or less concentrated fragments of the cosmic cloud or clouds long balanced between systems and galaxies in the depths of space. But the great fires of the Universe are failing, and the countless worlds they light are either cooling, or already cold and incapable of further change. The cooling process, by the principle of conduction and radiation, carries us back to a necessary climax of heat in every body in which it has been stored; and these greatest possible stores of heat conduct us back through the long process of fire-feeding and world-building which diffused, elementary matter gravitating made possible, to an earliest time possible for light and heat to be caused at the immeasurably separated star-points in the universal cosmic cloud, attraction centers, where the bodies of the infant worlds of the systems of the galaxies of the Universe began to be formed by the first action of gravity and chemical affinity.

Thus with no uncertain steps we have trodden Nature's course backward till we stand "in the beginning." We have moved mentally into the cosmic cloud out of which the Universe was builded. Its measureless vastness spreads through "the deep" of space. The day has become night, and there are no stars. The suns have dwindled to tapers and gone out in primeval darkness. The ununited cosmic elements reach every way as far as the present stars and farther. Through all the exact chemical compoundings and re-compoundings, through all transformations to the earliest formation, along all the distance passed over by the massing particles back from the centers of attraction we have traced the elementary atoms and have reached the nearer space fields and the remotest places from which gravitation could have drawn them—and before

all change they were at rest. But—miracle of miracles—the mechanically impossible is made possible! Inertia is mastered, the particles are moved. As matter at rest must remain at rest, the beginning of motion or gravitation discloses a pre-existing power, and shows that the power behind the whole of nature is not mechanical but mental, a power that can act or refrain from acting.

The first phenomena were like the effect of an omnipresent breath or wind agitating the diffused atoms of the formless void. But the power which brooded over the abyss and seizing its atoms kindled the fires of the heavens was in purpose constant, in action unfailing, and massed itself in the material bodies of the Universe. Thus Mind became immanent in matter, the continuity and invariability of its forces being merely persistency of mental purpose, or constancy of aim.

The cloud of the cosmos, "the deep" of diffused matter, can tell us nothing regarding the previous activities of the Power which seized it; but it discovers to us the source of all the wisdom, all the goodness, all the power manifested in the present Universe. The previous acts of its former and transformer can be revealed only by Himself. But it is remarkable that the scientist after exploring the cosmos to its beginning, must agree with the psalmist that "He made darkness His secret place, His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

The scientist following the order of Nature backward to its beginning finds the mental kind of power in all beginnings of motion. And as it is absurd and unthinkable that each atom has an individual mind and that there were as many minds to agree as there are atoms in the Universe, so it is wholly and supremely reasonable to conclude, in view of the unity of the connected forces and parts of the great whole, that the power is one Power and the mind is all one Mind.

Is God, then, unknowable?

Beyond the ever-widening horizon of human knowledge,

and beyond the cosmic circle and sum of things, there must always be an unexplored infinity, but the wisdom manifested in the material worlds of the seemingly boundless Universe is God's wisdom and the power is God's power. The sum of all knowledge is therefore the sum of all knowledge of God.

◆◆◆◆◆  
TELEPATHY.

Softer than ever star-beam fell to earth,  
    Swifter than light in all its magic seeming,  
Some love thought is transmitted at its birth  
    Into a passive soul that's never dreaming.

I place my soul before the Ever-Good,—  
    Unto the Hand that deals the choicest blessing,  
To ask, as ever earnest mortal should,  
    For faith in all my spirit power, possessing.

And, having felt the radiance that I crave,  
    All filled with peace, in heavenly ether fleeting,  
My soul's no longer bound within, a slave,  
    But here and there at once in cheery greeting.

Beyond the setting of the mellowed sun,—  
    Into the depths, I send my ardent spirit;  
And they whose hearts and souls with mine are one  
    Lend their own part of God to mine, and hear it.

He who by faith may earnestly be led,  
    Is open to the mysteries of Heaven;  
Standing above his thoughtless fellow's head,  
    To him are symphonies the purest given.

Master of thought in the divinest sense,  
    With freest soul to do its own God-vision,  
The seer of Christian spirit's recompense  
    Is nearer living to the great Elysian.

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

# REINCARNATION, ORIENTAL, UNREASONABLE, AND UNPROVEN.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

There are a few if any philologists of note who in writing would employ spirit and soul interchangeably. These words are different in origin and import. Of this no one conversant with Hebrew and Grecian literature need be informed.

Proclus, in defining his conception of God, used the great word, "Causation." Jesus expressly said, "Pneuma ho Theos"—Spirit is God; and Spirit, pure, immutable, infinite, is evidently the best definition of the Absolute One. And man made—evolved—in the image of God, as a triune manifestation, body, soul, spirit, is as naturally as necessarily a spiritual being, standing crowned upon the summit of earth's organic pyramid.

The conscious spirit which, in reality, constitutes essential man, is an eternal entity, a unit from eternity. Its being is and was in God. Though infinite it is absolute, being a potentialized portion of the Infinite Spirit, psychically allied thereto, something as is the tiny crystal drop to the brimming, ever-flowing fountain.

The pre-existence of this inmost spirit in the human form is considered, and rightly too, to be one of the cleverest, strongest evidences of conscious immortality. Few gifted with any philosophical insight can be induced to look upon immortality with but one end to it. Only the surface-thinker will contend that things particed and compounded, may not by some superior force be non-compounded and disintegrated; and fewer still will be bold enough to assert that interrelational acts under the law of parental generation, literally, magically manufacture immortal spirits.

To thinker or philosopher it is impossible to believe that there is not something in conscious, regal-souled man that is *not* the modern make-up of an all-too-often purposeless, chance act on the material plane of life. These thoughts lead up, naturally, directly to the doctrine of the spirit's pre-existence.

#### PRE-EXISTENCE NOT REINCARNATION.

It has been remarked that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; otherwise, he has a mental drift in the direction of one or the other. It was one of Emerson's sayings that some men have "Asia" in their constitutions. This meant that they had an affinity for the dreamy speculations of the East. The pessimistic Schopenhauer was Asiatic in his philosophic sympathies. Kant was purely European. Emerson was American with an outreach into the cosmopolitan and the universal.

Reincarnation in its varied forms belongs originally to the Orient. It thrives best in those sleepy, sunny lands where bananas grow. The energetic, rugged West will never accept it. Rigid induction challenges it. Physics defies it, and evolution, ruthlessly smiting, demands the demonstrations.

Pre-existence and reincarnation belong to the category of irreconcilable principles. The theory of pre-existence does not form so much as a working hypothesis for the Hindu dogma of transmigration, modified later into reincarnation.

#### WHAT IS REINCARNATION, OR RE-EMBODIMENT?

Considering definitions, this is a knotty question. What cult is authorized to define it? Who is empowered to state its fundamental principles and purposes? Is it the Kalmuckian Lamas of Thibet; or the dreamy speculative Hindus of India?

Is there not something weak and servile in drawing the philosophy of life, birth and death from the childhood period of the world? Science thinks little of any genealogical tree, and reason dignifiedly refuses to adorn herself in the old moth-eaten parchments of the East—the land of myth and imagination.

#### ALLEN KARDEC AND REINCARNATION.

Coming down to modern times and inquiring what is reincarnation, the theories of it are as numerous, as different, and as far apart as the poles. Allen Kardec (whose real name was Leon H. D. Rivail), one of its first, if not *the* first advocate of it in the Western world, declared in his writings that "spirits have not the choice of the world they are to inhabit . . . Spirits animate men and women alternately . . . Many souls of this earth are reincarnated in Jupiter . . . There are still-born children who never had any spirit assigned them. . . . The spirit is not reincarnated in the new body till birth. The foetus has no soul . . . The body of an idiot may contain a spirit that animated a man of genius in a preceding incarnation. The idiot in the spirit state comprehends that its chains of imbecility were expiatory . . . The moral qualities that a man exhibits are those of the pre-existing spirit reincarnated in him . . . Several spirits sometimes seek at the same time to incarnate in a body about to be born." All of this, and much more of a similar character, is, as must be admitted, but a series of assertions, devoid of even the show of scientific demonstration.

It is needless to state that reincarnation, as taught by Kardec, differed in some respects as widely from Thibetan and Brahmanic theories of reincarnation, as do the latter from the reincarnation promulgated by Theosophists and some American Spiritists. The dogma seems to lack a unitive basis.

HUMAN BEINGS RE-EMBODIED IN ANIMALS.

Many Brahmans, Buddhists, and some Hindu Theosophists believe in the reincarnation, or transmigration of human beings of the lower class into animals. This will not be denied. Conversing with them in Bombay, Madras, Madura, and Tuticorin, and with Buddhists in Colombo and Kandy, Ceylon, they personally assure me with emphasis, that the baser and viler of human beings, would be re-embodied into tigers and jackals, and even serpents. This was their Karma. Here are some of my authorities. In the Colombo *Buddhist*, of Sept. 2, 1892, occur these words:

"The impressions of one's former life, or the 'accumulated experiences' are regarded as potent factors in the determination of one's re-birth. For instance, if a man persistently desire to eat animal food like a tiger, and longs to have the appetite and strength of that animal, it is possible that he may be born as a tiger; but from that circumstance it should not be inferred that the nature of the tiger on this account will be improved."

A Hindu writer in the Lahore *Harbinger* says:

"There are some people who have gone through the human plane downward, that is, they have reached the limit which is contiguous to the plane of the lower animals. As the influence of their wicked actions tends to degrade them they pass on to the sub-human plane, which is occupied by the lower animals. They will then appear in animal forms. . . . Our scriptures mention accounts of sages who passed into the bodies of animals for a certain interval of time in expiation of some sin."

Miss Catherine Christie, an excellent lady and Theosophist of Dunedin, New Zealand, when lecturing upon reincarnation and Karma, said in public and in words unmistakable, that "the lower classes of the old Atlanteans were reincarnated into animals," and some Indian Theosophists affirm that these Karmic phenomena are still in process. Think of this now-a-day phenomenon of humanity reincarnated—reborn again into brutality—the spirit back into a low, fleshy animal vehicle!

## WHEN AND WHAT THE METHOD OF INCARNATION?

To the accomplishment of any rational result there must be substantial material, purpose, and a well-directed energy. Now, then, how is recarnation accomplished? What is the process? Does the Ego, the inmost spirit, disrobe itself of the "astral," rather the spiritual body, as a preliminary step? Self-purposed, does it dart like a ray of light to the waiting matrix? Does it come fleshward by choice, or is it physically forced through generation, from spirit freedom to flesh imprisonment?

The Thibetans, Hindu adepts, medieval occultists, French spiritists, and Theosophists all differ radically among themselves in defining the hypotheses and the methods. As knowledge is said to be the "world's saviour," it would be most interesting to know if the descending Ego, that is, the triad (Atma-Buddhi-Manas), enters the spermatozoon, or ovum, at the interrelational moment, or at the quickening, or at the birth, or at the seventh year? These have all been designed the times—the diverse seasons for the reincarnation planting.

In her "Epitome of Theosophy," the eloquent Mrs. Besant informs us that these "incarnations are not single, but repeated, each individuality becoming re-embodied during numerous existences in successive races," . . . and she further assures us that "this slow process is going on through countless incarnations." And all for what? Am I told "to get knowledge?" But is this the only world in which to get knowledge? Is it to "gain more experience?" But who would not prefer some experiences in climbing the mountains of the moon, sailing on the canals of Mars, or traversing the starry spaces? Am I further told that people are incarnated to pay off some old karmic debts which they were not conscious of contracting? The scriptural prodigal son, symbol of humanity—justly suffering from hunger in a far-off land—voluntarily returned to his father, and what did the father do? Did he send him back, memoryless, after a little devachanic rest at home, for



more karmic experiences in eating swine-refused husks? No, the father forgave him; but now-a-day reincarnation knows nothing of the divine Fatherhood—nothing of forgiveness. In fact, the basic foundation of this karmic-incarnation is retaliation.

REINCARNATION OPPOSED TO EVOLUTION.

The grand theory of evolution is accepted alike by scientist, seer, and sage. "Upward," exclaims the inspired poet, "all things tend." Look at the formation of this planet—first the flinty, igneous strata, then the mineral kingdom, then the vegetable, then animal, then the human as the crowning earthly glory, then the flesh-disrobed, death-defying spirit, conscious and proudly aspirational. Now, then, if the vegetable does not reincarnate into the mineral, nor the animal back into the vegetable, nor the human back into the four-footed animal, why should the spirit reincarnate back into the fleshy chains of mortality? This would be downright retrogression. It would be Ego-rotation from the flesh back into the flesh—the turning back of the individualized conscious spirit to the physical plane of being—a moral degradation! It would be comparable to forcing the university professor back to the old school-house to rectify some blunders made in the multiplication table.

Conscious of this wondrous life, vibrant throughout this illimitable universe, I look up at the stars and feel that I am chained to matter—and must I ever and ever return to be re-chained? I chafe under the thought. True, I can talk through the air to New York, and direct letters by lightning under the sea to Melbourne, but how much more—ininitely more can I do when freed from this bondage of clayey earthliness, permitting me to explore the immensities, weigh the mighty planets, and exact from them their origins and their biographies! Be this my destiny instead of being linked to a materialistic cog on the revolving wheel of a heartless Karmic, fleshy fate.

## NATURE REBELS AT REINCARNATION.

The green apples of summer-time do not contradict the ripened ones of autumn; but reincarnation, or re-embodiment, does directly, squarely contradict evolution. Does the yellowing corn seek a return to the husk? Does the winnowed wheat strive to reclothe itself in its cast-off chaff? Does the winged butterfly hunt for and struggle to re-enter the chrysalis shell? Does the exultant frog of early spring-time strive to reincarnate, becoming the tailed tadpole again? Does the newly hatched bird, making music in maple or elm, desire to be reincarnated into the old shell and storm-shattered nest? Do spirits, freed from fleshy aches and pains, desire to re-enter and re-wallow in human ions, cells, and viscera? The asking answers the question—aye, more, it postulates the utter insufficiency of anything terrestrial to satisfy the onward, upward march of the soul, conscious not only of its consciousness, but of its individuality and imperishable identity and mighty possibilities.

## REINCARNATION AND THE INEQUALITIES OF LIFE.

The “inequalities of life” has become a stereotyped stock-in-trade song with reincarnationists. Some have few opportunities. Some are born with little, others with great capacities. Some are born in poverty, others in palaces of the rich. Well—why not? These temporary inequalities, seen from the subjective and the eternal, in connection with the absolute whole, are sublime in their philosophical bearings. There is eternity for the play of progression. Inequalities, diversities, and differentiations are among Nature’s divinest gifts.

Suppose there were an equality of all forest trees—say weeping willows! Suppose the surface of the earth were one vast plane of equality! What would the sturdy farmer say? Suppose again that earth’s millions born to-morrow—and all

time thereafter, were born at the same hour of the day, under the same constellation, with the same dispositions, with the same capacities and with the same taste—and that a taste for mechanics! This, in its broadest sense would be *equality*—the much-harped “equality of life.” How would you like it? Would not every intelligent person say, “monotony, monotony?” Certainly! And equality is little more than another name for monotony, and monotony to a thinking, stirring reformer, “would be hell!” Inequality, every way considered, has its rich compensation. The chief difference between the prince and the peasant is temporal, worldly—the physical environments. But the spiritual is the real, and the spiritually toiling farmer, or soiled-handed mechanic, may be nobler at heart than the millionaire aristocrat. Grave-dust, and the disillusioned life just beyond, demonstrate this.

Lincoln was a rail-splitter, Garfield a mule-driver, and General Grant a tanner-boy. Did they grumble about lack of opportunity, early poverty, and the “inequalities of life?” If all men were born germinally temperate, well-balanced, and moral there would be no work for great-souled reformers. The optimistic thinker tires of this everlasting pessimistic brawl of the lazy and the go-easy shiftless about the “inequalities of life.” When sounded to their depths these inequalities show not a scintilla of reason for reincarnation. Inequalities exist now, and it is to be confidently hoped that they will in the next and all future stages of existence.

#### IS RE-BIRTH THE ONLY METHOD OF PROGRESSION?

The prime reason offered for re-embodiment is based upon the materialistic theory that only in this fleshly body and narrow time-sphere can mortal man get experiences, properly unfold and round out a really regal character. This is a proofless assertion—an irrational statement, and nothing more! The sage returning to nursery life through this reincarnating gate

of conception, would, in fact, be going backwards, crab-like, minus memory, to be re-born and re-trained in a kind of childish kindergarten, somewhat comparable to a man equipped in boy's boots! This earth, it should be remembered, is but a floating speck in the oceanic realm of the mighty immensities, with other worlds more advanced, possibly, than ours, and spheres more refined, and zones more etheric and vastly better adapted to the educating, unfolding, and spiritually rounding up of character, than this ever-changing region of floods and cyclones, competitions, cruelties, and shocking barbarities we temporarily inhabit. They why return? Why come back to be encased—re-enclosed in human flesh? Is it to finish up undone work? This I could better do—infinately better do, it seems to me, as a freed spirit, by impressing, entrancing, and inspiring sensitives from my higher plane of life, than by returning through uterine existence, a period of placenta imprisonment, with the later accompanying teeth-cutting aches and ills of childhood and temptations of youth up towards manhood. If not a uterine confinement for the Ego, then how, and when, and why? Demonstrations and reasons are demanded. Speculations do not count. They are out of court.

#### MY PERSONAL REINCARNATION CAREERS.

As gravely as graciously have I been told at different times and in different countries by two or three spiritistic mediums and several clairvoyant Theosophists, that several thousand years ago I was an Aryan adept, summering on Ganges' floral banks; on a second incarnating "round" I was a sacerdotal priest officiating in one of the temples of Osiris in ancient Egypt; on my third re-embodiment, I was Habakkuk, the old Hebrew prophet; on a fourth "round" I was Herodotus, the Grecian historian and traveler; on my fifth reincarnation I was Origen, the early Christian father; on my sixth incarnation I was Peter the Hermit, priest-vestured, cross in one hand,

sword in the other, storming through and arousing all Europe in fieriest eloquence to rush in maddened war-legions to the Holy Land and rescue the tomb of Jesus from the unclean hands of unholy "infidels," those brown-skinned Islamic Pay-nims.

All this may be true; but I've not a scintilla of proof of it. Aye, more, I am rigidly skeptical about it. Think of it—after all this prolonged series of incarnations, posing as Aryan adept, Egyptian priest, Hebrew prophet, Grecian historian, early Church Father, and Peter the Hermit, here I am, plain, hard-working Peebles, plodding physician, writer, and author! Where now is evolution? Where the progression? Surely, there's been none in my case. Where all those past Oriental experiences of mine? Where those bygone memories? Where the cranial records of those achievements? And what the benefit of all those vanished lessons? This, if I understand anything about it, is a universe of uses.

I have been informed that Socrates was reincarnated in Alfred the Great, David in Jesus, Elijah in John the Baptist, Mary Queen of Scots in the late Countess of Caithness, a Hyksos King in Col. Olcott, Solon, the Athenian legislator, in two different California boys (so claimed by fond mothers), all of which, while exciting and feeding a childish vanity, is to scientists and illustrious thinkers, little more than snobbery-prattle, innocent of reason and void of a particle of substantial proof.

#### CULTURED HINDU AUTHORITY UPON REINCARNATION.

Consciousness, science, reason, and a cultured judgment, rather than marvel, mystery, and Brahmanical fables of reincarnating gods, must constitute the umpire concerning reincarnation. Neither the inductive nor the deductive methods of reasoning sustain it. Often have I been told confessedly by its devotees—"we cannot prove it, but we can feel it." The feelings, the emotions, are very unreliable guides.

"But I can remember some occurrences in one of my past incarnations."

"Are you certain of it? Is it not rather hallucination, dreamy imagination, or a morbid neurasthenia?"

"But I see places and scenery and monuments looking perfectly familiar to me; and yet I was never in that part of the country before."

Quite likely; this is a common experience of sensitives. My own case is a telling example. Often in far-off countries I see mountains, rivers, temples, shrines, perfectly familiar to me. "Had you not been there before?" Never in the body. "How do you account for it?" Upon the rational principle that accompanying invisible intelligences who had lived in those lands, telepathically or psychically impressed the perspective upon my mind—impressed it so clearly and firmly that I seemed to have once lived there bodily. The philosophy of these pre-phenomena has been confirmed to me over and over again by the trance utterances of higher intelligences.

Listen for a moment to the testimonies of enlightened Hindus:

Lankal R. Bhose, a law-pleader and learned Hindu author, thus writes: "Reincarnation, the legitimate child of transmigration (the latter is still the common belief in Southern India), held so tenaciously and almost universally by old India, is on the declining plane. Psychology, as taught by both the British and the French, is rapidly displacing the belief by showing its irrationality and depressing influences upon the superstitions in relation to animal, serpent, and insect life."

That eminent Hindu scholar and author, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, said in his great Lowell lecture: "Transmigration notoriously existed as an indispensable article of faith among the sects of old Hinduism. In modern times, however, it is called reincarnation, and held by the more superstitious. Educated, free-thinking Hindus reject it as a fading, unreasonable relic of the past."

The Rev. Dr. Savage of New York, the distinguished Unitarian and Spiritualist, writes: "Reincarnation seems to me a hopeless kind of doctrine any way you take it. It puzzles me beyond expression; in so much as all the Hindus, all the Buddhists are engaged with all their powers, all their philosophies, all their religions, to get rid of being reincarnated; while here we are picking it up as though it were a *new find*, and something very delightful. Before we take this novelty up, would it not be worth while to find out why they are working so hard to get rid of it?"

Among the general reasons for rejecting reincarnation by scholars and savants, are the following:

1. It is not based upon one sound, solid, demonstrated fact.

- 2 It denies, or sets at defiance, the great, uplifting law of evolution.

3. Its boasted "800,000,000 believers" are made up of Brahmans, Buddhists, Chinese, Thibetans—who, as a whole, are among the most ingorant, imaginative, and superstitious people on earth.

4. It degrades the spirit by bringing it rotating back into the paralyzing meshes of earthly matter instead of emphasizing its ascension from the human spirit to the spiritual, the angelic, the celestial, the seraphic, and onward still from glory to glory.

5. It annihilates or effectually stupefies memory during long periods of Ego-rotation, which memory constitutes the corner-stone of individuality and self-cognition.

6. It violates every analogy of nature, such as the upward march from mineral to vegetable, from vegetable to animal, from birth to childhood, to manhood, to spirit untrammelled, and thus onward to celestial realms and spheres beatific and innumeral.

7. It is unjust and retaliative enough to discipline, or painfully cause suffering to souls in this life, for wrongs done in

previous incarnations, and of which they have now neither consciousness nor the least possible memory of committing.

8. It stifles the "sweet reasonableness" of human nature by blasting its tenderest affections; for Karma, or Karmic law, allied to reincarnation, knows nothing of home, of mercy, of forgiveness, or sympathy. Its heartless voice to the sorrowing sufferer is: "You sinned in a past incarnation. Now take your stripes, buffetings, and soul-crushing agonies, neither complaining nor rightfully demanding relief therefrom. Take another repotting into human flesh. Try again in another human body, under another name, in the slough of mortality."

9. For mathematical exactness, inductive reasonings, and demonstrations it substitutes Cagliostro occultism, speculations, and wild hypotheses which are as undemonstrable and miraculously unreasonable as they are unphilosophical.

10. It has no fundamental premises, no philosophy based upon discovered and scientific-admitted facts; but, wobbling about between the speculations of the East and the West, mingling Hindu magic with medieval alchemy, it shadows the mind with the relentless, hopeless eclipse of matter through vast "rounds" of Ego-rotation.

11. This Oriental reincarnation dogma having been the popular belief of India for thousands of years, has sunk the Hindu masses into an almost hopeless condition of soul-paralyzing apathy. To this end Colonel Olcott thus wrote: "The best friends of India, her most patriotic sons, have deplored to me the moral darkness and degradation of her people. Native judges . . . have lowered their white heads in shame when they said that the vice of lying and the crime of perjury prevailed to a fearful extent. And the worst part of it was that the moral sense was so far gone that people confessed their falsehood without a blush, and without an idea that they were to be pitied." What a comment upon the fruits of reincarnation! And how sad the thought that there are dreamy, imaginative Englishmen and a few of our own countrymen



trying to cram this theory into the mind of thinking, reasoning, wide-awake Americans!

12. It is opposed to physical science, to mental science, to the spiritual philosophy, to the harmonial philosophy, and to the direct testimonies of those exalted intelligences whose radiance makes brilliant the hierarchies of the heaven of heavens. That certain, earth-bound souls, and unprogressed Hindu spirits (pitris) teach this deplorable, depressing dogma, is admitted. They will outgrow this delusion in time, for "upward all things tend."

#### IS THERE A RESIDUUM OF TRUTH IN REINCARNATION?

Most assuredly there is—and so there is in Parseeism, Quakerism, Mormonism, and Babism. Joseph Smith was a clairvoyant. He had and exercised spiritual gifts. Yes, there is a germ of fact in reincarnation, because spirit is ever incarnating itself into matter.

1. Enlightened minds well know that the Gibraltar rock of Spiritualism is Spirit—all-pervading and all-energizing Spirit. Substance, invisible in its finer gradations, when chemically manipulated and precipitated, becomes matter, the subject of the sense-perceptions. And spirit interpenetrates, incarnates, and perpetually reincarnates itself into matter.

2. A conscious spirit disrobed of gross materiality, dwelling in some spiritual sphere afar, of rich-blazoned splendors, re-embodies, or, in a sense, reincarnates temporarily when it descends into the atmosphere of our earth and vestures itself in such invisible atoms, ions, molecules, and refined elements as it can manipulate for materialization, for the accomplishment of some great purpose, something as the university professor may descend from his collegiate chair, and donning the foot-ball suit, teach the necessity of exercise and the graces of muscular motion.

3. The aural emanations extend from persons from one to five and even twenty-five feet. This is especially true of psychics. They are enveloped in an odyllic cloud. Now, then, when a spirit approaches from some higher, brighter sphere into the radius of this human aura, attaching itself thereto and mingling therein, it, in a sense, incarnates and reincarnates to impress for some end, unworthy or praiseworthy, depending upon the degree of the spirit's unfoldment.

4. Again, an illustrious spirit intelligence, seer, or sage, afire with love and beneficence, looking upon this world of struggle, competition, and crime, may earnestly desire to enlighten and uplift humanity to a higher spiritual plane of truth and purity; accordingly, in the sacred impregnating-planting of the pre-existing spirit, he projects a current, a thrill, a thought-ray of light from himself into the sensitive life-germ. This magnetic moulding ray purposely willed and psychically perpetuated by this heavenly benefactor, be he musician, mathematician, artist, or poet, energizes, and measurably moulds the foetus, the infant, the child—the heaven-impressed child—which is often pronounced “a great genius.” Here is the golden key that unlocking, rationally explains reincarnation without puerility, speculation, Oriental fable, or dreamy, devachanic romance.

It is needless to say that I hold in high esteem my Aryan brothers of the Orient. Many Hindu reincarnationists are liberal, high-minded men. They are deductive reasoners. They are docile, trusting, and aspirational, and those that know them best love them the most. One of these gentlemen, English-educated, wrote me recently from Calcutta averring that “Spiritualism was old in India.” My prompt and pertinent reply was that India, since the historic period, has not had nor enjoyed so much as a shadow of genuine, philosophical Spiritualism; but it has had in profusion crude spiritism, necromancy, obsession, occultism, Yogi-juggling, and black magic, all of which are as distant from true, rational Spiritual-

ism as are the Mohammedan hells from the brilliant heavens of seers and savants. Hindu and French reincarnation, though the pronounced "*vital doctrine*" of Theosophy, has no necessary relation to Spiritualism. Neither has it any necessary relation to original modern Theosophy, as founded in New York.

It is opposed to science as studied and elucidated by all German, and great English-speaking scientists.

It is opposed to the only legitimate inference derived from the accumulated facts of psychic phenomena.

It is opposed to psychology, which is the analysis and classification of the functions and faculties of the mind as revealed by observation and induction, and sanctioned by deduction.

It is opposed to that philosophy which is the attainment of truth by way of reason.

It is opposed to that rigid logic, the inferences of which are based upon solid premises and the fixed principles of Nature.

It is opposed to those axiomatic principles which show that things existing with the same thing, coexist with one another; and that whatever is true of a whole class, is true of whatever belongs to and is brought under the class, and the class, the series, the races of human beings, come under the class, the law—the law of evolution—which in its mighty, majestic sweep, lifts all conscious human souls through methods diverse and often mysterious, upward and onward, through the eternities—one grand purpose, one law, one life, one brotherhood, and one destiny, and that soul-unfoldment, ever aspiring yet never reaching absolute perfection and power.

Finally, Hindu reincarnation (a modified transmigration), being injected into American thought, is only a hypothesis, a baseless dream, a hazy speculation that fades away before the ascending stars of science and philosophy, as do the moistening, quivering dews before June's golden sunshine.

## A DEFENSE OF REINCARNATION.

BY MORTIMER P. STUART.

"Life and death are the same, sleeping and waking, youth and age; for the former changing becomes the latter, and the latter changing in its turn again becomes the former."—*Herakleitos*.

"There is in every man a certain feeling that he has been what he is from all eternity."—*Schelling*.

In taking up the subject of Reincarnation, it may be observed at the outset that there is a wide diversity of opinion concerning it, and that there are those who are even opposed to its consideration at all. But if prejudice or preconceived ideas were allowed to stand in the way of honest, conscientious investigation, we should be the losers thereby. Nowhere else in all the world has so much thought been given to the great spiritual problems of life as in India. Indeed, the thoughts of religion are ever uppermost in the minds of the people there. What parallel can be found elsewhere to the division of man's allotted time on earth which is to be found in their ancient law-books? There we are told that the life of every Brahmin should be divided into three stages, first that of youth, in which he is to study, learn and obey; second, that of manhood, during which he is to marry, provide for his family, fulfil his duty to the state and perform his formal religious obligations; third, that of maturity, "when he sees white hairs or his children's children," when he is to leave the world, retire into the forest and pass the balance of his life in meditation upon eternal things. That religious beliefs differ as widely among the different classes in India as in other countries, need not be questioned. The great majority of the people understand and live in the exoteric religion only, but the number of Indian thinkers who have gone very deep in their researches into all spiritual things is much greater than with us. Their knowl-

edge of spiritual law and its operation must count for much when we come to examine their beliefs. Many of the strongest and acutest of our Western students, even among those who have not fully accepted the results of Indian thinking, have fully recognized this fact. Schopenhauer, for example, when he had completed his elaborate philosophical system, found that though starting from a different standpoint and working along different lines, he had reached substantially the beliefs taught by Gautama more than twenty-five hundred years before. And Professor Huxley says: "It is a remarkable indication of the subtlety of Indian speculation that Gautama should have seen deeper than the greatest of modern idealists."

To reject the doctrines of these deep and careful students without knowing accurately what those doctrines really are, nor the laws on which they are based, would be foolish indeed. Yet some dismiss them carelessly with the exclamation, "Superstition!" Others, not understanding their real meaning, call them unreasonable, illogical, visionary. The truth is that there is far more profound philosophy and accurate logic to be found among these Indian thinkers than in any other part of the world, as Max Müller and other Sanscrit scholars have testified. Their sacred books are filled with thoughts and truths as sublime and beautiful as have ever been written.

That one is a believer in the religion of Jesus the Christ need make him in no way hostile to any other religion. On the contrary, all religion of the spirit springs from one eternal fount. All have received according to their needs and their capacity to receive and comprehend. In the words of the Apostle, "of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

No genuine and earnest seeker after truth will allow prejudice or bigotry to stand in the way of carefully and thoughtfully investigating any subject. If the theory of reincarnation be correct, our opposition or reluctance to accept it cannot

affect its validity. Law acts whether we like it or not. No man or woman is obliged to accept anything as true because some one else asserts it; but all should be willing to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is true."

Let us now take up our subject, Reincarnation as viewed from the Oriental or Theosophical standpoint, leaving the Hermetic views (quite different in some respects) to possibly be treated in a subsequent paper.

At the very outset of our investigation, we are confronted with the fact that every form of life now existing on our planet is in reality the result of re-embodiment; the life principle animating each form of earth has already been re-embodied countless times, lower forms being constantly replaced by higher and more complex developments.

Take, for example, the race-history of the horse as an instance of what has been accomplished by re-embodiment. The ancestors of the horse in days of which we still have records, not indeed in man-written history but safely preserved among the archives of the rocks, were little animals no larger than the fox of to-day. Their feet, instead of terminating in solid hoofs, had then five separate toes, and in many other details their bodily structure differed from that of their descendants of the present age. Change followed change through all but imperceptible gradations until the horse of the present had been evolved.

Now, if the perfection of the animal has been attained through successive re-embodiments, why should we deny it in the case of man? We might say, as do some who oppose the theory of reincarnation, that when the soul of man has once acquired a form on this earth it never needs renewed physical expression. But if it is true that the horse had to pass through repeated embodiments before reaching its perfect development as horse, it does not seem unreasonable that the reincarnation of soul should continue until expression should be given to a perfect form. Consider for a moment the unde-

veloped, savage races of mankind. Certainly we cannot believe that they are now ready for such a heaven as we picture in our minds. Neither, because of their lack of knowledge, can we hold it just that they should now be judged and condemned to a place of endless torment. It seems a simple solution of this difficulty to admit the necessity of re-embodiment for the lower races of the earth, at least up to the point of producing physical perfection of form.

More than this. When we speak of an outer law of attraction, we should not fail to remember that whatever we see expressed in an outer way is only type of inner condition. There is an inner law of attraction corresponding to the obvious and outer law. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose that if the separation of the soul from the body takes place while all the desires are still upon the animal plane of existence, such desires would draw the soul to earth again?

Note also that the earth has its lessons to teach, and until we have acquired a knowledge of the things here, the law will act to hold us here. Now it may be questioned whether or not knowledge can be acquired apart from the body. The spiritualist tells us that it can; that purification goes on and on and that reincarnation is unnecessary.

Annie Besant says that reincarnation implies the existence of something relatively permanent which enters into—inhabits—successive somethings impermanent; or that, apart from any esoteric or exoteric teachings, the word “reincarnation” connotes a theory of existence according to which a form of visible matter is inhabited by a more ethereal principle which outlives its physical encasement and on the death of the latter passes on, at once or after an interval, to dwell in some other frame. That successive bodily lives are linked together like pearls strung upon a thread—the thread being the living principle, the pearls upon it the separate human lives.

In one of the sacred books of India, the following passages occur: “These finite bodies which develop the souls inhabit-

ing them belong to Him, the eternal, indestructible, unprovable Spirit, who is in the body. The man who thinketh that it is this spirit which killeth and he who thinketh that it may be destroyed are alike deceived: for it neither killeth nor is it killed. It is not a thing of which a man may say 'It hath been, it is about to be or it is to be hereafter.' For it is without birth and meeteth not with death; it is ancient, constant and eternal, and is not slain when this its mortal frame is destroyed. How can the man who believeth that it is incorruptible, eternal, inexhaustible and without birth, think that it can either kill or cause to be killed? As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away: for it is indivisible, unconsumable, incorruptible, and is not to be dried away. It is invisible, inconceivable and unalterable."

There is much in our own Bible that points decidedly in the direction of reincarnation. Two references will serve to make this plain. First, the question of the Pharisees to the Master concerning the man born blind "whether did this man sin or his parents?" Also the saying of Jesus, to be found in the eleventh chapter of Matthew, 14th verse, "And if ye will receive it, this is Elias which was to come."

The teachings of Theosophy may be summarized as follows

1. That there is a principle of consciousness in man which is immortal.
2. That this principle is manifested in successive incarnations on earth.
3. That the experiences of the different incarnations are strictly governed by the law of Causation.

Madam Blavatsky says: "Karma is the very corner stone of esoteric philosophy and Eastern religions. It is the grand



and one pillar on which hangs the whole philosophy of rebirth, and once the latter is denied the whole doctrine of Karma becomes meaningless."

This philosophy teaches that Nature never leaves her work unfinished; if baffled at the first attempt, she tries again. When she evolves a human embryo, the intention is that a man shall be perfected, physically, intellectually and spiritually. His body is to grow, mature, wear out and die; his mind unfold, ripen and be harmoniously balanced; his divine spirit illuminate and blend easily with the inner man. No human being completes its grand cycle, or the "circle of necessity" until all these are accomplished. As the laggards in a race struggle and plod in their first quarter while the victors dart past the goal, so in the race of immortality some souls outspeed all the rest and reach the end while their myriad competitors are toiling under the load of matter close to the starting point. Some unfortunates fall out entirely and lose all chance of the prize; some retrace their steps and begin again.

Many among the Hindus dread transmigration to other inferior forms on this planet. They believe and fear the possibility that the human soul may be reincarnated in animal or even vegetable form, as indeed was held by Pythagoras and his followers in Greek thought. But Esoteric Buddhism, or Theosophy, teaches that nature never recedes in her evolutionary progress. Once man has been evolved through every kind of lower form, he can never become an animal except morally.

Human reincarnation, according to Hindu thought, is a cyclic necessity not to be dreaded, though the necessity for it may be deplored. But Buddha taught a way of avoiding this necessity in his doctrine of poverty, restriction of the senses, perfect indifference to the objects of earthly desire, freedom from passion, and frequent intercommunication with the *Ātma*—that is to say, soul-contemplation. The cause of reincarnation, in this view, is ignorance of our senses and the idea that there is any reality in the world, anything except abstract ex-

istence. From the organs of sense comes the "hallucination we call contact; from contact desire; from desire, sensation (which also is a deception of our body); from sensation, the cleaving to existing bodies; from this cleaving, reproduction; and from reproduction, disease, decay and death. Thus, like the revolution of a wheel, there is a regular succession of death and birth, the moral cause of which is the cleaving to existing objects, while the instrumental cause is Karma (the power which controls the universe, prompting it to activity), merit and demerit. It is, therefore, the great desire of all beings who would be released from the sorrows of successive rebirths to seek the destruction of the moral cause, the cleaving to existing objects, or evil desire."

Complete success in this effort, according to Indian thinkers, brings with it release from the round of reincarnation, and the Arhata, as the successful struggler is called, attains Nirvana—that is to say, the world of cause, in which all deceptive effects or illusions of sense disappear.

It is not the false personality, the illusive human entity defined and individualized during this brief temporal life under some specific form and name, that is reincarnated. What must reincarnate, according to Karmic law, is the real Ego, and a confusion between the immortal Ego in man and the changing, temporary personalities it inhabits, lies at the root of many misunderstandings as to the real nature of the doctrine. Let us see how the Theosophist distinguishes between them.

First, the immortal spirit is an emanation from the one universal breath; its vehicle is the divine soul, called the Immortal Ego, or the Divine Monad, in which burns ever the undying spark. At the close of each incarnation, this has added to itself a knowledge acquired through experience that goes to make up the true individuality of being. The false or apparent Ego is that bundle of desires and aspirations manifested by human beings during one incarnation under the form of one personality. Of this there can be no reincarnation.

The Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones of to-day will never be Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones of some other incarnation. It is interesting to note that the Magi of Chaldea believed that the celestial or divine soul would participate in the bliss of eternal life, while the animal or sensuous soul would, if good, rapidly dissolve, but if wicked, go on wandering about in the earth sphere and at times assume the form of various human phantoms.

Theosophists claim that their doctrine is the faithful echo of antiquity, and that man is a unity only at his origin and at his end. That all spirits, souls, gods and demons emanate from and have for their root principle the soul of the universe. They claim further that every philosophy worthy of consideration has accepted the doctrine of reincarnation as well as that of the plurality of principle in man. That is to say, that man has two souls of separate or quite distinct natures, one perishable—the astral soul—the other incorruptible and immortal. The astral soul is not the man whom it represents, neither his spirit nor his body, but only his reflection at best. This, Theosophy claims, was taught by Hebrews, Greeks, Egyptians and Chaldeans, and still continues to be taught by Hindus and Buddhists.

In its teaching of hereditary physical transmission, the doctrine of evolution is at one with reincarnation. The difference between the evolutionist and the Hindu sage is that the latter explains reincarnation by the conscious effort of individual souls. If a tendency be the result of repeated action, the tendencies with which we are born must also be explained on that ground.

By those who demur to the doctrine of reincarnation, much stress is laid on the fact that we have no conscious recollection of past personalities. The Swami Vivekanandi deals with this as follows: "If memory be the test of existence, then all that part of our lives which is not now in it must be non-existent, and every person who is in a state of coma or otherwise loses his memory must be non-existent also." Again

what recollection have we of our earliest childhood? At a very early age we have the sense of pleasure as well as pain. It is evident that memory was used in reference to different things at that time. The memory of the child causes it to reject medicine, or to accept something that gratifies its taste. But what memory has the grown-up person of these things? If conscious memory is the test that people would make against reincarnation, that would fall short of the mark.

As far as present investigations can determine, the idea of reincarnation is one of the oldest of doctrines. It has been accepted probably by at least one-half of the people of the world, since men began to question concerning infinity and reality. It is plainly taught in the Vedas and Rig Vedas of India, and no people at an early stage in the history of the world showed greater spiritual enlightenment than the people of the great Aryan race. They were the first to address God as Father. Their religion was one of joy. Take, for instance, this little prayer, possibly first uttered six or seven thousand years ago:

"Place me in that deathless, undecaying world where is the light of heaven and everlasting lustre shines.

"Make me immortal in that realm where dwells the King Vivasvan's son, where is the secret shrine of heaven.

"Make me immortal in that realm where they move even as they list.

"In the third sphere of heaven where worlds are full of light, make me immortal in that realm of bliss."

Many object to the law of reincarnation on sentimental grounds. They say: "If individuals are to be reborn on earth, how are we to know our friends and those whom we love?" There are two ways of looking at this question of love. There is a love of the purely personal man; there is another love which enters deep into the soul. Now whether reincarnation be a fact or not, the first love can never be an abiding one. That body which has been laid away in the earth will never

be seen again, either in this world or on any other plane of existence. It has returned to the elements from which it came. But if the love which brought people together in this life be a love of soul, the law that attracts soul to soul is still an active force and such souls would assuredly again be brought into a conscious relationship. After all, it is not the body we love, but the spirit which animates it. The disciples of Jesus who journeyed half a day with him did not recognize him by the body, yet their hearts burned within them. The recognition came from something familiar in the individuality of the Master. A part of the law of reincarnation not often stated or dwelt upon is that we shall in successive reincarnations meet with the same souls in new tenements. Indeed, the recognition or memory of those whom we have known before is one of the prime objects of the study and practice of Theosophy. So that the things which have been hidden from us in the past shall be revealed when all the books of human experience shall be opened, and man may read the history of his own soul from its lowest physical embodiment on earth to conscious reunion with the universal soul of life—of love—of truth.



PEACE AND STRIVING.

If we but knew ;  
How all the mystic forces of the Universe,  
Combine to mold the destinies of men  
And shape them in accordance with God's plan,  
We would not strive so with our little strength ;  
Creating for ourselves such needless pain ;  
But yield, and in our souls know perfect peace.

ADELLA CARPENTER.



THE days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party, but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## DIVINITY EXPRESSED.

BY CLERIN ZUMWALT.

This universe is but a thought of God,  
A thought expressed in mighty whirling suns;  
In dying worlds whereon strange forms have trod;  
In liquid light which through the whole thought runs.

One mighty thought controls those sweeping spheres,  
Awakes the soul of man and guides his days,  
Weaves storms and gentle breezes through the years,  
And touches all with soft and golden rays.

The same great law is in the hearts of men  
That tints the sunset glow and blooming flow'r,  
That gives us waving trees and quiet glen,  
And paints our beauty-land with mystic pow'r.

The same thought sleeps in music soft and low,  
Like songs of past from out the dreamy years,  
Whose echoes wake and softly, sweetly flow,  
In liquid silv'ry notes like angels' tears.

The universe is but a thought expressed  
And through the thought a strange, sweet music sweeps  
A grand, sweet strain to every heart addressed;  
A strain divine for every soul that weeps.

The silver sheen that lines the robe of night  
Foretells the life that past the shadow lies;  
Aurora's gleam and evening's rays but write  
God's love upon a page of summer skies.

## SUFEEISM.

BY MOHAMMAD BARAKATULLAH.

### (PART II.)

Thus, both beauty and love, having emanated from Absolute Being, pervade the whole economy of the contingent universe. The poet Urfi alludes to this point in the following lines: "Religion says, hold thy tongue; but love says, proclaim it loudly (O, God), it was thou, too, who let loose the reins (of thine horse) in the course of thine own love." But the poet Iraqui puts it differently. "The first wine that was ever poured into a cup was borrowed from the intoxicated eye of the cup-bearer."

Absolute Being, which alone ever has been and ever will be, being possessed of ideas or attributes of perfection, after having evoked a phantasm of not being for a season, brought about the manifestation of the attributes, through the medium of five faculties: First, knowledge; second, desire; third, will; fourth, power, and fifth, activity. These five stages are often spoken of as five worlds or five planes (Hazaratikhamseh). Above and beyond them is the world of Godhead, (Alam-i-lahut); of which nothing can be predicted. The first of these five is called the plane of the Absolute Invisible (Hazrat-i-gheyb-i-mutlaq) or the plane of nebulosity (Hazrat-i-'Ama), in which the ideas of the fixed prototypes (Ayan-i-thabete) lay merged in Absolute Being. The second is the plane of the Relative Invisible (Gheyb-i-Muzaf), in which the ideas, intelligences, or souls are presented distinctly to the eternal mind through his desire to make them manifest. The third plane is called the world of might or control (Alam-i-jabarut), where the decision is made as to the manifestation of the Attributes. The fourth is called the plane of Similitudes (Alam-i-mithal)

or the Intermediate World (Alam-i-Burzakh), where potentialities are aroused to be ready for manifestation, and where there is only one step to the visible plane. The fifth is the plane of the visible world (Alam-i-Shahadat), where the actual manifestation takes place. These are not five localities but only five grades through which manifestation of the Attributes takes place.

In process of manifestation there came first intelligences or spirits, some of which were sometime connected with bodies and were called men, and others were never connected with bodies and were called angels. At this stage, the primal compact mentioned in the Quran and often alluded to by the Sufees took place. "And (remember) when thy Lord extracted from the children of Adam, from their loins, their progeny and made them witnesses against themselves (saying) am not I your Lord? they replied, yea, we testify." Ch. VII. 3. The poet Sadi in speaking of Saints, alludes to this point thus: "*The am not I* of eternity is, now as ever, ringing in their ears; And the shout of yea is still resounding." The Sufees out of their devotion to the Prophet, assign to him the first and foremost position in creation. The poet Urfi, referring to this point, says: "So long as thou (O prophet) didst not combine in thee the contingent and the eternal aspects of existence; there was no corresponding reality for the common application of existence to both. The design of the creator caused two beauties to ride on one camel. The Salma of the phenomenal and the Leyla of the eternal aspects of thy being. Hence, they call the prophet the sample of the eternal on the canvas of the phenomenal."

The process of manifestation, then, continued from spirit plane to material one by gradation. In the material world the lowest point was touched. Consequently, through the physical word was manifested the world of similitudes, where forms ready to be materialized exist; through the world of similitudes, the world of intelligences or spirits; through this, the



world of the fixed prototypes or divine ideas; through this, the world of the Divine Names or Attributes, and through this the world of the unity.

The circle of existence (Dauran-i-vojud) has two arcs; (1) the Arc of Descent, (Qaus-i-nozool), which commences from the point of non-conditional existence and goes on descending, by means of differentiation and complexity, through spirits, elements, and heavenly bodies, till it reaches the earth, the grossest and remotest from Absolute; (2) the arc of ascent (Qaus-i-soo-ud), which starts from the mineral kingdom, passes through the vegetable and animal kingdoms and culminates in man. Man is the epitome of the universe, who stands out as its central point. Man, who stands on the border line between the spiritual and the physical, on the one side joins hands with the angels, and on the other is related to the brutes and the material world. Every other being in the universe reflects one or other of the Divine Attributes; man reflects the whole. It is given to man alone to know the nature of things as they are in reality, imitate the Creator, so to speak, in His omniscience, and thereby become the lord of the creation. To this wonderful potentiality of man alludes the Quran when it describes the discourse between the creator and His angels: "And (remember) when thy Lord said to the angels, verily I am going to create (my) vicegerent on earth; they said, (to Him), art thou going to place therein one, who would corrupt the earth and shed blood; while we sing the hymns of thy holiness with thy praise and glorify thee? He said, verily I know what ye do not know. And He taught Adam the names (of things) all of them, then He presented them (things) to the angels and said (to them), inform me of the names of these, if ye are true. They replied, holy art thou, we have no knowledge (of any thing) except what thou hast taught us; verily thou alone art knowing and wise. He said, O, Adam, inform them of the names of these (things); so when he told them

(to the angels), had I not told you that I knew the secrets of the heavens and the earth and knew what ye were showing and what ye were concealing? And (remember) when we (God) said to the angels, prostrate before Adam, and they prostrated, excepting Iblees, who refused (to prostrate) and became proud, and became one of the unbelievers." Ch. II. 28-32.

This beautiful allegoric narrative of the discourse between the Lord and His angels, of the contest between man and the angels and of the triumph of the former over the latter, is a mere picture of the capacities of man and angels. It points to the potentiality of man to acquire the impressions of particular material and immaterial objects through his exterior and interior senses and then to draw abstract universal ideas from them, which is denied to the angels for their want of bodily sensations. Hence, the superiority of man over angels through his knowledge of particulars and universals. And this excellence of man through the knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong, and life and death, can only be achieved through his journey first, into the downward course in the arc of descent from the spiritual to the material plane, and then, into the upward course in the arc of ascent through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms up to the stage of the perfect man. The grossness of matter is called the Fall of man in religious phraseology, for it puts a veil on the spiritual sight of many, and keeps some attached to the worship of idols, some to the worship of the heavenly bodies and others to the worship of men like themselves, and does not let them rise to behold the beauty of the eternal One, whose attributes are mirrored in all the atoms of the universe separately, and in man collectively. Those short-sighted people, who remain engrossed in the mud of matter, and wander in pursuit of the dim reflection of the light of the Real luminary, are rebuked in the Quran thus: "Dost thou think that many of them hear or understand? They are not but like brutes, nay, they are

worse lost (than brutes) in the path." Ch. XXV. 40. The poet Baydil touches this chord most beautifully: "With which mirror art thou occupied, losing all these opportunities? Thou art only the sight of a slaughtered animal. Open thine eye, and enter thy coffin." Man, by becoming a free agent, namely, by accepting the faculty of discerning between good and evil, right and wrong, and of acting according to the dictates of conscience—the invariable and eternal law—has, surely, undertaken a tremendous responsibility, as the Quran beautifully puts it: "Verily we offered the trust to the heavens, and the earth and the mountains (for their acceptance), but they refused to undertake it, nay, they were terrified at it, *i.e.*, at its terrible responsibility; but man accepted the burden; verily he was unjust (to himself) and ignorant (of the enormity of the task)." Ch. XXXIII. 72. Thus a perfect man by going through the ordeals, overlords the universe. That is to say, to quote Sheykh Abdullah: "The universe is the aggregate of the individual objects through which are manifested the Divine names (attributes), but as it was incapable of receiving the form of the Divine Totality, and as the manifesting of the manifestation of the universality was not obtainable there-through, God created man, who is its soul, after the Divine image; So man is the theater of the Divine names, and the meeting point of the Divine Attributes."

The Absolute Being, as before mentioned, evoked the phantasm of Not-Being and made it a mirror in which His attributes were reflected like the reflection cast by the sun on a pool. So the pool is thus the mirror of the sun, as Not-Being is the mirror of Being, and the reflection cast on the water typifies the phenomenal universe. As the universe is thus the image of the Absolute Being, that is of God, reflected in the mirror of Not-Being, so, the Sufees say, is man the eye in that image, and as when we look in a mirror, we perceive a small image of ourselves reflected in the pupil, so is the image of God reflected in this eye, which is man. Thus is God revealed unto

Himself and unto man, and thus, moreover, does man contain in himself the image of God. Thus is explained the verse of the Quran, which runs: "We," says God, "are nearer to him (man) than his jugular vein." Ch. L. 15. The following sacred tradition implies the same: "The heavens and the earth of mine," says the Almighty, "cannot contain me, but the heart (*i.e.*, soul) of my faithful servant can contain me." A Persian poet touches this point most exquisitely: "Win a human heart; for that is the greater pilgrimage. One human heart is superior to thousands of Kaabas. The heart (spirit) is the foot path of the Almighty, the most magnificent, while Kaaba is only a building raised by Abraham, the son of Azer (Terah)." The Sufee idea of sin is also based upon this lofty conception of man, as the Divine Hafiz tells us: "Hurt no heart and do whatever thou pleasest, for there is no other sin in our religious canons."

As regards good and evil, the Sufees and the Mutakallemeen thought that they were opposite terms, one positive and the other negative, when used in abstract sense, but relative when applied in individual concrete cases. A certain thing may be good to a certain individual but the same thing may be evil to another individual. That is the popular conception of them. But what is good? That which is useful. What is useful? That which tends to promote life; the life being the end and aim, is, therefore, real good. And all that which tends to destroy life is evil; death is real evil. But life and death have limited meanings. So, philosophically speaking, being or existence is good, and not-being or non-existence is evil. Hence, it is true, "whatever is, is good." For there are only five possibilities in which good and evil can be viewed separately and unitedly. (1) The first is pure good. (2) The second, pure evil. (3) The mixture of good and evil in equal proportion. (4) The mixture of good and evil, evil predominating. (5) The mixture of good and evil, good predominating. Out of these five views, the two only, namely the first and the last,

belong to the category of existence, and the remaining three are simply non-existent. The pure good is, as pointed out just now, the pure Being, *i.e.*, the Absolute which exists from eternity to eternity. The mixture of good and evil in which good predominates, is the contingent being, in which the causes of existence overbalance the causes of non-existence. As regards good and evil in equal proportion, such a mixture cannot exist either. For ten causes of not-being outweigh the ten causes of being, as not-being needs no cause, while being wants one, therefore, the former ten causes become eleven. The pure evil means pure non-existence, and the predominance of evil means the predominance of non-existence; hence, the second and the fourth views of good and evil are impossibilities. Consequently, whatever is, is either pure good or Absolute Being, which changeth not, or the mixture of good and evil, good predominating; that is contingent being, which is subject to existence and non-existence. The recurrence of existence and non-existence alternately, is called change in ordinary language.

Thus it came to pass that this universe became an arena of Being and Not-Being or good and evil. Pleasure and pain, which are the badge of life throughout this cosmos, are merely the effects of Being and Not-Being respectively. For want of health produces pain, while the acquisition of wealth is conducive to pleasure. It became, consequently a property in the nature of things that are, to seek for what is pleasant and desirable and shun what is painful and undesirable. Thus, this quest of something desirable permeates the whole economy of the phenomenal universe, from a single atom to the most complex organism—man. This unceasing passion for achieving the unmixed bliss, *i.e.*, pure Being, and for eliminating the particle of Not-Being that clings to everything in this world, has set all parts of this universe in motion, and evolution has become a necessity. In the course of evolution, things are traveling from stage to stage, being dissatisfied with their

present positions. For the ideal of yesterday becomes a bore of to-day, and a fresh ideal becomes a hobby. All ideals are false, says the Sufee, save one that is the Absolute; hence, he aims at it. Nay, all things, says the Sufee, aim at the Absolute, consciously or unconsciously, and all things are suffering from the pang of separation. With this sublime theme begins Maulana Jalaluddeen of Riem his Masnavie, which is called by the Sufees a Persian version of the Quran.

(1) Listen to the flute, how it relates its story; it complains of separations.

(2) It says since they cut me off from Conebrake my wailing and shouting made men and women lament and shriek.

(3) On account of separation, I want (my) breast perforated; so that I should tell in details the tale of the pang of longings.

(4) Whosoever is removed from his original (home) does ever try to regain the (happy) times of the (pristine) union.

(5) I went awailing to every assemblage; I kept company with the well to do and ill to do.

(6) Everyone, taking me for his own, took to me; but none sought to fathom the depth of my innermost secrets.

(7) My secret is not far from my shriek, but the eye and the ear possesses not that light.

(8) The body is not veiled from the soul, nor the soul from the body; but to behold the soul is not customary with man.

(9) Fire is this sound of the flute, not air is it; may he, that possesseth not this fire, be non-existent.

(10) The fire of love it is that has penetrated the flute; the fermentation of love it is that has pervaded the wine.

(11) The flute is the mate of everyone cut off from beloved, its notes have (terribly) torn our curtains into shreds, *i.e.*, exposed our love secrets.

Although pleasure and pain, the inseparable companions of life, are hard facts, yet if they are viewed rightly and valued at their proper worth, they lose a great deal of their intensity. The Sufee views them in the light of disciplinary training for the soul, so that it may come out well seasoned and triumphant through the temptations and pitfalls of pleasure and pain. His is neither to exult in prosperity nor to despair at misery. "Whatever calamity that either befalleth the land or overtaketh you, is but recorded in a book before we create it, and

verily, it is easy for God (to do) ; so that ye may not be chagrined at what is lost to you, nor exult in what He has given you." Ch. 57, 22, 23, says the Quran. Whatever troubles and trials the nature may have in store, it is the lot of man, says the Sufee, to endure and overcome them as the holder of the Divine Trust. Nay, the Sufee, as a true lover, fancies in every anomaly in the domain of nature, some blandishment of the eternal beloved, and with the eye of a lover he sees kindness in cruelty. To look in this way at the inexplicable phenomena, and develop such a state of mind is the first letter in the Alphabet of the Sufees, and is called Tasleem or submission. Sulhulkul or universal peace and goodwill to all is the second command of their bible, Mahabbatulkul, *i.e.*, to love all and everything is the final grade in the course of their education. In fact, the very essence of their creed is love.

At this juncture, we have to take note of an important and subtle point. As, in the beginning the Absolute Being had to evoke the phantasm of Not-Being, in order to bring about the manifestation, so in the end of the journey, the Saint has also to invoke the aid of Not-Being in order to bring about the reunion of the divine particle in man—the spark of pure being—which is ever seeking to return to its source, with the Absolute Being. That is to say, the Saint, through a steady process of mental training, but not necessarily accompanied with bodily torture or self-mortification, acquires a certain state of mind (Hal) in which the mind, not only forgets the whole universe, but it forgets itself also. This annihilation of self, not only eliminates the element of Not-Being, but it leads also to the absorption of the divine moiety of man into the Real Being. For Self which seems so real, is in truth, the supreme illusion, as it is the cause of all our woe. What is self? Mere particularization through differentiation. So, what are we to talk of self? We have no self; whatever we have of Real Being, is God's, not ours. The rest is mere nothingness, the negation of

Being, the negation of good, to hug which can bring only sorrow.

But how is self to be conquered? By love. By love and by love alone, can the dark shadow of Not-Being be done away; by love and by love alone, can the soul of man win back to its divine source and find its ultimate goal in reunion with the Truth. And the first lessons of love, may be, nay, must be learned through a merely human love and passion. We should love our fellow-creatures, because there is in them something of the Divine, some dim reflection of the True Beloved, reminding our souls of their origin, home, and destination. From the love of the reflection we pass to the love of the Light which casts it, and loving the light, we at length become one with the light. The poet Jami says in his poem that a would-be disciple, craving occult instruction went to a master of mystic lore. When the master ascertains that the young man had never loved anybody in his life, he bade him go back into the world, learn what to love means and then return.

But this human love, good and helpful though it is, is not itself the end; it is the "Bridge" across which the pilgrim of the Truth must pass. It is called the "Typal" love, in contradistinction to the "Real," which is the Divine love. But fair as the Bridge may be, the pilgrim must beware of lingering thereon, lest haply he should fail to reach his journey's end. When once across the bridge, the pilgrim's eyes begin to gaze upon the Real Beauty, which makes itself manifest in the mirror of every atom of the universe, nay, at the effulgence of the Sun of the Reality, the shadow of the unreal and illusory called the universe, becomes eclipsed. In this state of ecstasy the saint sees nothing but Him. Him and Him alone he finds everywhere, and in that state of forgetfulness of all and self, he cries out: "All is He" and all else is maya, illusion. The saintly poet Sadi demonstrates this point most beautifully.

"The path of Reason is but a crooked labyrinth, maze within maze.  
With the adepts there is none in existence save God.



This can be said only to those who know realities.  
But the people of reason will find fault with it,  
Saying, what are, then, these continents, oceans and mountains?  
What are these children of man, animals and beasts?  
Whatever is, is less than He.  
For, all assume the name of existence through His existence.  
Whenever the King of glory uplifts His banner the universe puts on  
the garment of non-existence."

In this state of ecstasy and self-forgetfulness many a Sufee, feeling himself one with the eternal one, proclaimed: I am "the truth" (God), "my garment contains none save Him," "Holy is my essence, and great is my majesty," "Thou art the pot, the potter and the potter's clay," and so forth. These dark utterances of the Sufees, though mystical and confusing to common intellects, have become the stock-in-trade of Islamic literatures. They are associated with gloomy recollections, and their history is stained with blood. It was not the carpenter of Nazareth alone, who suffered on the cross for saying: "I am the Son of God," but Huseyn Mansure, the wool carder, and a legion of other saints, had also to make the cross a ladder for their ascension to the union with the Most High.

But the Sufees, themselves, in their sober moments, deprecate the practise of giving vent to such feelings; nay, they even consider this sort of ebullition as a sign of want of capacity on the part of the novice in the path. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full, but a little shower of rain makes a river overflow the banks." So say the veteran Sufees. It is said that once the celebrated Sultan Mahmood of Ghazni went on a pilgrimage to pay homage to the Saint Abul Hasan of Khirquan, and during the course of conversation the Sultan asked the saint whether Bayazid of Bistam pretended to be greater than the prophet, when he said: "He, who saw me once in his life-time, secured his salvation," while Abu-jahl and others, who used to see the prophet daily, remained infidels to the end of their lives and were not saved. "God forbid," said the saint, "Bayazid could never think of

such a thing. Moreover," he added, "the prophet was like a mirror, in whom every man saw his own image reflected. Hence, there were very few," continued the saint, "who really saw the prophet in his true light, as the Quran testifies: "And thou (O, Mohammad) may observe them (the infidels) looking at thee, but they do not see thee!" Ch. VII. 197.

The Sufee literature clearly indicates their belief in unceasing progress of the human soul after the death of the body, as well as in the doctrine of evolution in modern sense. The prince of the Sufees, the immortal Jalaluddeen, says in his *Masnavie*:

"I died from the mineral, and I became the plant;  
I died from the plant, and I arose the animal;  
I died from animal, and I became the man.  
Why then should I fear that in dying I become less?  
Yet I again shall die from the man  
That I may assume the form of the angels.  
And even than the angels must I further win—  
(All things perish except His face).  
Offered up once again from the angel, I shall become  
That which entereth not the imagination, that shall I become!  
Let me then become non-existence, for non-existence like the organ  
Pealeth to me, 'Verily unto Him do we return.'"

Such is the love philosophy and philosophic love of the Sufees, which passes common understanding, as the poet Urfi says: "Love is teaching divine lessons; where is Plato and his philosophy? The minor of his premises is laughing at while the major is weeping over his syllogism."



WHEN I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar!—*Carlyle*.

## A SUGGESTION FROM THE STARS.

BY ELLA BURR MCMANUS.

The stars confirmed my belief in the principle of the brotherhood of man. Their revelation came in the deserted streets of the city of Cologne at midnight. Arriving at that uncanny hour, and finding no conveyances, our small party walked from the station to the hotel. Tall, grim houses walled in the narrow streets; lights dimly twinkled from the bridge and river, and no life was seen save the sturdy figure of a peasant woman with white cap, short skirt, and clattering wooden shoes, striding along bearing a yoke and empty pails on her shoulders, typifying the servitude of centuries. Everything was strange, foreign, unhomelike. A wave of homesickness swept over me with a momentary sense of depression, as I thought of the wide and treacherous ocean that separated me from home and friends and native land. I caught a glimpse of the stars in the patch of sky visible between the roofs of the tall houses. From this small opening the stars glittered with startling brilliancy and beauty, the only familiar objects in an unfamiliar scene. Gazing at them, a glow of warmth and comfort came to my heart with the thought that these same stars were shining over my home and my country. We walked on and on. Turning into another and wider street a dense shadow darkened the square. Beyond the shadow arose a colossal mass of stone, with two towering spires, rising toward the heavens. I then knew we were in the majestic presence of the Cologne Cathedral. Not a word was spoken. It was too grand, too impressive for speech to disturb the beautiful conditions of our approach. In silent appreciation my eyes wandered from point to point of this marvelous creation, and up those graceful, tapering spires which carried the line of vision sky-

ward, and like giant fingers pointed to the stars. Obeying their imperious command, again I looked at those brilliant constellations, which, under this inspiration, took on a new significance. As I looked there seemed to arise through the solemn stillness a mighty chorus. The stars were singing, and these were the words they chanted: "The globe is your country, all mankind are brothers, every human being, of every color, clime and creed, is a child of the same God, and each individual soul is on its stupendous, evolutionary journey toward the infinite, spiritual sun, the source of Light, Love, Liberty, and Peace.



#### SENTIMENTS.

"The beauty of every art is identical in that it brings us to the highest point of sublimated realization."

"Our good impulses are oft-times the best part of us—but we fail in action."—*Eva Sherriff Eaton.*



#### RETURN.

"Cease from following after strange gods."

Return O heart from wandering,  
No joy lies in that quest—  
Those flowers are rue and asphodel  
They'll wither on thy breast.

Return! The light unseals thine eyes.  
Look where the radiance burns—  
It is thy path—illuminate—  
Thine own—transformed—Return!

Return! The glory waits for thee—  
Gleams thro' each duty done,  
And every act of thine shall be  
A sun to light thee on.

STELLA M. LEE.

## FULFILLMENT.

If in those weaker ones we look for good,  
And seem to catch a glimpse of pureness there;  
Then they will stronger grow and strive to be  
The thing which we have seen—the good or fair.  
JAC LOWELL.



## OUR BURDEN.

We are enchained by a thousand trivial things  
That rob us of the time for nobler work and thought,  
Our better self stands by suppressed, with pinioned wings;  
Are not our creature comforts far too dearly bought?

Would not a plainer living and a simpler taste  
With flowers garnished from a lofty, beauteous mind,  
Give precious talent to the earth that now doth waste  
Itself in aimless pleasures of ephemeral kind?

From Heaven sent to man, most blessed boon and dower,  
Time, sacred gift from God, was never meant to be  
A random play-thing for an idle, thoughtless hour,  
And will, on Day of Reckoning, be required of thee!  
ELISE TRAUT.



Many of the so-called duties which were formulated a thousand or more years ago are without doubt mixed with superstition, which is a hindrance to whom, or whatsoever it clings. Gods greatest gift to man is the power to reason. To the extent that this inherent power is developed, so the individual. He who thinks, and adheres to the highest convictions derived therefrom, will not only include in his actions the best contained in time-worn dogma, but much of greater worth.

H. C. MORSE.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### THE KINGDOM OF MAN.

JESUS said on one occasion that "the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins," and his use of the title, Son of man, instead of Son of God is of deep significance. This whole question of a kingdom and kingship is a much deeper and more vital one than has been supposed. In the claim put forth by Jesus that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins he did not refer to one particular individual who because of his having lived in bodily form on the earth could arbitrarily cleanse the record of other earth-dwellers; but he was declaring the grand truth that the soul—the real man—could so dominate the physical and mental man, so rule the earthly part in love that the sin of selfishness would be blotted out.

Let us endeavor to think of heaven and earth as co-existing in man. Man is a unit, and the mental and physical part is an expression, even though a very partial one, of the soul which dwells within. It is this outer realm of mind and body in which the Son of man is destined to reign completely, and the would-be king must have attained power over his own outer self, his own mind and body must have been renewed by the free action of the Spirit within before he can hope to extend his sway throughout the great earth-body. God's kingdom can come only as man sets about administering in love his affairs of thought and action.

Many people make the mistake of regarding the spiritual side of life as being all there is to religion; but if God's kingdom is ever to be realized on this earth of ours we must put the proper valuation on the material side of life, for religion must be practical or it is nothing. Our effort should be to see things in their

true relation. The spirit must find a channel of expression; the inner reality must become actualized in the outward conditions of earth, the God-man must be adequately expressed by the earth-man of mind and body.

Now the test of life is its power to create, to produce. If there are no works the spirit dwelling within is practically dead; it is choked and dormant, and the outer kingdom is in a state of anarchy,—there being no ruling one to order and control. Unity, health, harmony in the mind and body of man are conditioned on the conscious ruling of the Son of man.

One thing that hinders us from realizing our destiny of power is the personal will. We want to create in some particular way, we are prone to choose our path and are not willing to let the great Spirit, the impersonal will guide us in the way.

Now everything that comes about naturally without effort on our part, everything that comes as a result of an inward pressure, an intuition, is the leading that we should follow. When in seeking a larger field of usefulness we turn from the natural leading then we grieve away or choke the Spirit, driving it in upon itself, thus for the time being forbidding it any natural outlet.

It is this wilfulness on our part that so often obstructs the coming of the kingdom; it is because we are not willing to obey the inner one that we fail to rule in the outer realms.

Now it is only when the spirit is finding free expression in our activities that we are satisfied with our work—not satisfied in the sense of regarding it as perfect, but as being confident that it is that which God would have us to do.

When the Son of God and the Son of man—the impersonal Love and personal will—are consciously one, then there comes a sense of joy and freedom in our work and we are not in bondage to fear or doubt, but rule over our kingdom in gentleness and power.

Sometimes we are troubled because of a seeming inactivity, a cessation of outward expression, for we conclude that it argues a lack of life on our part. Yet notwithstanding what has just been said in regard to life's demand for outward demonstration there is, in man as in nature, a need for rest.

Throughout the whole realm of expression—the great physical world—there are of necessity periods in which the in-dwelling one is gathering up force for a new output.

The trees in winter are not dead, and the future bodying forth of life in a wealth of leaf and branch is dependent on a period of recuperation; and so it is in the life of man. The mind at times must become passive in order that new ideals may enter in and possess the man. It is this influx from the great Spirit which alone can empower us for a new and better output of force.

There is one great virtue which is often overlooked in these busy days, and which is frequently not regarded as a virtue. It is that of patience.

When we see something to be done, it is often very hard for us to be patient in regard to its accomplishment. In our haste we attack the problem before we are prepared for the work, and then, when we fail to bring it to a successful conclusion we lose patience and wonder what is the matter. If we could only realize it, our impatience, our self will has been largely responsible for the failure. We were not ready for the work, our energies were dissipated and so we did not bring sufficient force to the task in hand. It is this gathering of force which tries the patience, and yet on it depends the success of any work we undertake. The eye must be single, the heart and the mind fixed, the energy concentrated if we are to accomplish any good work in this world.

We are so prone to measure a work by its magnitude; yet it is often the little service, the private or seemingly unimportant work that brings the great result.

Again it often proves to be the case that a small number of



people will achieve greater victory than a large army of half-hearted recruits. In the case of Gideon's conquest of the Midianites it was a small picked army that won the victory and so in many other matters it is the quality of service not its quantity, that counts.

To have one main object in view, to bend all our energies to its accomplishment, and yet to work in a spirit of patience is most difficult yet most necessary if we would win the victory.

If we see clearly what it is we wish to do, then everything else will contribute toward that end. Even things that may seem like side issues can be made to play a part in the final accomplishment if we only keep the eye single. Every little break that occurs because of some other work that calls for our attention may, if our eye be single to the great work, serve in some way to further the cause, if only through developing new power in us.

It is the height of foolishness to think that there can be spiritual development without a corresponding expression; living faith will always result in living works.

The feeling of peace, joy, faith existing apart from works is of no avail; for faith begins to decline, to die out, when there is no outlet for it in works. If we refuse to give outward expression to our faith, doubt will enter the mind; a deadness will creep over us, and joy depart.

If after the period of passivity during which the mind receives the new ideal—the creative impulse—we refuse to body it forth then we must suffer the consequence—we must realize the significance of the words "Faith without works is dead."

Faith is the substance of things and it is the substance which must always find some form through which to express itself.

If we allow doubt of our own ability to enter our minds, if we doubt the sincerity or ability of the people with whom we have to deal, if we doubt the principle with which we are working,

then we become weak and powerless; and we all know that it is only a step from weakness to disease.

Let us then cultivate faith, let us open the eyes of our hearts to love, let us see the heavenly vision, and let it shine through us upon the earth, for so only can man come into his kingdom, so only can he realize his destiny of power and beauty.

We cannot overestimate the necessity of faith. There is no evidence in history that the doubting mind ever left anything behind as an evidence of his having lived, except his doubts.

Many people mistake faith for credulity or a mere blind acceptance of another's opinion; but it is a very different matter.

Faith is spiritual sight, or better still, it is a vital touch. It is a living contact with the great Heart of love, and such a condition will always eventuate in works of love. To be in touch with the great creator is to be endued with his power, and we know he who builded the mountains can also remove them. If we have faith as a grain of mustard seed, if we are genuinely in touch with creative power, we can actually change the face of the earth; we can remove mountains, we can make man's kingdom—chaotic, diseased, imperfect though it may now appear—to become God's kingdom of peace, power and beauty.

It is our false concept of the separation between man and God that has so sadly hindered us in attaining the kingdom. We limit the power of God when we say that man can only control his mind and body, that there is a limit to his dominion; for the power that formed the world and created the elements can also reform and recreate. The life in man is God-life and it is as infinite in power as God himself.

The same power that creates, can also control and direct. Jesus commanded and the waves obeyed him.

The wall of separation which has existed between man and God is the crude concept of life which the sons of man have held.

When we come to see that life is one, that there is really no separation between the physical, mental and spiritual planes of being and that God-life cannot be divided and measured off into separate parts, then will we *begin* at least to inherit the kingdom which has always been awaiting our rule. We come at last to realize that it is one power that flows in and through all, one intelligence that controls all things, one life that animates.

We err when we look upon the energy which throbs through us as being separate from the universal force. It is the carnal mind that regards man as a separate and powerless being; and sin, disease and death will not be overcome until all men attain unto the Christ mind—that of conscious oneness with the Father.

Whenever this thought of complete dominion in the outer world is touched upon people are apt to say, "Oh yes that is *to be ultimately*, but it is a long way off," and it is because we take this attitude in regard to it that it remains in the future. What the world needs more than any thing else is seers who realize that power—limitless power—is ours *here and now*. Now is the accepted time if we will only heartily accept it as such.

We hesitate to go forward because we feel our inadequacy; yet strength and wisdom, power and fulness can only come as we use what we have here and now. Man's province is to transform the whole outer kingdom so that order and beauty, health and wholeness will reign everywhere, and this will be accomplished only as we use the degree of power we now possess.

The question for us is: Do we *will to do* the will of God? If we will to be well, to be whole, if we determine earnestly that the Spirit within shall find free expression in mind, body and outward acts then will we surely come into our inheritance of power.

When we arrive at a true consciousness of the law of evolution then will we become creators with the Father. When we see that it is the desire to adjust oneself to environment that has called forth new forms of life, evolved new organs, and endured

with new power, then will we go forward in good heart trusting the One who has stirred us into activity to guide us in the Way of Life. So shall man come into his kingdom and so shall heaven be realized on earth.

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It gives us much pleasure to recommend Mrs. Emma Moffett Tyng's lectures to all people who are interested in the vital idealism of life; more especially would we recommend her lecture on the "Holy Grail" as one of absorbing interest and of an instructive as well as of a highly uplifting nature. Mrs. Tyng's work is in direct line with the Higher Thought of the present, and her lectures without doubt will awaken renewed interest in the spiritual activities of our time. The lectures show her to be thoroughly competent to deal with the subjects she has in hand, as she has made an exhaustive study of them both from the material and spiritual point of view. It is doubtful if one could spend an evening in a more beneficial way than in listening to one of Mrs. Tyng's lectures. Mrs. Tyng is now lecturing with much success in the West.

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An event of great interest will be the International New Thought Convention which is to be held in Chicago, November 17, 18, 19, and 20. We understand that the outlook is exceptionally favorable for a large gathering from many parts of the country. The Convention should not only prove of great help to the New Thought Movement in Chicago but to all parts of the country and in fact it should give an impetus to the work throughout the world. We hope that the Convention will prove a great success.

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Beginning with the month of January, 1904, MIND will be changed to conform to size and type of *The Arena*, and the price

will be advanced to \$2.50 a year. During the coming year we hope to make a number of changes which will largely add to the value of both magazines. Anyone subscribing before January 1st will get the magazine at the old price. After January 1st the club offer of MIND with *The Arena* for \$3 a year will be discontinued.



In this number of MIND we present to our readers two papers on diametrically opposite lines. One, "Reincarnation, Oriental, Unreasonable, and Unproven," is a strong and able argument by Dr. J. M. Peebles, the well-known spiritualist and author, against the theory of Reincarnation. The other paper, by Mortimer P. Stuart, is a clear, able, and authoritative defense of that theory. Both papers are masterly in their handling of the subject, and we present them to our readers without prejudice for or against either one. Seldom has it been our good fortune to be able to give both sides of a subject in our magazine in such able and lucid style.



In "The Universe Interrogated," by George Howard Gibson, we present to our readers a most thoughtful paper; one that can hardly fail to arouse a great deal of discussion. The premises are so generally accepted as facts that we might safely call them so, as far as human knowledge goes. The conclusion Mr. Gibson draws from these facts is most interesting. Whether you agree with his conclusions or not the reading of this article can not fail to interest you.



JUST as you now play a piece without the music and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so, if you begin of set purpose, you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you, and make more music in your life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.—*Frances E. Willard.*

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*  
FLORENCE PELTIER.

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## FOR THE PARENTS.

"That child is indeed defrauded to whom the names of father and mother do not stand as the synonyms of chiefest happiness and who does not daily receive from them some new impetus toward truth and courage, purity and faithfulness."—*The Evening Post*.

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## MY ELEANOR'S EYES.

Bound to me by ties of earth,  
In thee my blood doth flow.  
Mine thou art, but naught 'twere worth  
When from this earth we go  
But for a tie which closer binds—  
I see it in thine eye:  
A light which there forever shines,  
And will ne'er fade or die.  
Each day it firmer, firmer binds  
Us both, yet makes us free.  
It is thy God that in thee shines—  
My *seeing*—Him in me.

—*Frederic Gilmur*.

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## THANKSGIVING DAY.

"Remember God's bounty in the year. String the pearls of His favor. Hide the dark parts, except so far as they are breaking out in light! Give this one day to thanks, to joy, to gratitude."—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

## TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

It was once the habit to disparage ourselves. We were expected to underrate our own accomplishments and to impress upon our children how glaring their deficiencies and to make scant mention of their praiseworthy qualities, if any recognition at all. This custom still clings to many of us even though we know that by its practice we often actually lie, and that we are linking ourselves with the wrong thought of the world. But those who have broken these trammels find that they are free indeed and may have the joy of knowing absolutely that they are of true value in the scheme of things, that they may picture their children as good and great, if they choose, instead of whimpering to themselves that their offspring may end in jail or the almshouse. Such an emancipated person can say to the world, of his work, "Yes, I have done well!"—if he knows that he has; and, when he hears praise for his children, he can not only heartily echo the praise, but he may make his children happy by telling them the good things said of them, and feel glad to see them rejoice that they have approval. Well he knows that praise, not blame, encourages us to put forth better and greater effort.

Many a child has grown up inefficient to do his part of the world's work because his parents in their endeavor to have him a well-trained, proper little automaton, have suppressed and finally crushed out energy, courage, and individuality through their constant telling him of his defects and refusing to praise him for his accomplishments.

Let us suppose, for instance, that Tommy comes to his father with a rough drawing into which he has put the whole energy of his being. He wants the encouragement and praise that we grown-ups need to spur us on to better achievement. Perhaps that drawing represents hours of thought—a childish conception of an automobile or a new idea in steam engines. The father looks at the drawing carelessly, and, before the eager, excited explanation is over, breaks in with:

"Tommy, don't waste your time on such foolishness. You should put all your efforts into reading, writing, and arithmetic. What does a little boy know about an engine or an automobile!"

Poor little lad! His elation is gone; he creeps away with a sense of hopelessness it is painful to contemplate when we remember how keen is a child's capacity for suffering. It may be that one harsh criticism is a blow aimed at his later, maturer years, when he should have faith in himself in order to accomplish anything of note.

Let us suppose that Tommy's father, instead of crushing out the joy and pride in the little man's heart, commends his boy for the work and thought he has put into his drawing, and tells him he expects great things of him. Then, if necessary, he can make suggestions, and a little careful, tactful criticism of the weak points. Happy little Tommy! He is filled full of belief in his own glorious possibilities, and, thereby, draws to him from that great center of divine energy the power that will propel him onward and upward.

We still have with us the parents who think it a terrible thing to tell a child that he is pretty, or graceful, or that he has been a pride to them with his politeness and thoughtfulness.

And yet, that very praise might give the child confidence to overcome painful shyness, which was never anything but a detriment to the one so afflicted.

It is a fact that even with the most intellectual of us we can appear to far better advantage if we feel that we are becomingly dressed, and that our personality is attractive. One of the ablest woman lecturers I know tells me that she never does herself justice in public if she has been at all hasty and careless in the matter of dressing herself to appear as attractive as is possible. This does not show a frivolous mind—far from it. It simply means that her nature demands harmonious and beautiful relation in all things—even in what at first thought may seem trivial and unimportant. Tell little Betty that she is plain looking, or that she is ungraceful, and Betty will become shy and awkward and correspondingly unable to live up to her best capabilities. But tell her that you are quite sure she can dance charmingly, in time, and if you cannot truthfully say she is pretty, at least if you praise some one good feature she may have—her expressive eyes or fine hair, why, Betty will feel that she is not altogether unlovely, and there will be born a confidence that will be of inestimable value



to her. Personally, I would far rather a child should have a too good opinion of himself—especially in the matter of what he can do mentally and morally—than that he should deprecate himself. Conceit is not a particularly pleasant trait, but there is a power behind it that the thoroughly humble and over-modest are without. Then, too, a wise parent can teach a child the difference between just valuation of himself and overconfidence.

One of the strongest traits in a child is his sense of his own glorious possibilities. He is almost always, when let alone, filled with firm belief in his ability to do wonders. I would advocate that this sense of power be fostered, not repressed. Of course there must be individual treatment, for in some overweening pride may crop out. But let not the strong, joyous faith in his own possibilities be darkened for the child, even ever so little.

FLORENCE PELTIER.

“The lack of opportunity to serve others—the immunity from need for self-denial—is one of the severest losses of rich children. No one depends on them for anything, and they are deprived of all the joy and dignity of usefulness. The child whose mother depends upon it to rock the cradle for an hour, or gather a basket of chips at the wood-pile, has found a foothold for the growth of higher character. The freedom which builds up self-reliance and the restraint which comes from doing small services of love, are the balancing arms of childhood’s development.”

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, ‘*Thou must,*’  
The youth replies, ‘*I can.*’ ”

—R. W. Emerson.

“Speak gently; it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"Mother," said six-year-old Dorothy, who had just come in from playing in the garden, "what makes the violet and the rose have a different breath from the hollyhock?"

"My dear little daughter," said her mother, "God made them so."

"Yes, mother, I know God made them that way, but didn't he have some special reason for making them different?"

"Yes, darling. Listen and I will tell you a nice little story. When God first made all the flowers, they were of beautiful colors, but with no perfumes. He wanted to experiment before giving each its perfume, so God watched the flowers very carefully."

"And what did the flowers do, mother?"

"The violet was modest and hid beneath the leaves; the rose was proud and stately; but the hollyhock was bold and flirted with the sun. So accordingly He gave them their different perfumes; to the violet the odor of modesty, to the rose the odor of dignity, and to the hollyhock the odor of boldness which is without sweetness."

"Dear mother, how lovely."

"Yes, darling, and my little daughter, too, can have the breath of the violet, the rose, or the hollyhock."

"Tell me how, mother?"

"When my little daughter is sweet and obeys mother in all things during the day, that night her prayers will ascend to Heaven like the breath of the violet; if she keeps still and dignified when mother wishes quiet they will ascend like the perfume of the rose; but if she is naughty, her prayers will only have the odor of the hollyhock."

"Dear mother, I would rather have my prayers like the violet most of the time," said Dorothy.

SADIE M. KENNEDY.

—•••••—  
"Politeness is to do and say  
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

GERTRUDE'S LETTER TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

The "Family Circle" is read by me every month with great interest; and this month I thought I would write a letter to you, and, if you like it, perhaps I may write another one day.

I love all you boys and girls very much, even though I have never seen you, because I know we are all brothers and sisters, and that God is our "really" Father, and we are just one big Family Circle.

I have something to tell you about a very beautiful and shining Jewel our Father gives us to take care of. You must try and guess what it is while I am telling you about it.

In a pretty little house on the river-bank lived a boy and girl. They were brother and sister. Hubert was fourteen and Annie thirteen years old. Their Mother often talked to them of the lovely jewel they possessed and warned them to keep it safe; and she would tell them how thieves would try to steal it if they did not keep good guard; and every morning, when they went to school with the other boys and girls, she would whisper to them: "Take good care of your jewel to-day."

She had told them the names of the thieves who would steal their treasure. First, there was Mr. Thoughtlessness. He was a lively, excitable being who would make them forget to say and think good things only; and when they were playing with their school friends they would say wrong words and tell silly stories that were not Truth. Mr. Thoughtlessness would sometimes get very near the Treasure before they remembered Mother's words.

Then there was another thief who was very sly—Miss Selfishness; and she would get them to sit about at recess time and eat all the candy and fruit themselves; and the children would forget that Greediness and Laziness were thieves, too. All this time Miss Selfishness was getting too near the Jewel.

Another thief was Mr. Curiosity. He would come to Hubert and Annie both, and would cause them to ask questions and to listen to the conversations of some of the older boys and girls who had made companions of the thieves. One day Mr. Curiosity had nearly got Hubert's Jewel, and when Mother asked him at night-

time if his treasure was safe, he told her how Mr. Curiosity had nearly stolen it that very afternoon. So Mother told him always to come to her and she would answer any difficult questions he wanted to know; and the next day she gave him a lovely book that told him how to guard the Jewel well.

The thief that used to bother Annie the most was Miss Love-of-Admiration. She used to tell Annie how pretty she was, and begged her to wear rings and other jewelry to make people notice her; and filled her head with such a lot of nonsense and untruths that if Mother had not noticed a great change in her child, Miss Love-of-Admiration would have soon run off with the beautiful hidden Treasure. But Mother said to Annie:

"Always come and tell me, dear, when the thieves bother you, and I will try to help you to get rid of them." And Mother heard of a nice book for Annie to read, telling her how to take better care of her Jewel.

Dear boys and girls, I will tell you, though you may have already guessed, that the name of the jewel is Purity; and you will understand, now, why Hubert and Annie were so anxious to guard this precious treasure given them by their Father. I hope you will all try to take care of your Jewel, and if you ask God He will send His angels to help you guard your Treasure.

I remain,

Your loving big sister,

GERTRUDE.



"Let us then so careful be,  
That they bear for you and me,  
On their little noiseless wings  
Only good and pleasant things;  
And that pictures which they paint  
Have no background of complaint:  
So the angel, Memory,  
May not blush for you and me!"

—Anonymous.



NOVEMBER RAIN.

Little drops of living light—  
'Tis not Nature's frown!—  
Feeding every floweret bright,  
So the rain comes down.

They're not chilly! Take them in—  
Live and grow and thrive.  
Just as soon as they begin,  
We feel all alive.

Then a ray of sunshine bright,  
From the clouds above,  
Shows the coming of the light  
And the *will* to love.

So, the music of the rain,  
To our hearts in tune,  
Wakes our sleeping souls again,  
As in flowery June.

CLARA J. L. PIERCE.



A WINTER FAIRY.

A little girl with long golden curls came out of school, one winter afternoon, and walked quickly toward home, for she had been detained after the regular hours.

A heavy frown rested on her white brow and the full lips pouted as she hurried along. Her little heart felt only the fancied unkindness of the teacher in keeping her to learn a spelling lesson, and, as she was passing through an open lot, which made her walk shorter, she dropped her books angrily and said aloud:

"I won't go to school any more; so there!" Looking up suddenly, the child saw a tall figure in white coming toward her and she thought it must be clothed in something resembling the purity of the snow upon the hills in the distance. She was filled with wonder to see anyone dressed so strangely at this time of the year, but as the form came nearer, she saw there were long, black tails, dotted over the white fur and then she knew it was someone

clothed in beautiful ermine. The face of the fairy was heavily covered with black lace, which almost hid her ermine cap and from underneath the tail a voice said, in rich tones :

"Pick up your books, little girl, and don't look so cross."

The child obeyed at once, still wondering who this strange person could be and the voice said again :

"You should not think unkindly of your teacher."

The little girl was surprised that even her thoughts had been suspected and asked :

"How did you know I was thinking of her?"

"Oh! I could tell; she kept you after school because you forgot your lesson, and you have been cross ever since, haven't you?"

The child answered with drooping head, "Yes."

"But she had to keep you because you would not study."

"Yes, I know, but I did not want to stay, just the same."

"Probably. But now, will you do something for me?"

"Yes."

"Will you try not to cherish any unkind thoughts of your teacher for two days?"

"I will."

"Thank you, dear. It is not so much what we do as what we think that makes us what we are, you know. Now, I will give you this string of gold beads to wear; you see, it has one red glass bead in the center and if you are good, I will place a large, gold bead where the one of glass is now, after these two days have passed."

Then she took the string of beads out from a blue velvet box and handed them to the child, who said earnestly :

"Please tell me who you are."

"Oh! I am sometimes called a winter fairy."

"May I not see your face, dear lady?"

"No, not now; but when I come on Thursday you may. Now, put on the beads and run home."

"But Mother will want to know who gave them to me."

"Tell her it was a kind fairy. But remember I shall be near you, although you will not know it, and I shall have an idea of

The little girl turned back several times to wave her hand at the mysterious person, who remained standing until the child was out of sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days passed and the little girl tried her best not to be unkind in thought, but she never knew before how often such ideas would come in her mind. Thursday afternoon came at last, although it seemed as if it never would and she had known her lessons so well, that the teacher had given her some high marks. So she left the school in great glee, running to her meeting-place with the fairy, for she did want the gold bead! As she came to the open field, the white figure was waiting, and, when she reached her, the same low voice said :

"I am glad to see you looking so happy to-day, child, and I am sure it is because you have been trying to keep your promise."

"Yes," the child answered, "but oh! it has been so hard."

"But the more you try the less hard it will be. Thoughts are things and if you think naughty ones, they will be a part of your life someday and when you get to be a woman, they will show in your face and make it look old and ugly, even when you are still young."

"Oh! I don't ever want to be ugly."

"No, of course not. But I have watched you and I know that you tried, even though you may have failed sometimes; so I am going to give you the large gold bead."

Then she opened a smaller blue velvet box and, resting in the glossy lining of white satin, was the prize, with the initials C. Y. T. engraved on the round surface.

"You see, I have had your initials put on the bead, so you will remember every time you see them, that C. Y. T.—Constance Yates Thurston—means, Control your thoughts."

"Isn't it pretty! I will try to remember. Thank you for the beautiful, gold bead;" and, putting the cover over the box, she said, "But you promised to let me see your face, dear lady."

"So I did," and, as she took off her veil, the child cried in astonishment.

"Mother!"

"Yes, it is your mother, Constance."

"But where did you get the cloak?"

"It is my opera-cloak turned inside out and the cap is an old one, you have never seen."

"So you are my winter fairy—my fairy mother—and that's why you could watch me so well!"

And hand in hand they walked home over the crisp snow.

ANNA HAWKS PUTNAM.



### MOTHER'S KISSES.

"I'm writing to Mother," Alice said,

"And I'm making some kisses big and round!

She'll hold them close to her lips, like this,

And make a sweet little kissing-sound."

"Are kisses round?" little Mary asked,

"I'm sure they never feel so to me,

They feel like stars! Mother's do, I know,

And I'd draw them this way—star-shaped—see!"

"Like stars? Oh Mary, how queer you are!

What funny thoughts you get in your head!"

"Alice, it's true! Don't you feel so, too,

When night-time comes and we're tucked in bed?

"And Mother comes softly in—in the dark—

And we see a twinkle of something bright,

When she kisses us then; don't you feel as if

Her kisses were stars dropped out of the night?"

LILLA THOMAS ELDER.



"If we smile or if we frown,

Little moments put it down,

And the angel, Memory,

Guards the whole eternally.



## IMPLICIT FAITH.

A neighbor being very fond of animals, had a kennel of five dogs. He did not have any cats on the premises, for the dogs considered cats their legitimate prey. To tree or chase one was their delight.

One morning when the dogs were in the barn, waiting for something worthy of their attention to present itself, an innocent-minded, simply-hearted, half-grown kitten, leisurely entered the open door and approached the dogs with the intention of joining their company. It chanced that the kitten had not been raised among her kind, but had been in constant association with a company of friendly dogs.

Yes, she loved dogs; for they were her friends and she now had an opportunity to show her friendliness. Before the dogs had time to recover from their astonishment and bewilderment at the audacity of the intruder, the little kitten walked up to the biggest dog in the kennel and began to purr and rub against the dog, giving evidence of her friendliness in true cat fashion.

Some of the dogs now pricked up their ears, and waited for the cat to run, holding themselves ready for a chase. The kitten receiving no attention from the big dog, observed the expectant attitude of the other dogs, but interpreted their hostile intentions for playfulness. So, instead of running from them, the kitten began to walk toward them. Having heretofore chased cats and being entirely unaccustomed to facing them, they did not know what to make of the new situation in which they were placed, and as the kitten did not seem to be afraid of them, they became afraid of the kitten, and backed away as fast as they had approached.

Two other dogs had closed around the little kitten from behind, ready to pounce upon it, when they were observed by the little intruder. Recognizing in dogs no sentiment but friendliness, the little trustful kitten stopped and turned to the two dogs. These cat-destroyers were dumbfounded at the audacity of the kitten; but, before they had time to recover from their surprise the kitten began playing with them in a friendly manner.

The contagion of good will which the kitten brought with it,

completely overcame all opposite sentiment in the cat-chasers and the kitten was taken into their good graces and permanently established as one of their fast friends.

Cats were chased and killed by these dogs afterward as they had done before; but this specimen of the feline tribe was an exception and was welcome and safe in their midst.

Upon the morning of its introduction to them, if a single suspicion of distrustful fear had entered the mind of the kitten, if a single hair along its spine had become erect, or its tail grown bushy, if it had spit or expressed the slightest trace of antagonism that morning it would have been killed. But its implicit faith in the good intentions of canines and its fidelity to its memory of all good things it knew about dogs, saved its life and made playmates of beasts. Implicit trust received its reward. So in our lives we often fail to trust, implicitly, to the goodness of things in this great plan of the universe.

E. K.

“Whatever anyone does or says, I must be good; just as if the gold, or the emerald, or the purple were always saying this: ‘Whatever anyone else does, I must be emerald and keep my color.’”

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Grieve not with sighing  
And crying,—  
Be still.  
God is thy guide,  
Be satisfied,  
My will!”

—*Paul Fleming.*

“Do not think of your faults; still less of others’ faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what it good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves, when their time comes.”—*John Ruskin.*

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

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THE SONG OF THE CROSS. By James Macbeth. Published by The Theosophical Publishing Co., London, Eng.

"The Song of the Cross" is without doubt written by a mystic and one who has delved deeply into the occult love of truth, past and present. It is such a book as will delight the heart of the mystic. There is a catholicism about the author that will do away with anything in the nature of antagonism that might arise in the mind of one who thought differently from him. There is a sweetness and a gentleness pervading the book and yet withal a subtle strength that gives you the impression that the author has felt and understands the things he writes about. I can do no better than to quote from an introduction to the book to show something of the spirit which animates the book from first to last.

"Dear reader, whoever you be, if only you are in earnest there is something good in this book for you, however modest may be its claims.

"If, as a living member of the one holy Catholic Church of Christ, you can discern and feed upon the mystic bread of life, you will, I doubt not, be nourished by much contained herein.

"If you are a simple-minded, devout disciple of the Great Master, you will surely find here some words that are sweet to you, whether you be of the Greek, Roman, Protestant, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or any other Spiritual Communion.

"If you call yourself a Theosophist, you also will recognize here something of the wisdom of God, or if you prefer to be known as a Spiritualist, you cannot fail to find in these pages many of your high and precious doctrines. If you are a spiritually-minded Socialist, you will read here many thoughts congenial to your mind, or, if you are a Christian Communist, you, too, will find in this store a food suited to your taste."

The book is written in prose and verse, and contains lofty and beautiful ideals and will well repay anyone for its perusal.

THE NEW THOUGHT SIMPLIFIED. By Henry Wood. Price, 80 cents net, or 88 cents post-paid. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

This book by Henry Wood, well known as the author of "Ideal Suggestion," "Studies in the Thought World," etc., presents the New Thought in a way so plain as to be readily understood by

every one. Special and occult terms are avoided, and the principles are presented in a very attractive form.

Mr. Wood is a veteran writer in the New Thought and his breadth and conservatism have made his writings widely regarded as standard in the line of this rapidly-growing movement. In practical self-application and development this book is especially valuable. Some of the closing chapters are devoted to the following subjects, and will be of great interest to any one studying along the lines of the modern Thought movement: "The New Thought and Hygiene," "The New Thought and the Church," "The New Thought and the Bible," "The New Thought and Christian Science," "The New Thought and the Medical Profession."

The book closes with an appendix entitled "Mental and Spiritual Gymnastics," giving twelve lessons or exercises for daily use.







HENRY FRANK.

# MIND.

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## SELF-DISCOVERY.

BY HENRY FRANK.

Happiness or unhappiness depends upon the angle of view. The charm of a landscape is proportional to the mantle of idealism we throw over it. Distance lends enchantment to the view because we draw between the scene and our vision a radiant mist of ideal colorings not to be found in the crude scene itself. The deeper the perspective within the purview of our visual orbs the more enrapturing the illusive idealism of the scenic view. So it is with the observation of ourselves. Too close an adjacency causes us to appear crude, coarse, and sometimes repulsive. But when we poise upon the outer edge of our natural or apparent selves, and thence peer deeply into the receding perspective of our interior beings, we catch glimpses of power and glory otherwise undreamed of.

The angle of view of modern thought is thus poised, and therefore the vision we discern of our truer selves is both encouraging and optimistic. The old view of life was close, narrow, limited, and confined to the base possibilities of the fleshly eyes. The old thought made man a coward, a slave, and a brute. The new view transforms him into a freeman, a hero, and a victor. In the old thought the possibilities of the interior vision were discouraged because it was supposed that if man became acquainted with himself he would discover naught but a monster and a demon. Man was a fallen being, depraved, degenerate, and dethroned. Of himself and by his own powers he could achieve nothing good or noble, for with-

out the conscious intercession of his sacrificed Saviour to redeem and inspire him he was utterly incapable of aspiring toward the good, the true, or the beautiful. Hence the gloomy conceptions of mortal man that were displayed in medieval art and which overhung the galleries of ancient cathedrals and religious services. The devil fought for man at his birth, pursued him throughout his mortal existence, and struggled strenuously for him at the grave. Hence, whoever possessed sufficient temerity to penetrate the depths of his own being and study his real nature would find that he was diabolical and debased, and would be forever damned for looking upon the veiled vision of himself.

The Modern View is precisely opposite to this. Man's outer nature, the thing he comes in daily contact with, is merely the crust or rind of his true self, and, by breaking through this rind and entering within the mysterious depths of his being he beholds a vision that enraptures, ennobles, and inspires him.

To become acquainted with one's self is the first duty of man. On this true and intimate knowledge depends the happiness and success of each individual. Within each person there lie unfathomable possibilities which nothing but penetration and practise will bring to the surface of individual consciousness. The reason for most of the failures in human life is that all people are natural cowards, and fear to know themselves and what profound powers may lie hidden in their being. Only when one heeds the deep mutterings of the invisible self, the prophesies of the indwelling deity, does one attain his highest capabilities and exhibit the force of his finer faculties.

One should never hesitate to undertake what his natural promptings urge him to. The god within has a wider vision and knows far better the possibilities than the dull and hesitant plodder without. Most all the inspirations of genius have come in spite of outward opposition and discouragement. Mozart crept slyly into the vacant parlor where he found a piano,



and at but seven years executed such wonderful musical achievement as to startle his elders. Although his little heart was burning with the passionate love of melody and his spirit wrestled with his fate for expression and recognition, none of his guides or elders thought to encourage him in his ambition, till he himself, trusting only his own inspiration, amazed them with the wonders of his genius. Murillo tremblingly stole into the studio of his master, during his absence, and abstractedly sitting before the canvas, almost before he was aware, had so covered it with living wonders of art that when his master returned he ran to hiding lest he should be chidden and expelled. But the god within had spoken, and though the mouth of hell should swallow him he could not resist his commands. And yet thousands of great souls are buried in oblivion and in the graves of unmourned failures because they feared to penetrate the interior depths of their beings and ask of the hidden god for guidance and commandment.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air;  
Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The deep unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

The perceptions of the Intuition are the most trustworthy and effective guides of mankind. Intuition is the mother of instinct, and instinct is the inspiration and promoter of the race. Instinct is the builder of all life in the world.

Modern scientists are beginning to teach us that instinct is purely a chemical action, the result of repulsion and attraction, and that intelligence is only apparent to us, but is not an element in the life-activity of the lower forms. As, for instance, when a newborn caterpillar climbs to the end of a branch where it may find a fresh bud on which to feed, instead of some dim intelligence leading it, the scientist tells us the caterpillar merely follows the light while it is hungry, and as soon as it is fed it climbs back again. This means, says the scientist, that when light impinges the caterpillar it sets up certain chemical

reactions, which give the caterpillar the feeling of hunger. So certain flies will lay their eggs on lean meat where the larvæ may be fed, but never on fat meat. This looks like intelligence. But the scientist tells us that it is merely chemical reaction, for the fly has learned that lean meat is good food and fat meat is not. That is, that the lean meat will satisfy the feeling of hunger, while the fat will not. Hence, as the result of long-established habit the insects follow the instincts thus developed through chemico-physical changes in the body.

All this is interesting, and the scientists may be right. Nevertheless it is the beginning of intelligence and knowledge. For all knowledge is nothing more than the accumulated results of experience, and intuitions are but the habitual modes of thought established in our unconscious beings by ancient experiences we have long since forgotten. But it is in the wellings of this unconscious self that we find the large promptings toward lofty purpose and sublime ambitions. Intuitions are always developed along the line of individual experiences. The unlettered hod carrier will never have the intuitive discernment of a Franklin and steal thunder from the skies. But however lowly one's occupations, and however stupifying the drudgery of one's life, if in the inner being there has been contemplation and study of ideals beyond the common, there may suddenly flash into such a life an intuition of genius that will triumph beyond belief. Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, toiling in an elevator, having led his mind into the paths of idealistic contemplation, was inspired with the intuitions that were in line with them.

The only worthy effort of life is to become acquainted with one's self. How can we do this? Only by distancing ourselves from our physical environment, from our sensuous illusions. If you study a little child you will see that at the first it cannot distinguish itself from its environment. External objects are one with itself and the moon is so near it seeks to grasp it. Only by slowly separating itself from the outer world and

sinking into the consciousness of its separate existence does the child grow into knowledge and understanding. And this is the pathway we pursue all through life. The deeper we sink into ourselves and the more we can realize our individuality distinct from our physical selves (our material senses) the more we come into a true knowledge of ourselves. In the center of our beings is our true selves, where we come into close intimacy with the infinite and eternal.

The great souls of the earth have been those who have thus abstracted themselves from environment and social conventionality and have sought the depths of their beings for truth, power, and wisdom. There is an interior self more individual and determining in the life of the race than the external self we commonly know. Every atom has its spiritual counterpart. So every human body. The natural first. But we are not to be deceived by the natural as if it were the permanent. The natural is transitory and flitting; the spiritual is permanent and abiding. To come into a knowledge of the spiritual is the highest achievement and most inspiring comfort of life.

The spiritual does not mean the emotional. It means the keenest and most penetrating intelligence, because it is knowledge illuminated with imagination. Every great scientist is helped more by his imagination than he is by his perception. The imagination has been the basis of every great invention of history. Strange to say, imagination lies at the base of mechanics, and mechanics is the very foundation of civilization and progress. The ancient Plato jeered at mechanics because he was afraid it would demean and materialize the ideal philosophy of geometry and mathematics. But had he lived to-day he would see that because of the mechanical accompaniment of the imagination the age has been superbly blessed. But the mechanical must be but the tool of the spiritual. All contrivances must be invented for the good of all the race and not a few. The exploitation of the human herd has been the ambition of gross men. But the spiritual apprehension of the pow-

ers of men lead to humanitarian principles, which awaken the hope that the day is not far when true human fellowship shall prevail and what men achieve through the spiritual imagination will be made to benefit materially all the race alike. Along this line is the only hope for human brotherhood, and the unity of religion and science, invention and spiritual awakening. When we learn that in the spirit all mankind are one and the same, then shall we catch a glimpse of the possibility of establishing on earth the long dreamed of millennial paradise.



### HENRY FRANK: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

BY THOMAS C. DYAS.

Henry Frank, lecturer for and founder of the Metropolitan Independent Church, New York City, an Independent liberal society, was born in La Fayette, Ind., December 21, 1854. He received his early education and training in the public schools of Chicago, Ill., and Philips Academy, Andover, Mass., and his college training in the Northwestern and Harvard universities. He studied law with the firm of Forrester & Beem, Chicago, but never entered the practise. Early in life he displayed a strong inclination toward philosophical, scientific, and metaphysical studies, and while at the Northwestern University, in his eighteenth year, while under Methodist influence, he was induced to change his religious creed and enter the Christian ministry. He held the chair of Elocution, History and Rhetoric in Cornell College, at Mount Vernon, Iowa (1876). During his ministerial career he held several important charges in Kansas, Minnesota and New York. While at Jamestown, N. Y., in charge of the Congregational Society, he devoted himself to wide and general reading, and as a consequence felt that he could no longer consistently adhere to the orthodox Christian creed. Through the efforts of liberal leading citizens of Jamestown he was persuaded to organize and take charge

of a radical and liberal society called the Congregational Independent Church. This was a church without a creed, inviting to its fold all who had renounced their allegiance to the traditional religious faiths. Mr. Frank remained four years with this society, then retired and entered into business for an extended period. He was for many years associated with the West Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn.; the Edward Thompson Company, Northport, N. Y., and was vice-president of the American Law Book Company, New York City. On his return to public life, in 1897, he launched the Metropolitan Independent Church in New York City, and though without the assistance of social standing or financial backing the venture was favored with immediate success. This is a radical society that meets Sunday mornings in Carnegie Lyceum, and stands for the five following constructive purposes: 1st. To expound the principles of a rational and scientific religion. 2d. To search for the underlying principles of harmony in all religions, and to free the mind from traditional bondage. 3d. To teach the Ideal Philosophy and the New Psychology. 4th. To study the Science of Being and to cultivate the uses of the higher spiritual faculties in the practical relations of life. 5th. To strive for the amelioration of Society through the exaltation of the Individual. This Society is organizing branches in different cities of the Union.

Mr. Frank was requested by the *New York World* to visit the Metropolitan churches disguised as a workman, and learn how such a person would be received in the wealthy Fifth avenue congregations. His report, occupying a page and a half in the Sunday issue of November 7, 1897, created an immense sensation throughout the Union, and was almost universally copied by the press. He was the first preacher in New York City to declare in favor of our war with Spain as a humanitarian duty on our part. His numerous sermons advocating Cuba's cause through 1898 were widely reported and editorially commented on by the papers of the country. When Ad-

miral Dewey won his famous naval victory at Manila, he wrote Mr. Frank a personal letter of thanks and appreciation on reading a report of his discourse on "Dewey's Gallant Victories" in the *New York Times*. In 1900 Mr. Frank delivered a lecture before the Brooklyn Philosophical Association on "Is Woman a Menace to Civilization?" The lecture created such surprising interest and discussion throughout the East that the *Philadelphia Sunday Times* (April 22) devoted over a full illustrated page to Mr. Frank's career and the character of the work he is accomplishing. When Mrs. Anna George slew her paramour, George D. Saxton, the brother-in-law of President McKinley, Mr. Frank fearlessly demanded her acquittal in a widely reported lecture, and followed it by another before the Society for the Study of Life (New York City), making a plea for a single moral standard for both men and women. In May, 1900, Mr. Frank delivered a discourse on the "Negro Problem," which created international interest and discussion, in which he advocated the return of the race to voluntary slavery for the sake of their own safety, and outlined a plan for their moral and intellectual redemption. In 1901 he was selected by the *New York American* as "an international authority on psychological phenomena and problems" to investigate the weird "Yonkers Mystery," his report making a prominent feature in the Sunday issue. In 1899 he founded and organized the Society for Psychological Study. In 1902 he invited the editor of the *Evening Journal* (New York) to dine with the members of his society, calling out from that distinguished editor a notable editorial on "Freedom and the Newspapers" (May 28). On January 5, 1903, Mr. Frank published his now famous "Open Letter to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.," which he asked to be read and answered before Mr. Rockefeller's Bible Class, and which created a tremendous international sensation. Indirectly Mr. Frank was threatened with a libel suit, and bitterly attacked in a three-column editorial in J. D. Rockefeller's personal organ, the *Oil City (Pa.) Derrick*.

As an author: He founded and edited *The Rostrum*, Jamestown, N. Y. (1887-8); *The Independent Thinker*, New York City (1900-1901). He is the author of "The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), "The Shrine of Silence" (Abbey Press, New York), "The Skeleton and the Rose" (Poems, Brentano's, Chicago), "His Bold Experiment" (A realistic sociological novel), "The Evolution of the Devil" (Buffalo), "Scientific Demonstration of the Soul's Immortality" (Alliance Publishing Company, New York), "The Conquests of Love," "A Vision of the Invisible" (New York), "Helpful Thoughts for Every Day," and many other smaller treatises. He is a frequent contributor to leading philosophical magazines.

The general effect of the impression that Henry Frank has made upon the community is summed up in a brilliant article from the pen of Frank S. Arnette, and published in the *International Newspaper Syndicate*, from which we take the following extract:

"Henry Frank stands to-day an unique and forceful figure in the religious world of the Metropolis. He has founded a church—a society, what you will—that has not its fellow in all the greater city, teeming with its millions of unsatisfied and longing souls. As would naturally be inferred the life of such a man is notable. . . . In a recent scholarly review of the progress of Free Thought in the Nineteenth century, Professor Goldwin Smith has reached this as the only possible conclusion:

"The task now imposed on the liegemen of reason seems to be that of reviewing reverently, but freely and impartially, the evidences of both supernatural Christianity and of theism, frankly rejecting what it untenable, and if possible laying newer and sounder foundations in its place. . . . Unless our inmost nature lies to us, to cling to the untenable is worse than useless; there can be no salvation for us but in the truth.'

"And it would seem that the one man who is devoting himself to the fulfilment of just that task is Henry Frank, fearless and tireless in his work of organization, profound in the foundation of his beliefs, honest and sincere in his aims, eloquent and magnetic in his presentation of truth, broadly and generously sympathetic in both his intellectual labor and his human comradeship."

In "The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth" Mr. Frank practically summarizes the conclusions which he has

reached through the evolution of thought of a quarter of a century. The book has been widely reviewed, favorably and unfavorably, by the leading critics of the English-speaking world. The London *Athenæum* pronounces it "a most interesting work, as showing the crisis the author himself came through, and as showing how many questions have to be dealt with by one who makes up his mind to renounce authority, and, while remaining true to the impulses of religion, to follow the light of reason. The religion to which he points the way is a worship on the principles of Walt Whitman, of a God who embraces in himself all differences and all opposites, and whom man discovers as he discovers himself."

The Boston *Evening Transcript* declared it to be "an epoch-marking work, that would receive a wide welcome and be greatly enjoyed. The author is at times diffuse, rhetorical, extravagant, but always ardent, sincere, entertaining."

The *Dial* of Chicago says: "The criticism in this work is fertile and extreme, it is the fruit of much thoughtfulness and patient labor. It is a book that expresses a very earnest phase of individual life."

Of course, as was to have been anticipated, the book has been bitterly damned by the extreme orthodox critics. The *Baptist Watchman* says: "Paul spoke long ago of the time when a 'lawless one' should arise to oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.' But the great Apostle did not encourage us to give heed to such blasphemous utterances."

We doubt whether another such work as "The Shrine of Silence" can be found in literature. The reader will, of course, discern that its character is mystical and occult, but it is at the same time thoroughly rational, practical, and usefully suggestive. Some have called it a book of poems, although it is written in prose. But the style, the imagery, the expressions, the picturesqueness of the work, are all truly poetical. It has also



been called a Book of Orphic Sayings, and one critic asserts that "no profounder thought can be learned from the wisest and deepest mystics of the past."

A letter from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the famous poetess, concerning this work, reads: "I find your book beautiful, interesting, and most helpful." Another is from Elbert Hubbard, the eccentric editor of *The Philistine*, who says: "I am reading your 'Shrine of Silence' with pleasure and profit. It is a charming book, and shows an insight into the heart of things that is quite worth while."

Ideas are the world's regenerators. . . . He who thinks revolutionizes history and reforms mankind. . . . A great thought is more valuable than great wealth. . . . Men have fought for ideas more than they have for riches. . . . The mind that whips the ocean of humanity with thought, sweeps from its surface the flotsam and jetsam that hinder progress and befoul its waters. . . . The dreamer is the herald of the dawn. . . . The outcast prophet of to-day wears the crown to-morrow. . . . Patience is the axle of the wheel of progress; perseverance is the iron felloe. . . . Nothing can conquer thought except thought. . . . Each one of us is responsible for the misery of the world; by right thinking we can better it. . . . To doubt is to think. To think is to suffer. Fear is a chain whose gyves imprison slaves in cells of ignorance, where enter not the rays of wisdom or love's purific beams. . . . The sluggish mind and the sodden soul are food for the vultures of bigotry and the vampires of superstition. . . . To fear is to fail; to hope is to aspire; to aspire is to conquer. . . . "Truth only" be our motto, come what will. Truth is safety; truth rescues; truth gives peace. . . . The heart is so chorded that every wave of sympathy thrums from it its melody of joy. Even a dirge is comforting to a soul in pain. . . . Outward triumph is often inward failure. . . . Truth is too vast to be all revealed in a day. . . . To-morrow waits upon yesterday, and the present is forever forward. To-day is always: eternity abides in the flitting moment. To master a moment is to conquer a world. . . . There is a realm where freedom reigns supreme; where consciousness of conflict, pain, and disappointment, enter not; where Silence soothes the soul, and calms the restive passions of the flesh. . . . There one meets one's self, face to face as in a mirror. At that point Man and God are One; matter dissolves in the apparitions of the mind, and one's spirit broods upon the face of the deep, seeing in all things but reflections of one's self. . . . An instant of such ecstasy is a vision of immortality. At such moments all men become poets, dreamers, seers, the human is divine, and Heaven is realized on earth.

Mr. Frank spent two months this summer on the Pacific Coast, lecturing to audiences that packed the largest halls in San Francisco on Sunday mornings, and during the week teaching classes and individuals. To evidence the popular reception accorded his efforts in this regard, we are pleased to publish a set of resolutions presented to him by his large class in San Francisco on the eve of his departure:

"Resolved that we, the members of this class, express to Mr. Henry Frank, of New York, our sincere appreciation of his noble work while among us. The lessons of Mr. Frank have led us along the deeper channels of Advance Thought in a manner peculiarly fascinating, instructive, and scientific. While we recognize the oneness in all truth, we feel that it is modestly stating the matter when we say that as an advocate and expounder of Liberal Thought and Scientific Religion Mr. Frank's work should be classed with that of the greatest thinkers and workers of the age."

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of its gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found.—*Thomas Brown.*

NOTHING is lost by patience. See how long it takes the good Lord to make a fair flower out of a little seed; and he does all quietly, without bluster. Wait on him a little in peacefulness and prayer, and see what he will do for thee.—*H. B. Stowe.*

FIND your purpose and fling your life out to it, and, the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—*Phillips Brooks.*

WE become heavenly-minded by living to make others happy. If it is the aim and work of your life to be a blessing to others, you are living already the heavenly life.—*E. H. Sears.*

## THE RELIGION OF WHITTIER.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

The poet Whittier was deeply indebted to the best ideals and aspirations of three distinct and positive forces in modern religious life. In him we find a rare blending of the Friend, the Puritan and the Liberal. Here was the deep spirituality that sounds the profoundest depths of the human soul, the beautiful simplicity of life, the passionate love of freedom and abhorrence of war, that mark in a peculiar way the Quakers. And here also was the sturdy, almost austere, morality of the Pilgrim Fathers, shorn, however, of that harsh, narrow, intolerant spirit that not unfrequently cast a sinister shadow over the lives and deeds of the noblest of the Puritans. These qualities of mind and heart he largely inherited or acquired from his parents; while added to them was the other influence that overmastered his soul as youth was opening into manhood's splendid flower.

The subtle spell of environment that envelops the young man when he first faces the stern duties, responsibilities and problems in the school of experience, frequently exercises as imperial a sway over the character as do inherited tendencies that are woven into the woof of being ere the child beholds the light of day, or as does the witching power of parental love that from the crooning of the cradle song to the hour when the youth fares forth to battle for himself falls around the child's soul as a veil of glory woven in Heaven.

His young manhood fell in the hour of one of the greatest religious movements that has marked the history of our country. The Unitarian revolt against the theological concepts of Puritan Congregationalism was in full flower. Channing, Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Thomas Starr King, Thoreau, Longfellow, Bryant and Lowell were but a few of the intellectual

luminaries that reflected the new, broad and noble ideals of this epoch and gave power and inspiration to the literature as well as the ethics of the time. Several of these eminent personages were dear friends of Whittier, and he was familiar with the thought of all.

Emerson, after revelling in the philosophy of Plato and drinking deeply from the fountain of German transcendentalism, had drawn new inspiration from the metaphysical concepts of India. Whittier, though often failing to follow Emerson in his philosophical flights, was nevertheless markedly influenced by his thought, which broadened and tinged the Quaker poet's intellectual conceptions, as is clearly evidenced in many of his verses. At rather rare intervals the two poets enjoyed each other's society, frankly discussing the deeper things of life.

On one occasion Whittier spoke to Emerson of a farmer neighbor of his who, though possessing meagre education, was a man of rare originality of thought. "He would enjoy Plato," observed Mr. Emerson; and as the Sage of Concord was never so happy as when sowing seeds of knowledge, he sent his Plato to Whittier to be loaned to the farmer. When the latter returned the volume he laconically remarked that "that Mr. Plato has a great many of my ideas"—an observation which afforded Emerson much quiet amusement.

This incident shows how the lives of the two poets touched and helps us to understand the modifying influence which the broad and free religious ideals of Emerson exercised over the more narrow views of Whittier.

Emerson was pre-eminently a philosopher. From his lofty vantage ground he surveyed the past and peered far into the future, sweeping the intellectual horizon with his far-reaching vision as the astronomer sweeps the starry firmament with his glass. He was serene, for his vision was cosmic in its range, and to him the strife, warfare and ignorance of the hour were ephemeral phenomena—passing clouds that temporarily ob-

scured the eternal smile of the sun; and from his lofty eminence he uttered great basic truths that were germinal in character and which have profoundly modified the religious thought of New England.

Whittier, although more an apostle and a prophet than a contemplative philosopher, felt the truth of much that Emerson taught, and translated it into sweet and simple lays that sing themselves into our consciousness.

The great religious bodies of Christendom appeal in varying degrees to the intellectual, emotional and artistic sides of life. The environing influences that were present at the birth of great religious movements in the western world, and the individual peculiarities that dominated the master spirits who headed revolts, have given character to the various sects. Thus we find the elaborate ceremonialism, with its powerful appeal to the dramatic instincts and the artistic impulses, as well as the love of show and mystery, which was present in the ritualism of pagan Rome and of Israel at the period when sacerdotalism was at its height, largely incorporated into the Roman Church; and the same elements, appealing powerfully to the mind of Henry VIII. and to the temper of the master spirits around him, also gave the same peculiarities to the Church of England; while on the other hand John Calvin was pre-eminently a type of intellectual domination. He was a masterly logician, who, if we accept his premises, is most convincing, and he stamped his religious protest with intellectualism as its dominating keynote. The Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and later the Unitarians, who were either disciples of his religious tenets or who came out from the fellowships born of his religious teachings, are all characterized in an eminent degree by intellectualism or the appeal to the rational rather than the dramatic and artistic impulses or the emotional sides of life.

There are other great leaders, widely separated in many ways, but whose appeal was especially made to the spirituality

of man—to the heart side of life. In this division we find at one extreme the Quakers, at the other the Methodists; but whether in the quiet and repressive Friends or in the strongly emotional followers of Wesley, the dominating or keynote in each instance is found in the feelings or emotional centers. Thus, while the Roman, Grecian and Episcopal churches appeal most profoundly to the lovers of pomp and show, or to the dramatic and artistic sides of life; while the followers of John Wesley and those of Fox are guided by the feelings rather than by either external appearances or intellectual deductions, the Unitarians and the leaders of the Liberal revolt in New England during the last century, coming out of the fold of Calvin, were dominated by the intellectual rather than the artistic or emotional.

True, they laid great emphasis on love and taught the noblest ethics, but Unitarianism relied on appeals to the intellect, and, as a whole, has failed to sound the depths of the emotional nature in a compelling way.

The ethical and intellectual ideals of Unitarianism appealed strongly to Whittier, but he went further than responding to its broad and sane idealism. His heart and soul were touched and illumined by the spiritual fires which exalted and glorified the greatest of the Quakers. He was a man of intuition—a true mystic, to whom the heart religion was even more compelling in its influence than intellectual deductions. Herein he became in a larger way than most of the American poets the prophet of the Twentieth Century religion.

Whittier believed most profoundly that God is good; that man is the off-spring of the Divine Life, who though an heir to the divine heritage, is given free will and may exclude himself from the Father's House and dwell with the swine in the far country if he so elects. His return to God is conditioned on the degree in which he experiences love and follows Duty's call. In the soul of every man is the immortal, divine monitor—the recording angel; and this divine essence is as an electric

battery, ever in sympathetic connection with the central powerhouse—the Soul of the Universe. When the prodigal comes to himself, the Father is instantly aware of the cry of his child and goes forth to meet him.

He believed in the sufficiency of God's love, in the absolute impossibility of its failing any soul that called for aid. The keynote of his conviction on this point is found in these lines:

O Love Divine!—whose constant beam  
Shines on the eyes that will not see,  
And waits to bless us, while we dream  
Thou leavest us, because we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,  
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;  
And dim, or clear, thy tongues of fire  
On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

On one occasion he said:

"Surely God would not permit His children to suffer if it were not to work out for them the highest good. For God never does, nor suffers to be done, but that which we would do if we could see the end of all events as well as He. The little circumstance of death will make no difference with me; I shall have the same friends in that other world that I have here; the same loves and aspirations and occupations. If it were not so, I should not be myself, and surely I shall not lose my identity. God's love is so infinitely greater than mine, that I cannot fear for His children, and when I long to help some poor, suffering, erring fellow-creature, I am consoled with the thought that His great heart of love is more moved than mine can be, and so I rest in peace."

This conviction, which is permeating the thought of the religious world, is further beautifully expressed in these stanzas from "The Eternal Goodness:"

I walked with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Ye  
E  
"

Ye see the curse which overbroods  
 A world of pain and loss;  
 I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
 And prayer upon the cross.

\*   \*   \*   \*

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
 And tossed by storm and flood,  
 To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
 I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim  
 And seraphs may not see,  
 But nothing can be good in Him  
 Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
 I dare not throne above;  
 I know not of His hate,—I know  
 His goodness and His love.

The same thought is pressed home with great power in "In Quest." At the time when this poem was written the popular religious idea of God was that of a stern, relentless Judge, or an arbitrary King, fashioned after the order of an Oriental despot. Hence these lines scandalized the pious defenders of slavery and other fundamentally unjust institutions long upheld as divine:

"The riddle of the world is understood  
 Only by him who feels that God is good,  
 As only he can feel who makes his love  
 The ladder of his faith, and climbs above  
 On th' rounds of his best instincts; draws no line  
 Between mere human goodness and divine,  
 But, judging God by what in him is best,  
 With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast,  
 And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still  
 Of kingly power and dread caprice of will,  
 Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,  
 The pitiless doomsman of the universe.  
 Can Hatred ask for love? Can Selfishness  
 Invite to self-denial? *Is He less*  
*Than man in kindly dealing? Can He break*



*His own great law of fatherhood, forsake  
And curse His children? Not for earth and heaven  
Can separate tables of the law be given.  
No rule can bind which He himself denies;  
The truths of time are not eternal lies."*

Whittier constantly anticipated the broader and finer religious ideals that are rapidly taking the place of the old theology. In this he proved a true prophet. Here are some lines in point taken from "The Over-Heart:"

Above, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the wise Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,—  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight,—  
Eternal outflow and recall.

\* \* \* \*

Fade, pomp of dread imagery  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride!  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy Guide require?—  
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,  
But man a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desire,  
To Him, the beautiful and good.

These lines also were thoroughly heterodox when they were written:

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?  
Or glimpse through Eons old?  
The secret which the mountains kept  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,  
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of Heaven arise.

In both the above poems I think we can see the influence of Emerson's thought, though how much was due to the Concord Sage and how much came inspirationally from within cannot, of course, be even conjectured. Both were true prophets, and the prophet ascends the spiritual Sinais and communes with the Infinite. To him there comes a broader, higher, and truer conception of life than the race has ever been ready to conceive. He delivers his message to men, and though to the millions he speaks in an unknown tongue, or his words are resented as blasphemous, yet some minds are prepared to receive and appropriate the new truth, and they, too, are urged to higher altitudes, and when they return many heed their words. And so slowly, gradually, sometimes almost imperceptibly, the vision of humanity is clarified; its aspirations are ennobled. Gross concepts, crude ideas, savage thoughts, give place to visions shot with the gold of heaven and palpitating with the love that refines, sublimates, and redeems.

Whittier sounded the note of religious progress. His message was, in fact, the marching orders for many of the foremost pioneer minds of the last half of the nineteenth century, as it is a source of inspiration to us to-day. He was an optimist. No poet of the nineteenth century believed more firmly in a splendid future toward which man is striving and laboriously tending than did Whittier. His convictions along these lines were constantly expressed, as, for example, in the following words:

Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal right;  
And step by step, since time began,  
I see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

\* \* \* \*

For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold;—  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves,  
With roots deep set in battle graves!

Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

That song of Love, now low and far,  
Ere long shall swell from star to star!  
That light, the breaking day, which tips  
The golden-spined Apocalypse!

In the following lines, written to a friend, our poet reiterates in clearer tones, if that were possible, his faith in the future:

"The world is growing better; the Lord reigns; our old planet is wheeling slowly into fuller light. I despair of nothing good. All will come in due time that is really needed. All we have to do is to work—and wait."

In these lines we are reminded of the serene faith of Robert Browning:

"All is of God that is, and is to be;  
And God is good." Let this suffice us still,  
Resting in childlike trust upon His will  
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill.

I think that in no lines can we find the broad, free, twentieth century ideal of religion better voiced than in some stanzas that were considered the rankest heresy a half century ago. They reveal the supreme faith of the mystic who has come in close rapport with the Soul of the Universe:

*MIND.*

Truth is one;  
 And, in all lands beneath the sun,  
 Whoso hath eyes to see may see  
 The tokens of its unity.  
 No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,  
 We trace it not by school-boy maps,  
 Free as the sun and air it is  
 Of latitudes and boundaries.  
 In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,  
 Are messages of good to man;  
 The angels to our Aryan sires  
 Talked by the earliest household fires;  
 The prophets of the elder day,  
 The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,  
 Read not the riddle all amiss  
 Of higher life evolved from this.

\* \* \* \*

Wherever through the ages rise  
 The altars of self-sacrifice,  
 Where love its arms has opened wide,  
 Or man for man has calmly died,  
 I see the same white wings outspread  
 That hovered o'er the Master's head!

\* \* \* \*

So welcome I from every source  
 The tokens of that primal Force,  
 Older than heaven itself, yet new  
 As the young heart it reaches to,  
 Beneath whose steady impulse rolls  
 The tidal wave of human souls;  
 Guide, comforter, and inward word,  
 The eternal spirit of the Lord!  
 Nor fear I aught that science brings  
 From searching through material things;  
 Content to let its glasses prove,  
 Not by the letter's oldness move,  
 The myriad worlds on worlds that course  
 The spaces of the universe;  
 Since everywhere the Spirit walks  
 The garden of the heart, and talks  
 With man, as under Eden's trees,  
 In all his varied languages.

Whittier's message was one of faith, hope and love. His life was the out-blossoming of his religious theories, and his death was as sublime as his life was consistent. It was a perfect summer morning when the Angel of the Eternal Dawn called for the white-souled poet. Around his couch loving friends had gathered. His eyes were closed for a little time; then he opened them and with labored breath, coming from one whose soul was already crossing the stream, he said, "*My—love—to—the world.*"



THY CREED.

Do good to every man,  
And from thy heart let noble impulse flow  
To all the world.  
Think kindly thoughts of everything  
And they will fill the atmosphere of life  
With beauteous dreams of Hope and Harmony.  
Do noble deeds for justice and for right—  
Deeds that will help some fellow-man  
A wayfarer like thee;  
Then will they cast reflection of their kind  
Upon thy soul,  
From out whose light shall rise  
The Throne of Peace,  
And fill with broadening Love  
Each thought, each word, each deed.  
Then hast thou aided in the Master's Plan  
And helped with earnest hands  
In building up the structure of all Life,  
And bringing now to view  
In all its true proportions here  
The Temple of God's Love.

HARRY T. FEE.

## THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

BY REV. J. C. QUINN, D.D., LL.D.

We recognize the power of thought in its manifestations through our bodies in every-day life.

The simple acts of individuals and the collective acts of people have their origin in thought; *i.e.*, thought precedes all individual and collective action.

Thought is so interrelated with the physical that it can build up the body into perfect health, or prostrate it in disease; hence, according to the degree or intensity of a person's will or desire can his or her own thoughts be made to affect the condition of the body for good or evil. In "Suggestive Therapeutics" we know this class of phenomena as "Auto-suggestion."

(1) A belief or continual holding of certain thoughts or desires works as a very potent auto-suggestion upon the body, chemicalizing and polarizing its atoms to conform them thereto. We have here the philosophy underlying these words of Holy Scripture "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he;" "According to your faith be it unto thee."

(2) We see the power of thought in daily life through the *emotions*.

At certain times we are disposed to be hilarious, at other times we feel sad and are much depressed in spirit. Sad news will destroy the appetite while joyful intelligence will have the opposite effect. Why is this? It arises in either case from the dynamic force of thought on the body.

The effects of this subtle power will be seen in the following authentic cases selected from many of a similar character:

Four healthy and vigorous Russian soldiers, having been condemned to death, were made to sleep in beds in which patients had just died with cholera, but did not take the disease.

Afterwards they were put into perfectly clean beds in which they were informed that persons had just died with cholera; they all took the cholera and three of them died.

We see it stated very often in modern literature that "Thoughts are Things," and that this is a fact has been abundantly proved by some recent experiments made by Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington, D. C., and Prof. Anderson, of Yale University. Prof. Gates states that by directing thought to one of his thumbs in ten minutes he found in that thumb a sense of fulness and that it was two degrees higher in temperature than the other one.

In June, 1903, *Success*, p. 364, some of Prof. Anderson's experiments are given. I give one only: He placed a student on his "Muscle-bed" and told him to keep still but to think he was exercising his lower limbs, going through leg-gymnastics. As he performed these exercises *mentally* the blood flowed to the limbs in sufficient quantity to tip the balance according to the movements thought of. By purely mental action the center of gravity of the body was shifted four inches.

In each of these cases the underlying principle is that "the blood follows the thought." Let me illustrate this further: The effect that thought has upon a person physically and mentally to whom it is sent often hundreds of miles away, is fully illustrated in the now demonstrated "absent" treatment of disease. Our bodies are under the control of our will and so are our thoughts. Distance, stone walls, iron bars cannot hinder the progress of thought on its healing and helpful mission.

It has been demonstrated by careful and exact experiments that our thoughts laden with healthful suggestion can travel, *if properly sent*, over all the world or to the adjacent room in the same moment of time.

Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson gives this case (one of many) in which he himself was the operator. He states in his "Law of Psychic Phenomena," p. 193: "The first case was that of a relative in a distant city, who had, for many years, been af-

flicted with nervous trouble, accompanied by Rheumatism of the most terrible character . . . he was a helpless invalid with nothing to look to for relief from his sufferings but death.

"The treatment began on May 15, 1890. Two persons were informed of the proposed experiment and were asked to note the time when the treatment began. They were pledged to profound secrecy, and to this day the patient is not aware that he was made the subject of an experiment in psycho-therapeutics. After the lapse of a few months one of the persons entrusted with the secret met the invalid and learned, to her surprise and delight, that he was comparatively well.

"When asked when he began to improve, his reply was 'about the middle of May.' Since then he has been able at all times to attend to his profession . . . and has had no return of his old trouble."

Dr. Hudson states also that he, with two other persons, has made more than a hundred experiments by this process (absent treatment) and not a single failure has been so far experienced when the proper conditions have been observed.

Surely here is a law relating to the Dynamics of Thought which may be utilized for the good of men that demands our earnest attention and study.

(3) Note further another great law of thought: "*No Thought can ever be lost.*"

"There is an unseen cord which binds  
The whole wide world together;  
Through every human life it winds—  
This one mysterious tether.  
It links all races and all lands  
Throughout their span allotted;



All our thoughts, from the beginning to the end of life (and beyond), are indelibly inscribed on the soul. The soul is the treasure-house of all thoughts or impressions received through the five senses or otherwise.

A true clairvoyant can read these thoughts from the tablets of your soul as readily as you can read the contents of an open book.

Nothing can really be hid, not even your thoughts; for Holy Scripture assures us that our thoughts are open to the Divine scrutiny.

Therefore, watch your thoughts. You will meet them again in the near future, both here and beyond.

(4) This brings us to another phase of the dynamics of thought:

The thoughts we send out have a reflex effect upon us, like for like. "*Whatsoever* a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap."

"Your unkind thought; your selfish deed is felt in farthest places" and both will come, in time, back to you, freighted with the same as you sent out and more of it. Speak well of another and your heart warms, but speak ill of another and you cannot but feel mean yourself. Such is the reflex power that thought exerts upon the sender.

"Sow a thought, reap an act,  
Sow an act, reap a habit,  
Sow a habit, reap a character,  
Sow a character, reap a destiny."



It is not only to those whose spiritual windows are of the same shape as yours that you are neighbor.—*George MacDonald*.



A QUIET state of mind, a state of mind free from its own troubled imaginings and operations, is God's habitation, his inward kingdom and temple.—*Ruysbroke*.

## THE ETERNAL NOW.

BY BOLTON HALL.

I suppose that the worst advice that ever was given was Edward Everett Hale's,—“Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in.”

The habit of looking forward, instead of enjoying or at least getting good out of the present, is an evil one and logically leads to putting your Kingdom of Heaven in the future. Times may be hard and circumstances severe; but it is all a period of the school course and if we apply ourselves to it to get the most out of it we begin to enjoy even a hard lesson.

There is philosophy in the lines: “The past is gone and over; the future may never come; we live in the living present”—that is “the Eternal Now.” Why should not one look in, if one knows that he has in himself the possibility of all beauty and of all good. It is only when we separate ourselves from the universe and hypnotize ourselves into thinking that we are not a part of it, that we begin to hate to look in. If we have concluded that our “every prospect pleases and only man is vile,” then of course the less we look in, the better; but that seems to me a piece of stupidity, incredible even for the missionary who must have seen that the prospect which he compared so favorably to man was encumbered with snakes, vermin and fever.

Finally, if man is the highest there is, what in the world is there to look up to? The soul that realizes that it is one with God has nothing to look forward to; has no object in looking back, finds nothing to look up to and is entirely possessed with the expression of itself instead of looking at external objects.

## BREATH.

BY CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Most people think that they know all that is necessary to know in regard to the subject of breath. The mere fact that they can breathe in and out is enough in and of itself to satisfy their minds. But occasionally when it becomes an effort to breathe they become conscious that it might be desirable to know how to be master in the matter of breathing.

All doctors agree in saying that there is a need of good breathing capacity, but beyond telling us to breathe deeply and strongly they say very little about the matter.

Now it is a fact that one can injure the body by breathing incorrectly, and many of the methods taught by physical instructors bring results to some that are far from desirable.

It is no sign because one person can get good results from breathing in a certain way that such a method will prove beneficial to another. This is because we vary so greatly in temperament, and what would benefit one would perhaps actually injure another.

The system taught by men of the East does not tend, as a rule, to make us of the West more restful and serene in mind and body. They being more of the meditative type and the Western mind being more gifted in regard to concentration, the method that stimulates and benefits the one very rarely has the same effect on the other.

If a Hindu were confronted with the problems and situations which the Western business mind has to meet daily he could not stand the strain; and, on the other hand, at the present stage of development it seems impossible for the typical Westerner to adopt the Eastern habit of mind.

Now this is not to say that the Eastern system of breathing

is not a good one, but simply that at the present time it is not adapted to our requirements.

I have made a careful investigation of this subject and know the results that have come, not to one or two people, but to many. With the Eastern method psychic powers are apt to be developed, and when these are not understood, instead of bringing to the possessor a sense of peace, he is made restless and unhappy, becoming oftentimes unfit for his work in life.

When we come to a thorough understanding of this development and learn how to use it aright, then the effect will undoubtedly be a purely beneficial one, and in all probability the time is coming when the Western mind will be able to profit by the Eastern method.

The question is often asked: Can the breath be used to bring about a higher state of concentration and meditation as well as a better physical condition? If this is so (and such is undoubtedly the fact) we ought to seek to know all we can on the subject and then to apply our knowledge.

We must, however, realize this in the beginning, that it is not the mere physical breath action which will prove permanently beneficial.

One may thoroughly understand the subject from the physical side and yet derive only a temporary benefit from the breath exercise. If one is ignorant of the underlying principles, there can be no benefit except as one continually practises the physical exercises. But it is our privilege to reach a point where we need pay no attention to the physical breath. If we get the proper spiritual and mental conditions, then the proper physical conditions will naturally result.

Now the question is often asked: Why is it necessary, then, to lay stress upon the physical breath? It is because in

Because of the law of reaction we find that, given an earnest desire to exercise oneself unto Godliness, the way is often made clear through the use of breathing exercises which are conducted from the spiritual point of view.

One cannot even take a strong position of the body without feeling a mental reaction from it; but if we look deeply into the matter we will find that, in order to take the proper physical condition the mind had first to respond to the ideal presented to it; so that it was not at all a purely physical exercise. It was not the exercise of the body which gave the body the feeling of vigor, but it was due to the mind having assumed a *right* position.

So then, let us see that physical exercise is not a cause but simply a means to an end.

If you have made a thorough study of this subject you have found that it is possible to increase the vibration of the body without giving attention to anything but the breath. But you may also have discovered that the vibration becomes greater if mental activity is called into play; and furthermore, that there is a still greater vibration when feeling enters into the exercise.

The true order through which the highest vibration can be attained is, first spiritual activity, then mental, and this again being expressed on the physical plane through breath and physical acts expressive of the inner life. But some ask: What difference does it make whether you have much vibration or not? It makes this difference, that if you have the power to change it at will you have control over your health and strength.

Through perfect vibration there comes a perfect control of the circulation, and by means of being able to send the blood with renewed force to any special part of the body or to keep it in an even circulation throughout, the nourishment which carries it to the physical being is furnished as needed. The more we look into these things the more we see the correspondence between the soul, mind, and body. The body cannot

be renewed in any vital sense unless the mind is renewed by day, and this mental renewal again is dependent on the soul refreshment which comes through Meditation.

We should aim, then, at establishing the true vibration—that which originates from within, and so be masters of our health and strength.

Anything that tends to make you intense in mind and tense in body is to be avoided; for tension interferes with the highest realization of power.

The very effort that some put into their breathing prevents them from deriving much benefit from it. We should aim at concentration, but avoid anything like contraction, for that wearies the brain, making the thoughts cloudy and obscure.

We should bring our thought to bear upon our exercise, but always in a light, elastic, free way, and we should put force into whatever we do, but not an over amount of it.

Whenever you put more than is necessary into your work you waste it, and when force has been wasted it does not flow readily back into our mental and physical consciousness.

We expend probably uselessly nine-tenths of our energy during the day, so we must study how to conserve our force. If we will take this matter of waste into consideration and set ourselves to avoiding the useless expenditure of force it will be better for us in every way. The more we can conserve the more we can do, and this, too, with much less effort.

When we become exhausted it is not so much because we have been working hard, but because we have been misusing our energy. People say sometimes that they are tired out because they have been thinking so hard. Now just because thoughts, which others have been thinking for countless ages, pass through the mind this does not mean that we have been thinking; it rather argues against that fact.

As a matter of fact, the majority of people to-day are living in graves; they abide, not in the reality of virile thought, but in the concepts entertained by men living ages ago.

Now it is not of the most vital importance to us to know what other people in past centuries thought in regard to medicine, theology, or metaphysics, but we should know what we ourselves think in the living present.

God gave us our minds to think with, and we should not be content to take our truth third or fourth hand, no matter how authoritative some explorer in theology or medicine may seem.

We must eventually learn to do our own thinking, but this does not mean that we should scorn the discoveries which have been made by other original thinkers.

Their fearless and self-reliant achievements may throw much light on the way if we will let it guide instead of blind us.

It all depends upon the way we hold our minds as to whether truth can flow into them or not. God will speak, if His servants will but hear.

No teacher, book, or lecture can do more than call into active life that which is within us. All things actually are ours *now*. Now is the accepted time. But we fail to realize health and strength because we do not claim our birthright.

We make false claims very often—on other personalities or on institutions—but the claim must be made on the inward realities. We have power—all power—but we will not use it, preferring to depend on that of some other person or age. Now, nothing is really ours for which we do not give an equivalent. If you receive that for which there is no value rendered, then, in all justice, it cannot be yours. Giving and receiving are both necessary in this life of ours.

There are two distinct classes of men—those who are always receiving and those who are always giving, and both are thoroughly unbalanced. Some like to give, and their sole thought is centered on giving; they pride themselves on it, and know not that they are impoverished by their non-receptive attitude. So in regard to those whose only thought is to receive; they really do not possess anything.

Giving and receiving are one. Life must be balanced between the two.

But now in regard to this matter of giving, we should study to give only where it will profit the receiver, only when he is able and willing to receive in the proper way.

We should consider the fact that Jesus had nothing to give the Scribes and the Pharisees. If we devoted all our time to scattering our fulness broadcast, in the end there would be some who had received nothing, because receiving is impossible when the soul is not open to truth.

Jesus said if he gave the wine of the Spirit to those who were not ready for it, it would destroy the old forms and the wine would be spilled.

We must refrain from giving when the demand is not a true one, when there is no consciousness of need. There are many in need to-day who are not aware of the fact; the Scribes and Pharisees were really just as much in want as the publicans and sinners, but they did not know it, and hence could not then be fed.

Coming back now to the question of breath, let us see that the spiritual impulse is the starting point. True vibration takes place at the center and works out to the very circumference of things.

If the impulse comes from the Love-life hidden within us, then will the highest vibrations emanate in all directions without a break, as perfect circles radiate from the activity caused at the center when a stone is thrown into the water.

Whereas, if the spiritual impulses of faith, hope and love are wanting, all the vibration you can get will be on the surface of things; and as your thoughts are . . . it



we had at first thought. It is nothing more nor less than the breath of the Spirit that we must inhale, and when we have learned to receive the Holy Spirit (the whole breath, the complete life of love) we will give it forth again in perfect vibration throughout our whole being and activity.

Starting from the center of life all else will be perfect in its way. Each circle radiating from the center that received the stone is perfect no matter how far from the center it may travel. It is an unbroken, a complete vibration.

Let us believe the fact that the mind (and, therefore, the body) cannot be renewed by simply looking on the phenomenal side of life, but must be inspired by the Spirit of Life. It is not enough to breathe in a certain way, or even to think according to a certain pattern; we must *feel* right and all else will be right.

But some say there are so many kinds of feeling, how can we possibly know which is right and which is not? But do we not really know? Anything that uplifts the mind and empowers us is right, and that which weakens and distresses, or brings discord and unrest, is not a true feeling. We all know more than we are willing to act upon, and there is something within which points the way if we would but follow its guidance.

We should do everything that we undertake in an earnest, faithful way, putting our love into it and letting go of all our doubts concerning our ability to meet the situation, or the importance of our work.

If we act from within, if we are impelled by a spirit of love, then all will be well and our mental and physical conditions will be all that they should.



THE aim for which we give our best strength is everything, the visible success is nothing. True faith may be the greatest, goodness and fidelity at the highest. when visible success is at the least -

## RECONCILIATION.

BY ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

The great work of the present age is without question a work of Reconciliation. The time for antagonism and strife is past and the era of reunion is at hand—the era that shall usher in the new Dispensation of love and brotherhood.

As we look back over the history of the race, illumined by the light of modern intellectual discovery and spiritual perception, we do not view the innumerable and often contradictory theories that have prevailed in regard to man's nature and destiny as evidence of a great struggle between the forces of good and evil; we do not look upon the many interpretations of religion as evidence that some of God's reasoning creatures must be following a wrong course, but rather see in every diverging path and every varying shade of belief, even though carried to the point of fanaticism, an effort and step towards union with the one Underlying Reality. For we know that Truth—grand, majestic and changeless—sits ever calm and unmoved upon her eternal throne, and that it is only our view of her that is ever shifting—now dissolving and now becoming brighter—as the eyes of the Spirit are opened and we are carried forward toward the ultimate of existence which is complete Union with the Universal Truth.

Viewed in this light there can be no such thing as false doctrine, for all doctrines to those who believe them are true for the time being, and only appear false when outgrown or when the point of view has changed. It is even unnecessary to say that only such as are *helpful* can be true, for that which appeals to one as *true* must inevitably be *helpful*, although it might be so to no other soul in the universe.

When this fact shall be accepted by humanity in general, the great stumbling block to united effort will be removed and

the day of reconciliation will have dawned. No longer shall bitter controversies wage between the churches and those of broader views; the Christian Scientist and Mental Healer will no longer antagonize the old-time practitioner, nor *vice versa*; the advocate of vaccination will view with toleration the opinions of those who cannot reconcile its practises with their own belief; and Catholic and Methodist shall kneel together to receive the sacred emblems, each reserving to himself the right of interpreting them as conscience dictates and each according to the other the same privilege. For in working to bring about harmony we must not understand that all are to be brought to perceive the same truths or observe the same line of conduct. Only one universal rule is of importance, and that is that we should fully realize that every soul in the Universe is but a manifestation of that Reality which underlies existence. Hence, whatever is accomplished by that soul in the course of its evolution must be in accordance with the purpose for which it was brought into existence. No two souls have ever followed exactly the same course, no two experiences can be identical in every particular, and hence no one is fitted to be the criterion of another's action. It does not follow that we must approve every act performed by another, though tolerance is the foundation stone upon which the true Reconciliation shall be established. The question of personal responsibility is one which it is safe to say will never be definitely settled, for it is one which every soul must decide for itself. Theorize as we may, there is a feeling *within* which tells us that to our own souls we are accountable for our actions, and the most absolute of "necessitarians," though he may scoff at "free will" even in a limited sense, still feels the jarring thrill of discordant vibrations when he yields to unkind thoughts or stoops to unworthy actions. Of this much, however, we may be confident, viz., that we should always take into consideration the fact that forces of which we can have no adequate conception may have

should be extended to those whose lives seem to us to be *least* in harmony with divine law. None of us can tell how far the development of another has proceeded. The child may be in every way superior to the man, yet we do not expect of him the wisdom or stability that come from years of experience. It is quite possible that those whom we term "advanced" may have had the advantage of ages over those we term "undeveloped," and when we take this fact into account we can no longer look upon them as superior to those who are merely younger in manifestation. High and low are at best but relative terms that have no meaning from the standpoint of the Infinite. They simply indicate a greater or less degree of Self-Realization from which ensues the highest form of Reconciliation.

But while this great work of Reconciliation is one of evolution and necessarily of slow growth, it is assisted and materially hastened by every effort that is put forth looking toward the establishment of harmony and a solution of those differences that now separate the members of our Common Family. By careful study and concentration we discover this to be possible to a much greater extent than is usually believed. In fact, it is wonderful how many points of resemblance we may find between our own opinions and those of others if we but search for them faithfully. It is not, indeed, in what appears upon the surface that we shall discover them, but in the deeper meaning that lies hidden between the lines and beneath the empty words that so often mask the truth from superficial students. As an instance of our meaning let us take for example the doctrine of vicarious atonement, which, when interpreted literally, is so repugnant to our ideas of Infinite justice. Is it not founded upon the words of Jesus, "The Son of Man came to give his life a ransom for many?" Now we may all admit without any violence to our present views that in the true sense of the words Jesus did actually redeem

derstood shall set it free from sin and suffering. Except as we believe in the truths he taught we shall not attain the Higher Realization, but the paths leading thereto may be almost infinite in number, owing to the different interpretations that are put upon his words. For nineteen hundred years men have been seeking the true path, and because they understood the guiding hand differently they have wandered by many devious ways. But surely, though slowly, the old interpretation which comes from surface reading must give place to that which is revealed by the voice of the Spirit. Then will come the reconciliation so far as *this* long disputed subject is concerned, for *all* shall see in Christ the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

The doctrine of literal hell fire is still preached in a few pulpits, but there is probably not one who now believes it where there were a hundred fifty years ago. Yet it was not by violent opposition that this change came about so much as by the slow education that evolution is gradually bringing to every individual. As the spiritual perception developed, the idea of a God of wrath and vengeance gave place to the doctrine of Love, and it became evident that the terms used in Scripture to designate the future state were capable of a different interpretation from that which had before been attributed to them.

And so it is with other points of difference. They are not impassable gulfs that cannot be bridged by earnest seekers for truth. If instead of engaging in useless controversies we would seek earnestly for the Common Ground upon which to stand and work we might do much toward hastening the era of Reconciliation. But it is essential to this end that we should thoroughly believe that all others who are engaged in the same work, no matter how they may differ from us as to *means*, are really as desirous as we ourselves can be to help and benefit mankind. The same arguments will not appeal to all. The philosophy that gives inspiration to one may be unavailing with another.

The orthodox creeds are in their own way doing as much good as Theosophy or the New Thought. Catholic teachings appeal to those whom no other perhaps would reach. Just as soon as any philosophy or system of religious thought ceases to be of service, it will inevitably pass away. Just as soon as an individual finds that he is not in harmony with teachings that he has hitherto accepted, he begins to look for those more congenial. Thus it is by evolution and development—not dissension or disruption—that the final union of churches shall be brought about. The antagonism that has seemed to exist between orthodox and liberals is passing away, and truth compels us to admit that it has been due as much to the attitude assumed by the latter as to the conservatism of the former.

The air of superiority often manifested by those who call themselves liberal and from whom the broadest tolerance should be expected, is one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of religious thought. All acknowledge this, but it is difficult to free ourselves from the fetters that have bound us so long, and throw off the yoke of intolerance and bigotry, that has rested for generations upon our shoulders. Yet until we do thus free ourselves we cannot render efficient service in the great work of the world's redemption.

There is nothing more painful to those readers, who are thoroughly in sympathy with the work of Reconciliation than to find in the pages of a favorite magazine anything that savors of intolerance or harsh judgment of those who are not in harmony with the spirit of the periodical.

It is inconceivable that a time should ever come, so long as finite conditions prevail, when all men shall hold the same opinions. Such a state of affairs is no less undesirable than unlikely, for it would preclude the possibility of all progress, all investigation and all incentive to endeavor. Never, until we have all knowledge, shall we attain absolute truth, and that state cannot be reached under the limitations of time and space.

To endeavor to bring about a change in the opinions of

others by persevering argument and patient reasoning is a matter of duty, for it is by friendly discussion and interchange of thought that we arrive at truth. But no good can result from bitterness and unkind criticism or the imputation of ulterior motives. Those reforms and improved conditions, that we cannot bring about without forgetting to be kind, are either such as the world is not yet in need of, or else they are not to be accomplished through our instrumentality.

Let us "live and let live," whether it be in matters of spiritual import or those of practical significance, in theories regarding man's ultimate destiny or the methods to be employed in preserving health and bettering conditions.

Let us seek a common ground upon which all may meet who are influenced by lofty purposes and a desire for unity.



### GAINING AND GIVING.

When one possesses much  
 Of wordly goods, or wealth of higher things,  
 And strives to make them grow  
 By worthy ways, they take on soaring wings;  
 And so by keeping well  
 Those trusted gifts which life and living lends,  
 One finds a greater store  
 From which to give and aid his foes and friends.

JAC LOWELL.



OUR character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—*Geikie*.



VERY few of us will have the chance of heroic self-devotion; but every day brings the petty, wearing sacrifice which weighs full weight in God's scales.—*Samuel Osgood*.

## SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

BY BRENDA LOUISE BROWN.

In self-knowledge is the secret of happiness, culture, and power; for through the inner light only are we enabled to see clearly and truly what lies without. Through the universe within we become cognizant of that which is external. Thus we see in others what we ourselves have found within. If we see imperfections, we have not reached the depths of being where the true man is revealed. "For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same thing." Life's mirror is true, and if without there is gloom then is the inner lamp but dimly lighted.

The ordinary social intercourse in which the real man wears a mask, is not especially conducive to culture. It may, however, be truly said that there is a subtle subconscious influence by which the soul is enriched by contact with the great and wise, even in the most perfunctory way, but to derive the highest benefit even in this, it is necessary to retire into the silence and there assimilate whatever of mental uplifting may have been gained.

A most delightful manner is often found among country children and youths who have spent much time in Nature's solitudes, and who have been taught, not the stereotyped phrases of polite society, but a love for all things great and small. It is the spontaneity of good will that cannot fail to do or say the right thing. Only those who lack the spirit of true politeness need to be coached in society's mannerisms.

The light of a genial countenance met in the busy mart may be uplifting if the childlike attitude of teachableness be maintained, but childlikeness is the gift of the spirit and is resultant in a life of perpetual youth, not only mentally but physically. It does not depend upon great deeds, great wealth,



or distinction of any kind for its happiness. It loves Nature in all her moods and through its teachableness finds "Sermons in stones and books in the running brooks." This, more than any mere mingling with men, brings happiness and culture. Men of greatest genius have always loved the solitudes, and found in the quiet of Nature or the stillness of a country church-yard a theme for song.

If the church that denies its members the pleasure of the theater, the dance and the card table would change from preaching against these mere externals, and present in glowing spiritual light the beauties revealed through the inner light, and require rather a few moments spent each day listening to the voice of God; when that sweet voice through their own soul had spoken from out the silence, then, indeed, would a new life begin, and at the theater or whatever place in all the world they might go would be found always the same God—the All and in All. And they would be constrained to cry with the psalmist: "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

The true self when discovered is at home everywhere. It has found the soul sympathy of culture and finds itself in all things and all things in itself. This portends success; or, better still, *it is success*, for in this self-knowledge lies the riches of attainment and the power to claim what it already perceives as its own. The universe within is in command of the external universe. The individual is lost in the universal. The cosmic mind is awakened. The kingdom of God is found and all things are added thereunto.

"When the rose is blown and sheds its fragrance all around the bees come of themselves. The bees seek the rose, and not the rose the bees," said Rama Krishna. The mere advertising of external wares is of little effect compared to the mighty

When man has found his real self—the God man—and manifests in all its purity the image in which he is made; then is omnipotence born. Then is there no more loneliness, no more neglect, no more empty moments. The law is fulfilled and all things are his.

**GOD IS LOVE.**

"This we know, this we know, wheresoever we may move,  
Sweet and low, sweet and low, comes the message, God is love;  
To and fro, sweet and low, we may hear its echoes fall,  
God is love, saying God is love, and His care is over all."

—A. A. Poyu.

WE are too apt to suffer the mean things of life to overgrow the finer nature within us, therefore it is expedient that at least once a day we read a little poetry or sing a song or look at a picture.—*Goethe.*

## EVOLUTION.

A ladder reaching through the sky  
With steps framed on a correspondence with this world.  
Each new experience 'wakening in the soul,  
The truth of what *it* is, and what *we* are  
That make up human life.  
From stage to stage, and plane to plane,  
Transcendence o'er transition gains,  
And on and on e'er mounting upward to the goal  
When we have grown to perfect God-like men.

C. W. GUEST.

## THE MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL.

BY HARRY T. FEE.

Surrounding us on all sides, piled thick and high, commingling with our daily existence, are evidences of the material. To the casual observer, glancing superficially over them it would seem that only the material was great, and the attainment of the material things alone worthy. But underlying this mass, and permeating the whole lie principles of spiritual growth which are working to fruition, in God's good time and God's good way.

Blazoned forth in the splendor of noonday, clothed in the trappings of allurements, and scattered in profusion about us stand the material things of life. Many are misled thereby and miss the road, but to the deep heart, a blade of grass is something more than food, and hidden in the clod on the mountain side lies God's beneficent purpose.

Dwarfed by the neglect of generations, in many the spiritual has had no opportunity for unfoldment, and taught and retaught in the modern school of materiality, they still continue to chase its phantoms and hold high above all else its compensations.

Men build altars to fortune, to houses and lands, to trade and fame. These are the standards of self and self-aggrandisement. But the standards of self and self-aggrandisement are not the standards of truth. And all the gold of the Incas cannot buy a tranquil spirit.

Promulgating the desire of self and ignoble appetite, material conditions wax strong and stronger. Every nerve is strained to secure the prizes material conditions are scattering broadcast. Effort is perfected in that direction only, and its rewards are stored in the treasuries of man. But the rewards

of the spirit are stored in the treasure-house of God where the rust may not corrupt nor the moth destroy.

"The noblest study of mankind is man," the world has misapplied. Material conditions have warped the epigram, and left it lop-sided. Amidst the tendencies of the age, the study has gone only to the material part. This has progressed rapidly, and while man's food and raiment, his comfort and his pleasure are the subject of hourly ministration, the spiritual, the principle of his being, is forgotten.

The eyes are dazzled by the glitter of materiality. What is good in itself becomes bad because men make of it a deity. In all the walks of life the only aim and end of all pursuit is material acquisition. Amidst the growing tendencies of the age the soul is cheated of its heritage, and from the crucibles of time men grasp the dross and leave the purer metal.

Though materiality is the tendency of the age, and its domination everywhere apparent, it is but a condition, not only unessential to the highest good, but antagonistic to it. And in the opposite direction, a long line of principles the reverse of existing ones, is man's true development.

Material conditions constitute environment. But individuality is superior to environment. Abraham Lincoln working his problems on a wooden shovel, and Robert Burns guiding the plow over the soil of his native land amidst adverse environment were rising to the summit of their individualities.

The principle of our existence is spiritual. The direction of our energies, the promulgation of our thought, the inspiration of our lives—the soul. The rest is subsidiary and transitory. In the spiritual rests man's greatness. And it is a poor

the multitude. Annihilation awaits it on the horizon of the soul, where, striving with antagonistic tendencies, this spark of God burns truly awaiting the hour of its unfoldment. And the natures that fight it, fight the immutable and eternal to their confusion.

We have been long on the journey, and it is a far cry to the Dark Ages. But history repeats itself. With the Fountain of All Good at hand, with the manna of Eternal Truth still falling about us, there is longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But Truth stands apart from these, the antithesis of self, instilling into the hearts of its believers a higher law than material law, and unfolding to a broader vision, the tolerance of a deeper thought.

Not in conditions of material fulfillment, or the knowledge of their acquisition, but deep in the recesses of spiritual endeavor lies the better part. Not in the world of externals but deep in the being within lies the soul. And in this spot of untrammelled thought and unhampered truth is the birth of higher resolves and nobler ambitions that bring to the inculcator the guerdon of peace.

Around finite and material things, if we but pause to think, there always cling the elements of undesirability; the difficulty of their acquisition, the uncertainty of their possession, the limited tenure of their association. But our concept of the Infinite presents none of these objections. Spiritual growth is superior to material delinquencies. Its existence is above and beyond the material, and truth is eternal.

Material entities in themselves are good, as all creation is good *per se*. Apart from metaphysical goodness, too, rises the goodness of utility. Man is free and may choose between the manifold kinds of good apprehendable by the intellect. But

The development of humanity must come through spiritual achievement. And this in turn must come from the individual. Each atom in the mass will partake of the perfection the mass exhibits. The atoms individually must first hold and give the activities the whole makes manifest. What is done by the race in the end, is first done by the individual. Hence, the nurture of principles of spiritual growth in the individual is the sure road to humanity's development; to the realization of ideal conditions, and the perfection of humanitarian principles.

And the individual, who is creating the unfoldment of spiritual principles in his own being, as an atom of humanity is adding the leaven of truth to the whole race, and so lifting it to perfection and a deeper realization of the truths of our existence. He is reading in the trees and flowers, in the mountains and sky, new lessons of truth, whose beauty charms. He is creating with all who know his contact a harmony divine. And he is finding in his own being, in his own life, a peace ineffable.



### THE REAL WITNESS.

How shall I know that Christ of yours?  
 By reading of a foreign book?  
 The living Christ in man endures,  
 Make known by loving word and look!

Not in the lines of ancient page,  
 I read the sweet convincing sign;  
 But where his followers engage—  
 To do again his works divine!

And when in gentleness you act,  
 As if your life from him you drew,  
 I have the proof in present fact,  
 That such white life is pure and true!

# THE INFINITE GOODNESS.

BY ERNEST LINWOOD STAPLES.

"For Thou Art All."—*Abbot.*

My lips confess that God is good  
How dare I say that aught is ill?  
He is the Presence Infinite  
Who doth all space forever fill.

If He be less than all, behold,  
The faultless logic of the mind  
Denies His full infinitude  
And He appears of finite kind.

Yea, here and everywhere, O God,  
Thou art, and wast, and shalt be still—  
All time and space are Thine abode,  
Soul of the universe and Will.

So do we live and move in Thee,  
O everlasting One, divine,  
We come from Thee, we go to Thee,  
And all the life we have is Thine.

Lo, fair-eyed Science testifies  
There is no darkness absolute,  
Thy goodness infinite, O God,  
The claims for ill must all refute.

Less than the Infinite must prove,  
Despite the creeds, a God too small

## THE LOVABLENESS OF LAW.

BY STILLETTA PEYTON BURKE.

Why should we always think of Law as a stern-featured, stony-hearted, inexorable Tyrant holding the whip-hand over shrinking human slaves?

The fairest joys that flower in the garden of the soul, the most fragrant blossoms that cluster about our storm-tossed lives, the thousand joyous mysteries of the seasons, leap to the light under the magic spell of Law. Every happy smile on a child's face called forth by a mother's loving kiss; every flash of joy that lights up a care-worn face at the thrill of new-found sympathy; every kind word or generous deed that flows from human hearts in response to Heaven's high prompting; every unfoldment of the sweet mystery of healing; the delights of friendship and opulence, and the ecstasy of self-attainment are all made manifest in strict accord with the great Primal Law of Cause and Effect. These unspeakably blessed things are at one with the divine purpose of Creation which is nothing less than the widening of each individual's circle of light—the ever-increasing victory of Truth over Error, of Right over Wrong, of Good over Evil and of God over all.

I would think of Law as a calm-eyed, majestic-browed, peace-crowned Mother, brooding with unutterable love over her weak, weary, wayward children, bidding them raise their eyes from the ground where they continually trip and fall over



*turing experience into a stepping-stone to the Holy of Holies. Search my decrees. Obey, and live!"* The few who look up and listen and heed, she guides with sure, safe steps to the festal-hall of Abundant Life. But alas! they are only a little company of "rare and radiant souls;" the multitudes stand afar off and starve.

Through all the restlessness and despair of modern living there runs the golden cable of stability in all the great essentials.

A whole nation may be plunged in mourning. Each click of the telegraph instrument may be articulate with sorrow; men may be torn with grief or frenzy, but the purple-robed, rock-ribbed mountains stand as they have stood for centuries. The grass quivers in the sunshine, the lily bends to hear the whisper of the wind, the sky spreads itself out as blue and as distant as when the "morning stars sang together"—not in indifference or coldness as stricken humanity falsely cries, but in that sweet calm, that unshaken strength that would fain speak to the fevered soul of man of the infinite restfulness—the matchless rhythm at the heart of all things.

We may look into each other's eyes with startled, tearful gaze and ask, "Is there aught but chance in the universe?" and if our ears are attuned to the finer harmonies there will be borne in upon us as to every earnest, questioning soul, the sure response of beneficent Law standing within the illumined circle of our inner consciousness: "God reigns and all is well!"

Man has greater power over his environment than any other created thing, and that just in proportion as he has fathomed Nature's laws and striven to abide by them. All his spiritual exaltations, his mental achievements, his material

drous new spirit enters all the mighty enginery of labor. He has touched more than a button. He has touched a law.

Man makes his life helpful, cheerful, lovable, and the Law of Attraction brings him love, cheer, and helpfulness from without. He conquers unworthy habits, binds the unruly subjects—Eating and Drinking—with the leash of Reason, cultivates deep breathing and the Law of Health runs with swift-flying feet to minister to him. He attacks his life-work with courage, confidence, persistency, probity, and Law busies herself day and night in weaving for him the heavy, lustrous garment that men call Success.

It is Law that holds in perfect phalanx the worlds, the suns, the systems that swing through the infinite silence of space, and it is Law that croons her sweet behest to the soft-cheeked babe as it smiles and grows in unconscious obedience on its mother's breast.

THERE is an atheism which still repeats the creed. Many of us who call ourselves theists are like the savages who, in the desire to honor the wonderful sun-dial which had been given them, built a roof over it. Break down the roof: let God in on your daily life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

It is only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.—*Fénelon.*

THE world is enlarged for us not by new objects, but by finding more affinities and potencies in those we have.—*R. W. Emerson.*

GREAT souls have wills, feeble ones have only wishes.—*Chinese Proverb.*

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.  
*F. W. Faber.*

## FORTUNE AND THE PINE TREES.

BY JULIA B. DABNEY.

Upon a rocky headland which overhangs the rushing river, stands the primeval pine grove. Here, where the cliffs project precipitously above the torrent, the trees tower and wave; and there, in the intervening slopes they crowd and cling. Trunks ravened and scarred, roots twisted and intertwined in every possible convolution, they cling in every conceivable space and crevice. The scarcity of soil hinders them not; the dizzy precipice has no terrors for them. With intricate network of root, they balance themselves where one would think no living thing could grow.

One comes into the fragrant, solemn half-light of the place with reverent step, as if it were a temple—as, indeed, it is. Behold how, all around rises the colonnade of fluted, corrugated columns, bearing aloft groined arches of interlacing branches, and above a vasty dome of feathered foliage! There are pictured windows, too; innumerable interstices where the sunbeams penetrate in prised avalanches, broidering the carpet of brown spills underfoot, which, in its turn, sends up incense as from primal censers. In the unseen organ loft, deep, murmurous anthems are waking, inviting to worship and repose.

“The countless leaves of the pine are strings  
Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings.”

Yea, this is a temple consecrate to Pan. If we move lightly, and with bated breath, we may haply catch a glimpse of the sylvan proprietor. Hark! from that cleft yonder was there not a ripple of faun-like laughter? And over there beyond the clustered brakes, did there not flash the evanescent trail of a hamadryad's garments? Lie close along the ground and listen. Is there no rustle of immortal footsteps, no echo

of a life perennially free and young? Ah, well! this age is too sordid, with eye and ear too long unattuned, to detect the divine company—but they are here all the same same.

I, twentieth-century-wise, give up the quest, and lounge among the hollows with a book. The restless waters—laving, foaming, grumbling—hurry onward below me. Above my head come and go mysterious whisperings—those occult confidences which obtain betwixt the sensitive pine-tops and the fugitive zephyrs. I sink back among the odorous pine-needles, yielding my spirit to a luxurious dream of idleness; and the volume—*Money*—upon which I have been endeavoring to fix my wandering thoughts, slips very properly through my fingers. *Money!* Why the very name is a defilement of the place!

Before the vast and eternal verities of Nature, how details of economics dwindle and pale! Material aims grow sordid and ashamed, while diviner ideals dawn through this never-silent silence. To the clarified vision Fortuna, upon her wheel, looks a tinselled and meretricious apparition enough; for life must be for something better than that which can be measured by the world's currencies. Nay, by the very recognition of her dominion doth not a man surrender that virile virtue by which he is intended to forge his own futurity?

O undivine divinity! canst thou lay one single blush upon the rose, or breathe a single breath of promise into the sealed bud? Canst thou speed a single drift of tinted cloud across summer skies? Canst thou tune the throat of the woodbird, where from hidden copses he pours forth his morning litany to God, who understands? Nay, poor Fortuna! What should a man give in exchange for his soul?

Directly over against, I perceive a great moral lesson. Above the torrent stands a mighty crag, cleft from crown to base by the roots of one magnificent pine tree, which has sprung to glorious proportions in its untoward cranny. Underneath these oppressing and suppressing ledges the little

seedling found itself, but was in nowise dismayed. Life it had, and light is *must* have. The great pressure all around was but an added impulse for effort. If it could not bud upward, it would bud sidewise, flatwise, crosswise—any-wise, so it should but find the day. And the fissure in the ledge opened—the obdurate masses surely yielding to the ceaseless insinuations of the conifer baby—till the sapling found the light, and, by throes and throes, the great tree came to be.

Every spiritual entity has this upward impulse. To every soul comes the same compulsion. Life it hath—and light it *must* have. At some period stirs within us this divine ichor. Oh, stifle it not, though everywhere there seem but blind channels to follow; stifle it not, though ledge upon ledge of tradition and convention supervene! Let us push sidewise, flatwise, crosswise, any-wise, so we but achieve our emancipation and come into realizing freedom.

Shall a man be less than a pine-tree?



LITTLE love is little righteousness; great love is great righteousness; perfect love is perfect righteousness.—*Augustine.*



IN a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. Every noble crown is, and on earth will ever be, a crown of thorns.—*Carlyle.*



LET patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your threads into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet.—*George MacDonald.*



HE who put aside his highest convictions to prevent the estrangement of friend or lover, or to escape any other form of hell, will, by so doing, bring upon himself a punishment greater than the one he sought to avert, and in the end he will have lost the esteem of friend or lover, and his self-respect.—*H. C. Morse.*

## THE NECESSITY OF WORK.

BY KATE KENSOR.

There is a trite saying that "Poets are born, not made," that genius is a gift from the gods, and that success depends upon some subtle alchemy which exists in the blood of only a favored few. But the history of the men and women who have made the most of life proves that however great and propitious the natural endowments of the individual, heaven never helps the man who will not act.

"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without thought of fame," said Longfellow, and the fact that this poet realized that it is work alone that accomplishes results, shows that poets although "born," have much work to do before they make good poetry.

Daniel Webster said, "I have worked for more than twelve hours a day for fifty years." Sir Walter Scott was a phenomenal worker. He wrote the "Waverley Novels" at the rate of twelve volumes a year. He averaged a volume every two months during his whole working career. His maxim was, "Never be doing nothing." Henry Clay could have been found almost daily, for years, in some old Virginia barn, declaiming to the cattle for an audience. Henry Ward Beecher's eloquence was acquired by practising in the woods and pastures.

Labor is the great schoolmaster of the race, the grand drill in life's army, and there is something radically wrong about the man or the woman who looks upon manual labor as degrading. Manual labor was never considered degrading until slavery came into existence, and in spite of the boasted freedom of to-day there still lurks in the minds of certain men and women, whose weak brains allow them to create a "leisure class," the idea that the laborer is still a slave. They forget

that a noble manhood or womanhood will lift any legitimate calling, and, conversely, that the highest calling is degraded by traitors within the ranks.

"Labor," "achievement," was the great Roman motto and the secret of her conquest of the world. Her greatest generals returned from their triumphs to take up again the pursuit of agriculture, and the highest title that could be conferred upon a Roman was that of "agriculturist." Just so long as Rome remained an agricultural country she was safe, but when, by her conquests, she became wealthy, and the work in her fields was done by the nations which she had enslaved, while her own husbandmen became idle voluptuaries, given to vice and corrupt plottings, just at that moment her glory began to fade and her doom was inevitable.

Abraham Lincoln must have been reading Roman history when he said, "A nation cannot exist one half slave, and the other half free." It is men, not money, that the world needs. Nature spares no pains to make a man. She gives ages to the development of a plant for his subsistence; she controls the mighty revolutions of the earth itself, moving the source of heat and light, to create the seasons for his comfort and pleasure; she provides the fuel for his warmth in winter, and freezes the rivers that he may temper the heat of summer. But she never allows him once to lose sight of the fact that he is the master of all these only as he struggles to obtain them.

Emerson says, "A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman empire. Napoleon changes the front of the world. Bacon turns in a new direction the thought of the human race. Newton interprets the thoughts of God. Franklin unlocks the temple of Nature," and he might have added that hard work and lofty character made these men. It is character that counts. Idleness does not develop character, neither does public opinion. Work and self respect are the two great factors for building character, and character is the motive force that rules the world.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.

TO those who see the esoteric meaning of the Bible it is not a mere accident that the twelve sons of Jacob should have been named as they were, for the Hebrew root of each name stands for one of the twelve great soul qualities. The thought of Jesus, too, in choosing the twelve disciples was that in the union of their twelve different qualities there would be an instrument for righteousness which should be grandly effective. Jesus having consciously realized in his own soul the great qualities which constitute the *perfect one* could understand each one of his disciples and while they were only as yet partially conscious of the soul-life and thus were limited in their powers of comprehending each other, he was able to bring them into harmony and sympathy such as would otherwise have been impossible.

Jesus' work was not only that of healing and preaching to the multitudes but of revealing the deeper things of spirit to those who were ready for such teaching. "To you," He said, "it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom." Unless one has developed to a certain point the good news of the Oneness of all life, the eternal Sonship is only seed by the wayside. It cannot produce fruit until the ground is prepared for it. So it is only as one becomes conscious of the powers within (which consciousness is developed through experience) that he can show forth the fruits of the spirit.

Let us consider the foundation on which all character is builded, for unless our foundation is true there can be no mani-



festation in mind or body that is worthy. We may have all knowledge, as Paul says, and yet be nothing. The wisdom of which the Bible speaks so highly is much more than mere knowledge. It is knowledge applied. We may have very beautiful theories of life but if they are not put to practical use then they are of no value whatever. Learning derived from books is valueless. Solomon realized its utter uselessness and exclaimed that it was a weariness to the flesh. All that any book, lecture or person can do for us is to awaken the life that is sleeping within us. All knowledge is resident within and it is not to be found elsewhere. It is a mistake to pin our faith to anything in the external world. We must go to the Source for life and light.

But many say, How can I know what is right and what is wrong, how discriminate between the dictates of the lower or the higher self? Well, Paul tells us to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Harmony results from living the truth and we will know that condition when we realize it in our own souls. We should be willing to test everything; in fact every truth must be taken on trial, not because some great authority says it is true, for there is but one authority—the voice of God in the soul.

Let us then cease regarding persons even as Jesus "cared not for the person of any man." Let us get back of personality and know the divine life which breathes through it, causing a new man to appear with each new growth in consciousness. Let us admit frankly that change on the surface of life is the only thing to be expected, let us admit that the mind of man must enlarge and take on different aspects as it becomes more and more the channel for spirit, and let us ground ourselves entirely on the deeper qualities, the eternal properties of faith, hope and love.

Now what do we mean when we speak of love? It is absurd to think that we can love God when we do not love one another, for how can we love the whole when we hate any part? We

grow little by little through our love for individuals into the fulness of love wherein we embrace all in our affection. John, that gentle disciple, who, more than any of the others revealed the spirit of love, used very strong language in regard to one who professed to love the Father while hating one of his brothers. He said plainly "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

Love is like the white ray of light which when separated into its constituent parts is seen to be composed of various colors, each having its own peculiar beauty. Gentleness, meekness, humility, courage, patience all go to make up the sum total of Love, or perhaps we might say each is Love manifesting itself in various ways.

Love, then, is the law of life and is manifested in many ways; faith on the other hand is the substance of things. Faith, like love, begins in an individual way and reaches out toward the universal. If we have faith in ourselves, if we know that we are sincere and in earnest, then we come to have faith in others' possibilities and motives. If we have no faith in humanity we certainly can have no faith in God, for man is God's exponent. If we cannot love and trust our brother whom we have seen, how can we trust God whom we have not seen?

Whether we know it or not we must begin at the center of things, our own soul life, and work from thence out to the circumference: we must know God in our own lives before we can know or see him elsewhere.

Many people who have some consciousness of the soul qualities

and mental organism power and health are conditioned on activity. Our individual work, then, is to know the will of God and to do it; and we can help one another only by letting the light that is within shine forth through our works. If there is no proof in our words and deeds that love dwelleth within, then it is quite evident that it has not as yet been realized. A tree is known by its fruits. As Jesus put it, "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me or else believe me for the very work's sake."

Our relations with our fellow men reveal what our characters are, how much of faith, hope and love we have realized; and our happiness and power are not dependent, as we are prone to think, on outward conditions.

External things do not make our conditions for us but we make our own conditions. We are actually making the world to-day, and it is as good, as beautiful, as harmonious as is the conscious inner-life of the children of men. Light and joy, power and beauty have always dwelt at the heart of things and are finding outward expression in ever increasing degree as men come into a deeper and truer self-knowledge.

The electric light that lights our streets, the power that runs our cars has always been. But man had to come into a knowledge of law before he could make a manifestation of it as he has done. So it is with soul light. Everything in the spiritual has its counterpart in the material realm, and the outward unity which is coming more and more to be crudely realized in the world is but the result of a crude yet ever growing consciousness of spiritual unity.

When the New Thought has worked itself out fully into complete expression men will cease to war with each other either in

With this issue of MIND, Volume XII comes to a close. Beginning with Volume XIII the magazine will be largely increased in size, and, we hope, in quality. In consequence of the increased size the subscription price will hereafter be \$2.50 a year; price of single copy, 25 cents. Plans that are at present being made and carried out warrant us in saying that the coming year will find the magazine more representative of the most advanced work along New Thought lines than ever before. Subscriptions for MIND at the old rate, \$2 a year, will be accepted until December 31. After that date the increased price will go into effect.



The discussion of the theory of Reincarnation in the November MIND has attracted a great deal of attention, and we are daily in receipt of letters upholding either the one side or the other in the argument. One communication, however, received from an Episcopal clergyman, was unique in that it supported neither side, but advanced still a third view of the matter. To our regret this was not available for the December issue, but we hope to present it to our readers next month.



We take a great deal of pleasure in announcing to our readers the early publication of a new book, "Living Counterparts," by Minnie S. Davis, author of "Ideal Motherhood," etc. The idea and scope of this work can perhaps best be understood by our giving a resumé of the chapter headings, which are: "The Unity of Things," "The Living Harp," "The Method of Nature," "Unity of Vibration," "The Keynote," "The Fountain in the Sky," "To Be or Not to Be." Miss Davis is a well-known teacher and lec-

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

*Conducted by*

FLORENCE PELTIER.

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## FOR THE PARENTS.

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"O Fir-tree green! O Fir-tree green!  
Your leaves are constant ever,  
Not only in the Summer-time,  
But through the Winter's snow and rime  
You're fresh and green forever.

"O Fir-tree green! O Fir-tree green!  
I still shall love you dearly!  
How oft to me on Christmas night  
Your laden boughs have brought delight.  
O Fir-tree green! O Fir-tree green!  
I still shall love you dearly!"

*(From the German.)*

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## IN THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Ever since Tante Paula had left Germany to make a home for her brother and his three motherless children, who lived in a small New England town, it had been her custom to gather her nephew and nieces about her in the twilight hour and tell them stories. Eliot was fond of descriptions of foreign countries and travels, the little girls, Elsbeth and Francesca, never tired of fairy tales. No matter what the subject, whether Hansel and Gretel or Robinson Crusoe, Tante Paula had such an engaging way, her sweet voice with its foreign accent lending an additional charm to her narrative, that the children absorbed her tales with breathless attention, all unconscious of the lesson-seed that was being planted

and confidence by this gift of drawing them out and making them see, with her eyes, the things she told them about.

Now Christmas was drawing near, only a few days more and the holiest holiday of the entire year would shed its beneficence upon the world. It was Tante Paula who thought these thoughts, the children were still too young to realize the full meaning of Christ's Birthday; but she meant to teach them, she yearned to draw them into the benign circle of His Love and Goodness.

At a table in the middle of the room sat Eliot, Elsbeth, and Fran (so called for short) at work. They were going to surprise their father with a Christmas present of their own making. Tante Paula had explained to them that the German children always make the presents themselves that they give to their parents. This stimulated their energy and inventiveness; they were not going to be outdone by the children of other countries! So, here they were plying their nimble fingers with a will good to see.

Eliot, ten years old, had nearly completed a drawing, Elsbeth, eight, was embroidering some flowers on a collar bag, Fran, only four and still in the kindergarten, was weaving a colored paper mat with her pudgy baby hands. Tante Paula, sitting near, also busy with some gift for her brother, superintended their industry.

"Won't papa be sup'ised when he finds his Chismas p'esent in his 'tocking," said little Fran with a happy flush of anticipation on her round face.

"Men don't wear stockings," broke in Eliot, who, like most brothers, was fond of teasing his sisters.

"We always hang up ours," Elsbeth and Fran quickly retorted; but they looked puzzled; "an' last Chismas," Fran went on, by way of example, "dolly was so big that Santa Claus broughted me, the 'tocking was on dolly's head instead of dolly 'ticking inside." They all joined in her laugh. "I know what I'll do," she said, after a moment's silence, "I'll hang up my own 'tocking for papa," thus solving the problem imposed upon her by her brother.

Tante Paula had followed their chat with interest. She looked up from her work now; in her eyes, directed upon the children, could be seen a troubled look of inquiry.

"Does Santa Claus bring the presents to the children in America and does he put them in stockings?"

For answer they stared at her in blank amazement. Didn't Tante Paula know that? Why, of course, who else but Santa Claus should bring them? This answer was plainly written on the little girls' faces; only Eliot looked incredulous and winked at his Auntie. She sat in silent reflection for a few minutes after that, then, turning to them again, she said:

"Better put away your work now, children; I will help you to finish it in time. It's too dark to sew or draw any more. The Daemmerstunde (that is what Tante Paula insisted upon calling the twilight hour, because she says it reminds her of Germany) is here, so let us sit by the fireside and talk. I want to tell you all about Christmas, so that when you gather around the Christmas-tree on Christmas Eve you will understand its true meaning and will learn to love it because it is Christ's Tree."

"But we never have a tree only at Sunday school, and then the teacher doesn't tell us about it," exclaimed Elsbeth, and Fran interposed:

"There's nice p'sents on it, though, and when the Sunday school is over the teacher takes 'em all off and dives 'em to the children."

"That's very nice of the teacher," replied Tante Paula aloud, but to herself she said: "Poor children—never had a Christmas-tree at home!—don't know anything about Christ-kindchen! Why, they never had a really true Christmas in their lives!"

She bade the children come closer; Elsbeth she drew down on a stool beside her, Fran crept into her lap, Eliot, ever restless after the fashion of boys, crouched down before the open fire and gave it an occasional poke. When they were thus cozily settled, Tante Paula related the story of the life of Christ. In such a simple, touching manner did she deliver the divine lesson that the children listened with unabated interest, tears and child-awe in their eyes. Nothing but the rattle of the tongs now and then broke the solemn silence.

"You see," continued Tante Paula, trying to make her conception of Christmas clear to her youthful listeners, "ever since the pagans became Christians they have celebrated Christ's birth-

day, some in one way, some in another. But I can't help thinking that the Germans' way is the most impressive of all; for isn't it a beautiful thought, that of Christ coming down to the children each year in the form of Christ-kindchen, as the German children call the Christ-child? And that the presents that lay under the tree sometimes, or oftener on tables near by spread with white cloths, are sent to you by Him? That Christ attends to your needs and wishes in His infinite goodness? When you are small it is the Christ-kindchen that watches over you all; when you are grown to manhood and womanhood it is Christ; but both are one. And now that you may learn to understand what I mean by a German, real Christmas, we will ask Christ-kindchen to bring the presents this year, and Santa Claus may assist Him, and then he will not feel hurt. Most of the German children receive their presents on the eve of the twenty-fourth of December. How would you like to celebrate Christmas on that day? And wouldn't it be nice to ask all your friends to attend?"

The little girls nodded happy consent, and Eliot said, "That's great!"

And so it was arranged.

On Thursday morning a sense of great expectation and its attending restlessness drove the children out of bed long before the usual hour for rising. But, though they cautiously peered about, there were no signs of anything out of the ordinary to be discovered in the room. One apartment they had been forbidden to enter by their aunt; in fact, they could not have entered had they tried, because it was locked. This was the parlor. All day long nearly Tante Paula had been doing things in that room that they were longing to see.

At four o'clock in the afternoon she emerged from her place of hiding, flushed from work but happy in anticipation. She bade the children put on their Sunday clothes and personally superintended their general appearance. At five o'clock the boys and the girls of the neighborhood flocked in, clad in their best, a look of expectancy spread all over them. Tante Paula had a word of welcome for each one as she helped them off with their wraps and made them comfortable in the library that was bright with holly-wreaths and crackling logs of blazing driftwood. Then she



slipped back into the secret room, and they could hear her walking about, papers rustling, and other noises, all of which increased their curiosity to nearly beyond the bounds of endurance. Then, at half after five, when the dear twilight hour set in, they had all learned to love so well, the tinkling of a bell was heard, and they knew the great moment had come!

At sound of it the parlor door had swung silently open and the children, who had rushed to the threshold, stood in the presence of Christmas! An unruly, noisy crowd an instant ago, they now stood timidly together, too surprised to utter a sound.

Strains of sweetest music filled the room and strangely moved their child-hearts. Tante Paul seated at the old melodeon was singing:

*"O, du froehliche, O, du selige  
Gnadenbringende Weihnachtszeit—"*

that old Sicilian folk song known to every German child. Clad in white and with that beautiful light in her eyes, she looked like a Christmas angel on a Christmas card, so the children thought. Higher and higher their souls were carried on the wings of that simple Christmas song until the realm of purest joy was reached, their eyes meanwhile drinking in the novelty of the scene before them; for, odd as it may seem, I never yet have seen a child whose love of presents was not temporarily overcome by his reverence for and wonder at the Christmas-tree.

Oh, the beauty, the gorgeousness of it! Standing there in the middle of the room, ablaze with candle-light, all a-glitter, dazzling in its brilliancy of rainbow coloring, bewildering in its multiplicity of decorations! Was there ever anything like it!

Softly the song died away, and then Tante Paula rose and came forward with her radiant smile and led the children, one by one, into the room; first, her dear little relatives, then the others. Tante Paula sent a reassuring little nod across to her brother, who leaned against the door-frame, his sad eyes fixed on the scene that wafted him back as by magic into the days of his own childhood in Germany, and unconscious of the tears that glistened on his cheek.

"Now," said Tante Paula, when the children were all in the room, "let us all join hands and play 'Ring-a-rosy' around the

Christmas-tree, and, as we skip around it, let us sing this song," and she began to sing, clasping the hand of the child next to her :

"The Christ-tree is the fairest tree  
That we on earth do know ;  
In garden small, in narrowest space,  
How wondrous blooms this Tree of Grace  
When all its lights do glow,  
When all its lights do glow,  
Yes, glow.

"For it was in this Wonder night  
To us God's Son was born,  
The Saviour who Salvation wrought,  
Had He not Heaven for us bought  
The world were all forlorn,  
The world were all forlorn,  
Forlorn.

"But now there reigneth happiness  
And every heart is full of light ;  
For thee, my child, all this was done,  
Brought down to thee by God's own Son.  
He saved thee from the night ;  
He saved thee from the night.  
Yes, night."

The children soon caught the melody and sang with a will as they rallied round the tree, making its branches bob and tremble and drop many an apple or toy from its gay boughs during their happy circuit that caused the floor to shake. Oh, they had such a merry time, such a happy heart-time of it !

At the close of the song they were asked to halt and examine the tree very carefully.

"Do you like it ?" asked Tante Paula after a moment's silence.

"Oh, it's lovely," they exclaimed with one accord.

" I'm so glad," answered Tante Paula, her voice ringing with pleasure at their appreciation ; then, bending low to bring her face on a level with theirs, she asked :

"Now tell me, if any one of you can, why this tree is trimmed as it is ?"

For an instant they hung their heads in silence. Then a little

boy said, "To make it look nice," and a little girl, encouraged by this overture, piped out, "So's we can get the presents off it."

"But we're not going to take the presents off this tree and give them away," explained Tante Paula. "I mean to keep it here for a week and to show it to ever so many more little boys and girls and to their papas and mammas if they will come; and after that all the pretty things, except the nuts and apples, will be carefully packed away for next Christmas and the Christmas after that." Tante Paula's child audience was puzzled. "If you care to hear it I shall be glad to tell you about the dear Christmas-tree, because I think it is a beautiful story to know."

They at once crowded around her.

Pointing from one article to the other on the tree, she began her explanation:

"You will have noticed, children, that the Christmas-tree is always an evergreen tree. Spruce and pine and hemlock trees all grow very old and never lose their color; so their hardiness and endurance is a good example of stanchness and faithfulness for us all. Its evergreen color is the color of hope, and hope we should never lose sight of. Perhaps it will astonish you when I say that long before there were any Christians the pagans used to light and trim evergreen trees on festive occasions in honor of the gods they worshiped. Their greatest holiday was on the twenty-first of December, when they celebrated the awakening of Spring. When Christ, the Son of God, was born and the pagans began to love Him and believe in Him, they gave up the custom of trimming the evergreen trees in honor of their pagan gods, and, instead, they began to deck the trees in honor of Christ, and, as He was born in the night between the twenty-fourth and the twenty-fifth of December, it was this day, Christ's birthday, they celebrated after that. So the trimmed and lighted evergreen tree became Christ's tree, or the Christmas-tree, as we call it.

"I suppose you all own some things that you care for very much, although others might not value these things in the least; or you like to do things that others do not understand your liking for." (A comprehending nod from the older children.) "Well, just so it was with the heathens. They said, 'We want to be Christians, but do you think there would be any harm in our put-

ting just a few of the things that we loved before we became Christians on the Christ-tree?" And the Bishop to whom they appealed, and who was a kind, wise man, said there could be no harm in putting a few of the old-time symbols on the new Christ-tree. This is the reason for the many strange-looking objects that you see on this tree here to-night. They are hung there in memory of the old, old times. But you will also notice that there are more Christian than pagan emblems found upon it, and this is as it should be."

Meanwhile, some of the colored wax candles had burned low, and with little sputtering tongues tried to reach the fragrant boughs, but the moment they came dangerously near, and the children thought, "Oh, the tree will take fire!" Tante Paula's brother would step quietly up and extinguish the naughty flame with a cautious hand.

"The wax angel fastened to the very top of the tree—see it up there?—stands for the Christkindchen that we have just heard about," continued Tante Paula; "it represents the Christ child because this is the anniversary of the Birth of the Babe in the Manger at Bethlehem.

"The stars, that hang among the branches, stand for the Star that shone on that night in the village of Bethlehem and guided the wise men to the Holy Infant in the stable.

"The lights and the many-colored glass balls, glittering in rainbow shades, stand for the myriads of lights that illuminate the heavens—for the stars and the moon, so beautiful to watch at night, and the sun that warms the earth by day.

"Then, on a branch very near the top, you will see a large deer with great antlers; further down, four harts; on the other side, opposite the deer, sits an eagle, and yet a little lower, a frisky squirrel. All these animals have a meaning, and carry us back to the pagan times. It would take too long to tell you all about the beliefs and customs of the heathen to-night; but if you care to hear some of the old legends and sagas I shall be glad to read these to you in our Daemmerstunden during holiday time."

"That'll be jolly," exclaimed Eliot.

"The oxen, horses and other animals hung everywhere also belong to the days of heathen worship when there was no dear

Christ to teach us how to be good." The children, whose interest had now been fully aroused, began to hop around, peering between the branches in quest of more symbols.

"The roses and the lilies fastened to every limb stand for the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of Annunciation that you have learned about in Sunday school.

"The gilded crosses, almost hidden in the shadows of the tree, remind us of the Crucifixion and sufferings that Christ endured for us. Isn't it all beautiful, children?" Tante Paula inquired. They were slow of answer because they were moved. Their understanding of the tree that had up to this time meant nothing to them but a fanciful decoration nice to look upon, widened from minute to minute. Their quick eyes searched its very depths for new signs to read.

"Oh, here's a wooster," cried little Fran, delighted with her discovery.

"I think I know what that stands for," Eliot interposed; "for Peter's denial of Christ." Tante Paula nodded approval.

"And here's a bunch of grapes made of wax," called another.

"Does it stand for the first miracle performed by Christ at the marriage at Cana?" inquired an older girl.

"Very good," replied the aunt.

"Here's a little lamb," exclaimed a tiny tot, pointing out a bit of woolly object in the green.

"That stands for the Lamb of God, little one."

"Please, what are the gilded nuts and apples for?"

"They mean to say that God our Father will give us this day our daily bread."

"And what are the gold threads all over it for and the diamond-dust?"

"The gold tinsel represents the golden hair of the Christ-child and the diamond dust and the cotton are put on the branches to imitate snow and ice."

"Just as if it had come out of the woods," remarked Fran.

And now let us see what is underneath," said Tante Paula, seating herself on the floor. At once all the children squatted down beside her. "Here then," she explained to them, "is the very Christ-tree, the Tree of Grace, we have been singing about, which,

as the song tells, grows in the smallest garden in the world." Then she drew their attention to the Nativity imbedded in the moss; the Virgin Mary, the Christ-child in her lap, and kneeling beside her the shepherds doing homage to God's Son. These were wonderfully modeled from wax. On the other side of the Virgin, the three kings, who, guided by the Star of Bethlehem, had found the Babe, peacefully slumbering in the stable.

Oh, it was wonderful, wonderful! Never had Christ seemed so near and dear to them before, and the Christmas-tree never so precious! Then, once more, at the behest of Tante Paula, they joined hands and repeated the lines:

"How wondrous blooms this Tree of Grace,  
When all its lights do glow, yes, glow—"

as they whirled around this graphic emblem of Christ's life.

So completely had Tante Paula managed to absorb their attention that only after she said, "Now we must see what Christ-kindchen has brought you," did they realize that there were other surprises in store for them. Into their budding souls Christ had entered to the full.

She led them to the tables spread with white cloths, and, though there were many, not one child had been forgotten. There, too, lay three gifts for Tante Paula and three for their father; Eliot, Elsbeth and Fran were hovering about to watch the effect these surprises would have upon the recipients.

"Aren't you awfy much supised, papa?" asked little Fran, tugging timidly at her father's coat.

"Tante Paula didn't know we were making things for her, too, did you, Tante Paula?" inquired Elsbeth.

For answer, Tante Paula and their father stooped and, winding their loving arms about the group, kissed them in unison.

. . . . .

Two hours later the little New England town was swathed in darkness, watched over by God's lamps, the stars. The children, their precious toys clasped in their loving arms, were wandering in dreamland, where Christmas was beginning all over again. Now the dear, curious moon rose slowly in the heavens and the

wintry landscape was suffused with a silvery light. Did I say the moon is curious? Noiselessly she peered through the windows of the old house on the hill, and as she did the Christmas-tree sent forth myriads of infinitesimal lights that shone as if a rainbow, fallen from heaven, had dropped on its branches for a halo.

"Holy night, sacred night!" whispered the voice of a woman, who stood, with hands folded, viewing the Christmas-tree. She, too, caught the halo of light and her face shone with the beauty of an angel.

A stealthy mouse, unprepared for this nocturnal intrusion, dropped the nut it had been nibbling at, and, speeding away, set a little glass bell to ringing.

Then again the door turned noiselessly on its hinges and the figure of a man drew near.

"Sister," said he, approaching the woman who had stood in solemn revery there in the moonlight, "I thought I would find you here. How can I ever thank you enough for taking my children back into the Christmas days of my youth and me with them!"

ELISE TRAUT.



### BLESSING.

As caravans their sweetness bring  
Of roses from the gardens fair,  
About their path the perfumes cling,  
A benediction on the air!

And souls there are of equal grace,  
Who bring from garden grounds of thought,  
The fragrance we thro' ages trace—  
All in the air as blessing wrought!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

“And there were in the same country Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them, ‘Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

“‘For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.’ And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, ‘GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.’”



## SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE.

'Twas Christmas-eve and everywhere  
All children were in bed,  
And Santa Claus, in Jacky's room  
Stood near the small boy's head;  
With twinkling eyes he looked first down  
Upon this boy of eight,  
Then at the big, long stocking which  
Hung limply by the grate.

“Ho! ho!” he chuckled to himself,  
“Since when did Jacky wear  
A stocking quite as big as this?  
It's Papa's, I declare!  
Well, well, our Jacky has big eyes  
If yet small legs, I'm sure.  
I love him; so, for greediness,  
Must try a kindly cure.”



And then, his fat old sides ashake  
With laughter deep and low,  
He filled the stocking to the top  
And last pinned to the toe  
A little note: "Dear boy," it said,  
"If you don't find things right,  
Perhaps, if you're real good, I'll call  
Again on Christmas night."

At daybreak joyful Jacky woke—  
"Oh, oh, what fun!" he cried.  
Just see my stocking—it's so full  
It sticks out every side!"  
Then Jacky emptied it. Alas!  
He found no book or toy,  
But neckties, slippers, pipes, cigars—  
Not *one* thing for a boy!

"Oh, dear!" he sobbed, "what a mistake  
Old Santa made last night!  
But then," he added—quite ashamed—  
"I didn't do just right;  
I wanted such a heap of things—  
My stocking was *so* small—  
Now Christmas-eve has come and gone  
And I've no gifts at all!"

Then Jacky read the note and cried:  
"Hooray! 'Course I'll be good!"  
And all that day our Jack behaved  
As Christmas children should;  
So, when night came, glad Santa brought  
Jacky so many toys  
The stocking couldn't hold them all—  
For *this* time 'twas a boy's!

LILLA KOMER ELDER.

## THE GREEN TREE.

On a hillside, near a forest remote from busy cities, there grew a green tree. Though young in years, it showed possibilities of much beauty in its straight tapering trunk, even limbs and beautiful foliage, but unconscious of its slowly developing attractions it swayed gently in the breezes of summer, enjoying the comradeship of the birds, who sang in its branches. Winter with its snow but enhanced its beauty, for unlike its taller neighbors, color was retained and shone out in contrast to their dull-gray, naked, gaunt limbs, till it was tempted to look down upon those who in reality it was obliged to look up to.

Startled one day by voices, almost unknown in this far-away place after winter came, there approached two woodsmen, axes in hand, seeking trees which would supply them with fuel for their household. One, more thoughtless than his older companion, was about to sever the green tree from its roots, but was stopped by the other, who exclaimed:

"What a beauty for a Christmas tree! Don't destroy it. In a year or two it will be ready to send to the city." And they passed on into the forest.

The green tree, however, did not forget these words of admiration, and, though it did not know what they all meant, a feeling of superiority at once took possession of it, and it became a very much dissatisfied tree, with longings to leave its quiet, peaceful place on the hillside, and go to the city they spoke of.

With the summer returned the birds and the flowers, to which were added, one sunny day, some children that the green tree knew from their conversation were from the city.

Glancing in its direction, they threw themselves upon the grass in its refreshing shade. All this was accepted by the green tree as admiration for itself, and not for the service it was helping render its tired, heated visitors.

The children, and even the birds, were gone in a few months, and many mutterings of impatience could have been heard by those who understand tree language, until one day again the woodsmen came, and saying, "That one is tall enough now," the

green tree was hewn from its roots—those parts of it which had long sought nourishment and sustained it through storms and wind by searching deep down into Mother Earth, there clinging tightly to rocks and soil that it might not be blown down and destroyed.

The long journey, huddled with more of its kind, first upon wagons, then in a crowded car, we will pass in haste.

One morning it awoke to find itself in a beautiful home. "Here," said the green tree, "I will be happy, for all is bright and warm, and, through the closed doors I hear voices of children. But none came to it, and, when all was stilled that night, it became conscious of feet moving quickly about, active fingers attaching tiny things to its branches, and then were added those that were larger and larger, until the weight and oppression became almost unbearable. But awakening from its stupor, a glimpse was given, in a distant mirror, of its transformed self, and what a picture it saw! The pain of its new dress was gone, for, in the return of old pride, it was quite willing to bear all of the discomfort—to *look well*.

With the disappearance of the busy hands, and distant sound of jingling bells, the sun peeped through the windows, and the tree found itself quite alone, intensely longing that some one would come to admire it. I fear it would have groaned with its sufferings, but sleep came for a time, and it was only recalled to its new position with "Merry Christmas!" from many voices. Then the children rushed into the room.

"How beautiful!" "Isn't it lovely?" "What a grand sight!" were the words it heard; and the tree's pride knew no bounds.

Soon from it were taken many of the pretty things that hung upon its limbs, and it began to feel that less and less notice was taken of it. Charlie had gone with his sled, Hugh with his drum, and Eleanor was busy with the beautiful doll which a few hours ago seemed content in the tree's arms. Even the baby cared more for some bright things which rolled upon the floor, and the older ones were discussing what they had found in pretty boxes and ribbon bedecked packages.

Each day disappeared from it a part of its gay dress, until it felt quite disrobed and deserted. It was awakened one morning

by the voice of a housemaid, who said, "We might as well get rid of this," and in a moment the green tree was thrown into the street, to be at once captured by some boys and tossed from one to another, until disfigured with mud, broken and twisted beyond recognition.

A lad more gentle than the rest finally rescued it from them, and, trudging with it to a lowly part of the city, soon drew it within the door of his humble house; here, with the assistance of an old box it was set upright. A young girl, crippled so she could not walk, but of cheery face and nimble fingers, was assisted to a chair beside it. Most tenderly she straightened and cleansed the tangled branches, lingering over them as if she loved the green, but now ill-formed, thing that brightened her quiet home.

The green tree was inclined to grumble at the rough treatment it had received, and resented its transfer from luxury to poverty; but the companionship of the gentle girl gradually calmed it. Becoming interested in her goodness to those about her, it noticed the brothers and sisters gave her more love and attention than they did each other, though she was seemingly the least attractive, but she was never idle; her hands were always busy making for them or mending for them, finding time and inclination to sing as she toiled, and the singing brought joy to all.

Much the green tree wondered, till one night it thought of the past, and saw that all its happiness and all the admiration it had had were during moments of *service*, moments when it was of use to others. Even though sometimes but a background to prettier things, or as a shield against distasteful things, yet the service was there and it was happy. It saw that Christmas was a *giving* time, to those who understood it, not only of gifts that delight for the moment, but a giving of deeds and thoughts, which should not be limited to a day, or any place, but become in one's life a day without end in a place without bounds. Such was the example of Him whose name the day bears. Even though the green tree knew it soon must fade and cease to be a joy to its new companion, it realized that after foliage was gone it would become

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

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PSYCHIC LIFE AND LAWS. By Chas. Oliver Sahler, M.D. 219 pages.  
Price, \$1.50. Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

"Psychic Life and Laws" is both a valuable and an interesting book. While it deals largely in psycho-therapeutics, it is nevertheless filled with good, wholesome philosophy. The author, Dr. Sahler, treats his subjects in a thoroughly instructive way, and there is very little that any New Thought believer can take exception to in the book. In fact, it may be said to be very much along New Thought lines. There is a great deal of food for thought in the book, and one will be amply repaid for the reading of it. I will quote a few passages from the book which will tend to show somewhat the underlying spiritual purpose of the author. Recognizing faith as a positive force he writes :

"The action of faith involves no violation of law. Its universal power is explained by the fact that it is the law of all laws. Faith is to man what the will of God is to law. Law is the direct expression of the divine will, and God's supremacy is thus in the creation of all law. Man exerts creative power only by coming into harmony with the will of God. Hence man's supremacy consists in the observance of all law. Therefore man's will is limited only by the divine. The supremest expression of God's will is the law of faith, harmony with which, enables man to achieve whatever he will. Literally true, then, is the statement of Christ to the blind man, 'According to your faith be it unto you,' and his assurance that faith as a grain of mustard seed would remove mountains was no vagary of the imagination."

Writing again of the Power of Christ's Healings and Teachings he has this to say :

"The marvellous beauty and power of Christianity can be truly realized, only when Christ's teachings are regarded as literal statements of truth to be lived now; and not as prophecies relating to some far-off spiritual existence, when the soul shall be free from the body. 'The kingdom of heaven is within you,' is the truth he sought to impress upon men. We are designed to live the spiritual life now, and to reap its harvest of power and happiness.

"That Christ was a perfect master of the law of suggestion will be

a study of his miracles of healing. The fact that the same law is being successfully applied to-day, makes his power none the less marvellous and none the less divine. All law is an expression of the divine will; and to the extent that man comes into perfect harmony with God's laws, does he become one with the Father."

We believe that this book will be widely read and will prove highly beneficial to many people.

THE BEING WITH THE UPTURNED FACE. By Clarence Lathbury. 197 pages. Price, \$1 net. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

This is a book filled with the highest spiritual thought. It is in line with the most advanced religious ideas of the day. There is a strength and reasonableness about it which will commend itself to the thinking mind, and there is a sympathetic touch which will commend it to the heart. The author shows himself in this book to be a thorough-going optimist. A man who sees everything as tending from a lower to a higher condition. One little quotation will give the key to the thought which runs throughout the book:

"Not simply change—but upward change is the discovery of the hour. Evolution—unfolding into more perfect and powerful forms—is the beautiful method. Spheres of ascent lose themselves silently in each other, lightly as the footfall of God, until they flash before His throne. All things rise—worlds and heavens—to the perfect utterance. There is a passion in each object of creation to find the zenith, the very dust looks up and climbs up. This passion shows itself early in man, the infant clutching with its chubby fingers at the stars as though it would use them as rounds to rise upon. The dirt clambers to the plant, the plant to the brute, the brute to reasoning man, the man to the angel.

"Man is the universe in little—a brief and transcript of it. Mountain and vale, sky and sea, planet and orb, the very ball on which we ride, find a home and resting place within him as though he were a living book. To study anywhere is to study ourselves, and all research finds explanation in us. The universe is the flowering of a man. It is our nature to appropriate all things because all things are within us, feeling instinctively for their counterpart. The tiny world of our bodies, and the vaster universe in which the empyrean sleeps, are only parts of a perfect whole."

We predict for the book a large sale, and there is no question but what its readers will find more than enough in any one chapter of the book to compensate them for their reading.

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